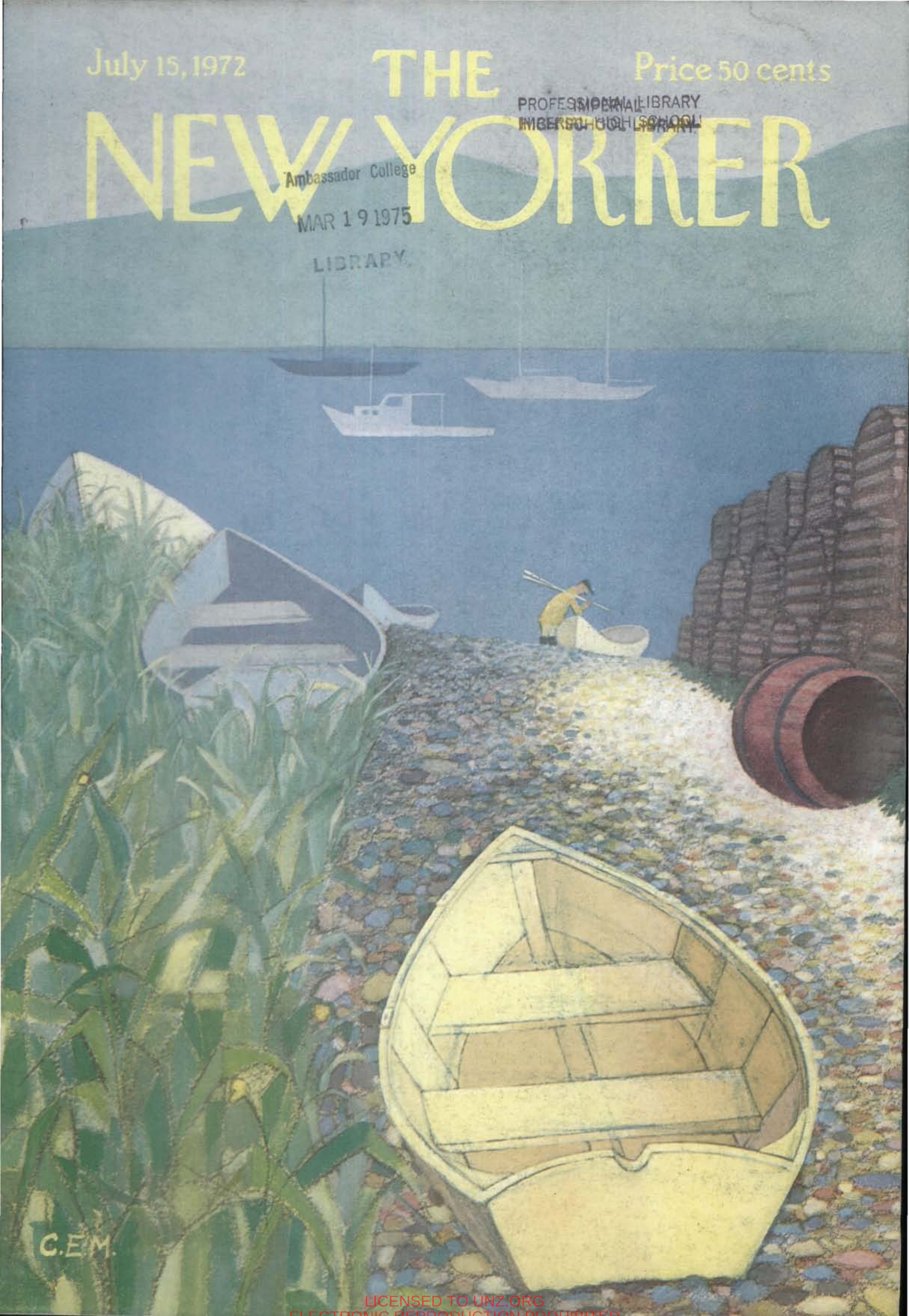
July 15, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



PROFESSIONAL LIBRARY
IMPERIAL HIGH SCHOOL

IMPERIAL
SCHOOL LIBRARY

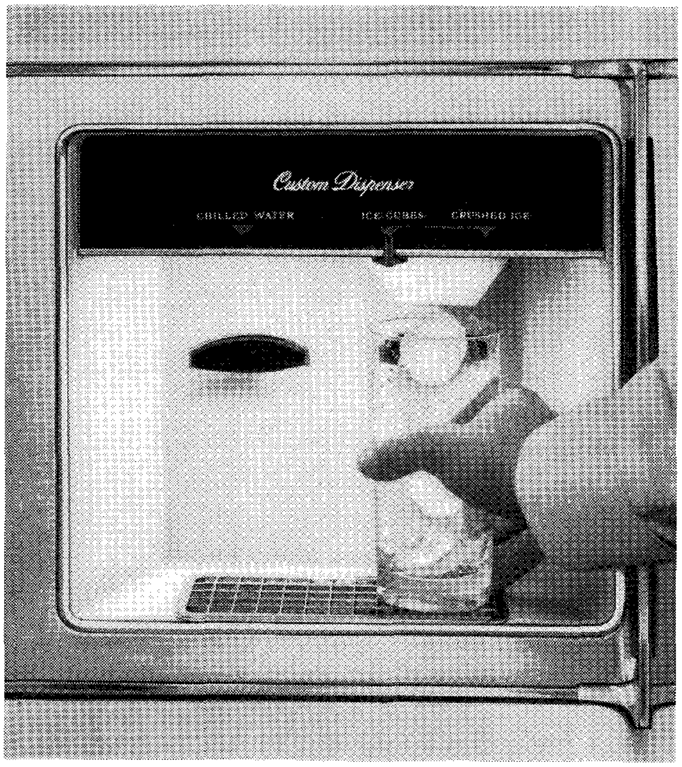
Ambassador College
MAR 19 1975
LIBRARY

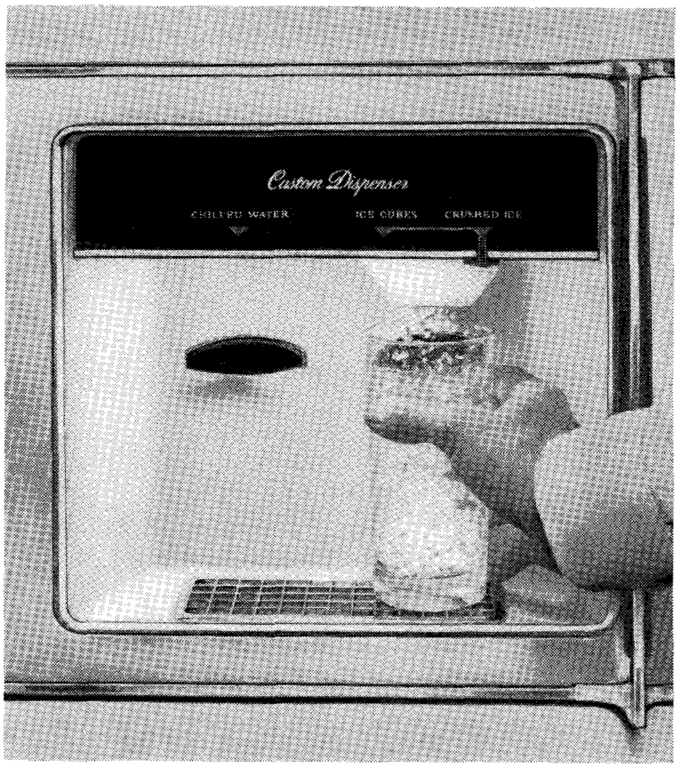
Wamsutta®

'Swirl' from the Heritage Towel Collection.

LUXURIOUS 'SWIRL': BEAUTIFUL SCHIFFLI EMBROIDERY ON SOLID COLOR OR WHITE TOWELS. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.) 111 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK. 10018.

GE not only delivers ice to your door. We even crush it for you.





And if that's not enough, we also give you cold water.

Now General Electric offers a refrigerator that does all three—all without opening the door.

With our Custom Dispenser, you just press a cradle on the front of the door and get all the crushed ice you want—a glassful or a whole ice bucketful. And you don't warm up the freezer with a lot of door opening, either.

Ice cubes? As easy as sliding the lever to "Cubes." You never have to juggle the ice, so you don't freeze your hands.

And to make things easier yet, the icemaker automatically replaces ice as you use it.

For instant chilled water, press the other cradle. Or if you want, use both at once.

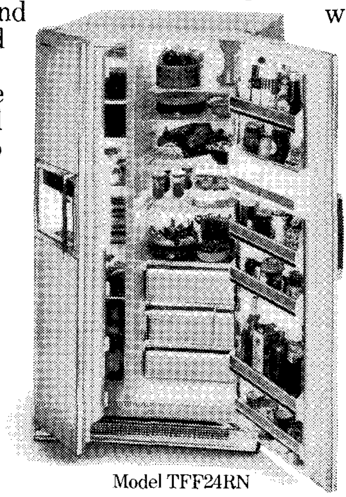
Our Custom Dispenser refrigerators also feature tempered glass shelves that adjust to your storage needs; and since they're solid, spills never drip through. (Wiping up is a snap.)

In addition, they come with a seven-day meat keeper that keeps unfrozen meat fresh for a week or becomes an extra vegetable storage drawer with one flip of a switch.

And these models never need defrosting—not even in the biggest freezer section, which has an 8.6 cubic foot capacity.

Our biggest refrigerator with the Custom Dispenser packs 23.6 cubic feet of cool into a mere 35 3/4 inches of width. Or maybe the 21.6 cubic foot model is more your size—it serves up ice cubes or crushed ice, and measures only 33 inches wide.

Customer Care Service Everywhere. This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go, you'll find a qualified GE serviceman nearby.



Model TFF24RN

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Corner—A trio of effective one-acters by black dramatists, and very well performed by a black company. The title play is by Ed Bullins, the two others by comparative newcomers, Clay Goss and Oyamo. Each of them is set on the street of some urban slum, but there is great contrast of mood and style. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A musical, old-fashioned in form and content, in which Melvin Van Peebles sketches the horseplay of a Saturday-night party in Harlem. Full of rousing songs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Funny clowns and pretty girls in an admirable revival of the musical about a Rome unknown to Gibbon or, indeed, to Romans. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Hunter—This play is as annoying as it is puzzling. The performances of Michael *Hadge and Robert Glaudini as a pair of soldiers*, Douglass Watson as an old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer as a girl off the prairies are creditable, though. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Joan—St. Joan is a militant revolutionary who spends most of Act I in the East Village and most of Act II in the Women's House of Detention. The show, which falls somewhere between an opera and a musical, was written—words and score—by the gifted Reverend Al Carmines. Lee Guilliatt is impressive in the title role. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag. With Art Carney and Barbara Barrie. *(Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 19
"THIS LIFE IN GREEN" . . . *John Batki* 24
"THE MOOSE" (POEM) . . . *Elizabeth Bishop* 27
"THE SOFT CORE" . . . *Arturo Vivante* 28
ANNALS OF WAR (VIETNAM—III) . . . *Frances FitzGerald* 33
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . *Edith Oliver* 50
THE ART WORLD . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 52
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . *Janet Malcolm* 58
THE RACE TRACK . . . *Audax Minor* 62
U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN . . . *Calvin Trillin* 64
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 70
BOOKS . . . *George Steiner* 75
BRIEFLY NOTED . . . 81

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Frascino, Ed Fisher, Charles Barsotti, Charles Addams, Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Al Ross, J. B. Handelsman, Joseph Mirachi, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Stan Hunt, Robert Day, Robert Weber, Claude Smith, Lee Lorenz, Henry Martin, William Hamilton*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVIII, No. 21, July 15, 1972. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1972 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.

Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

©1972 Estée Lauder, Inc.

estée
estée
super perfume

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SUGAR—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TWIGS—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

LONG RUNS—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,078 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, July 12: "Variations for Four" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," "Intermezzo," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 13: "Variations for Four" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Friday evening, July 14: "Paquita," "Some Times" (première), and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 15: "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday matinée, July 16: "Variations for Four" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Sunday evening, July 16: "Paquita" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 18: "Romeo and Juliet," "Rodeo," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 19: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 20: "Petrouchka," "The Moor's Pavane," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Some Times." ... ¶ Friday evening, July 21: "Petrouchka," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 22: "Variations for Four" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 22: "Paquita" and "La Sylphide." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The Dillards, a country-flavored bunch that in one form or another has been around for nearly a decade, will be the main act here through Monday, July 17. Taj Mahal, who is one of the few young black musicians to be doing definitive things with country blues, opens Wednesday, July 19. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Thursday through Sunday, July 13-16, pianist Cedar Walton will head a trio. The Harold Mabern trio starts Thursday, July 20. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Renée Arden sits at the pianoforte and sings. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Jim Raney, a guitarist of long experience, will coöperate with bassist Mike Moore through Saturday, July 15. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a soul-food menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Through Saturday, July 15, the Monte Alexander trio will be on the stand from ten until closing. Sunday through Tuesday, July 16-18, pianist Jaki Byard will play from nine until two.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—It's incontrovertibly a summer festival when Marian McPartland is at the Steinway, which is where she is, accompanied by bassist Rick Petrone, from eight until one Monday through Saturday. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, a pianist of considerable facility, takes over. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Wednesday through Sunday, July 12-16, Dust and Sweetpie will be on hand. Wednesday through Sunday, July 19-23, Trust Me and Southern Conspiracy will be here.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this new spot and—holy moley!—it's a winner. Ellis Larkins, who has been absent from the scene for far too long, is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, another duo performs. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Guitarist Jim Hall (one of the best in the business) and bassist Ron Carter (one of the best in the business) are again collaborating with apparent effortlessness. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty to two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Purists, both hot and cool, should take an interest in the steady quartet headed by tenor player Zoot Sims, which will be in residence through Sunday, July 16. Cornettist Ruby Braff brings in his sweetly swinging quartet on Tuesday, July 18. Some Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

JAZZ CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—Usually known as Folk City but temporarily renamed, this large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a rather mixed bag of musicians and comedians. Through Saturday, July 15, flutist and reed man Jimmy Heath will direct a quartet, alternating with a group called the Catalysts. Guitarist Pat Martino, leading a quartet, and saxophonist Eric Kloss, also leading a quartet, will be onstage Tuesday through Saturday, July 18-22. Sounds from nine.

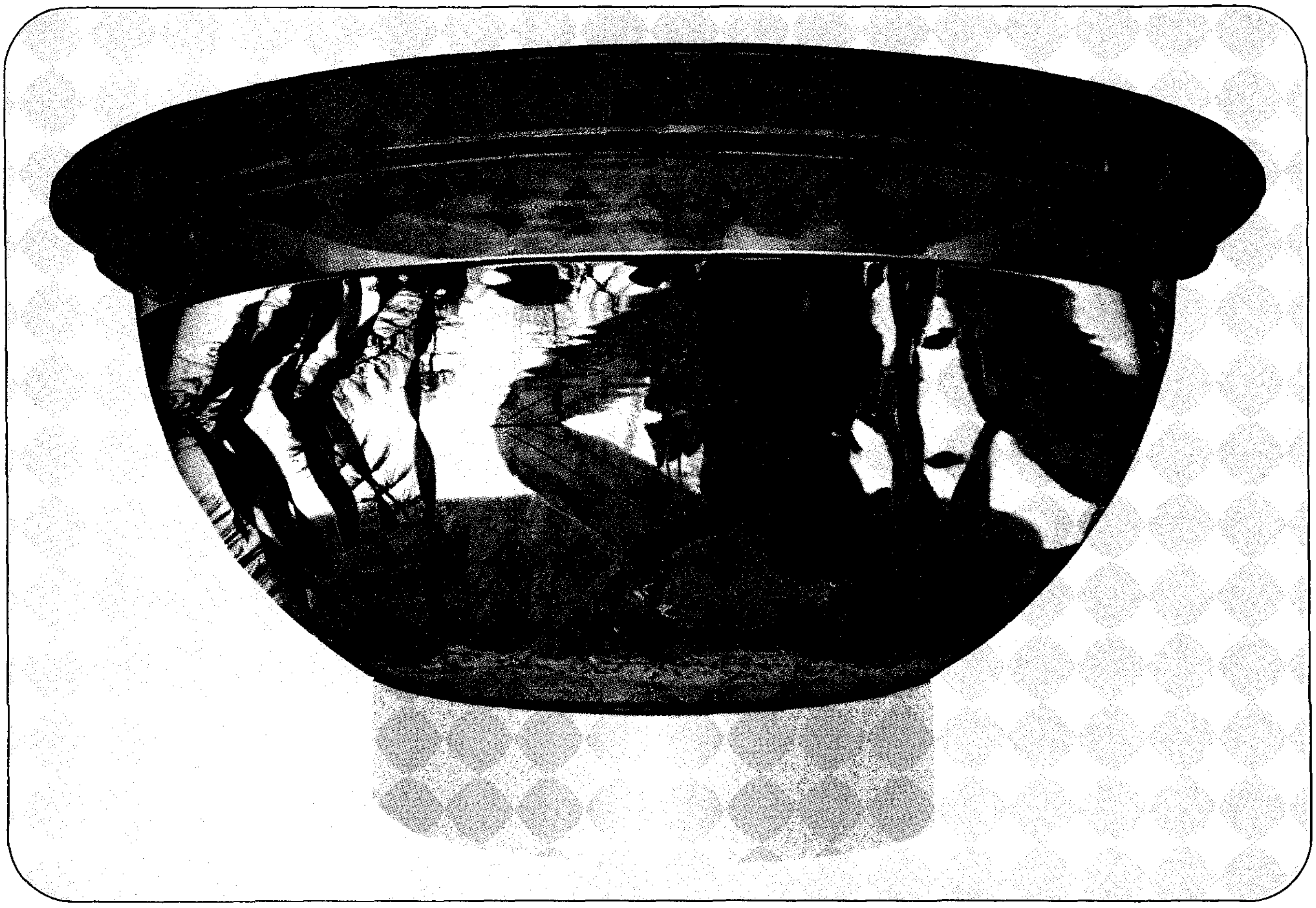
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Stardrive, a far-out electronic band whose strength is in its musicality, not in tricks, will appear through Sunday, July 16. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters, after which (from midnight to two) people may dance to records. Drinks and snacks.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, between nine and one, pianist Jerry Scott performs. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers.

No man's an island...
but your living room could be.



With this . . . our Aqua Dome. A glass topped coffee table that's more than just another place to rest an ashtray. Its chromed steel base cradles a clear acrylic bowl with room for 20 fresh or salt water fish. The Aqua Dome has a 40 gallon capacity, uses a standard aquarium air pump and undergravel filter. You're more of a landlover? Then plant a not-so-miniature rain forest. The Aqua Dome easily converts into an oversize terrarium. It's as versatile as Mother Earth. As versatile as your living room. As versatile as you.

40″ across, 18″ high. **250.00** (motor freight collect). Fish and plantings not included. Pump and filter, 14.00 (motor freight collect).

From The Kenton Collection.

A unique service which makes it possible for you to shop by mail from Cartier, Mark Cross, Georg Jensen, Valentino, Kenneth Jay Lane, Ben Kahn, Georges Kaplan and other select sources.

Send order to:

The Kenton Collection
P. O. Box 34257 / Dept. 01019
Dallas, Texas 75234

THE KENTON COLLECTION. To receive your order promptly, fill out this form and mail. You will be informed of any delay in delivery over two weeks.

Item #	Item	Quantity	Price	Total
594	Aqua Dome		250.00*	
647	Pump and filter		14.00*	

Add 5% Sales Tax if delivered in Texas ____________

The total order ____________

*Handling and motor freight delivery will be billed collect.

☐ Circle active account to be charged: American Express • Master Charge • BankAmericard

Account # (All digits) ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiration date ____________

☐ I've enclosed a check or money order for the total, payable to The Kenton Collection.

☐ Please bill me. For reference, I have an account with (circle one): Cartier • Mark Cross Georg Jensen.

Your bank ____________

Your telephone (____)____________

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

☐ Please send me The Kenton Collection Books.

Scotland's 139-year-old secret... Thorne's.

If there's one thing the Scots appreciate, it's Scotch. And they've been appreciating Thorne's Scotch since 1831. Quietly. Ever since Robert Thorne's artistry produced a small amount of Scotch whisky they felt too good to share with the rest of the Scotch-drinking world.

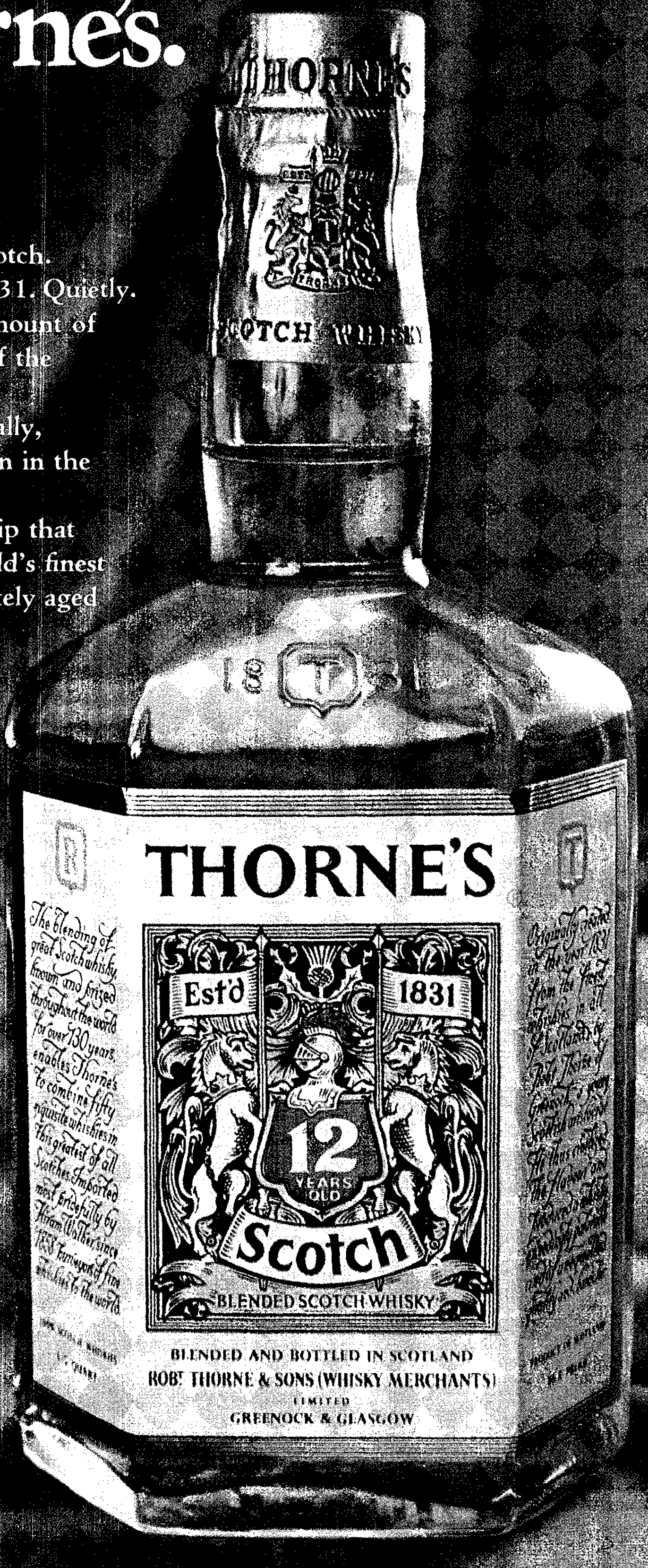
But it's not exactly a total secret anymore. Actually, Thorne's is now enjoyed all over the world, and it's been in the United States for the past five years.

Thorne's is made by hand. With a craftsmanship that almost resembles love. First of all, we put 50 of the world's finest Scotch whiskies into every bottle of Thorne's. All delicately aged for 12 years. Then carefully mellowed together.

We even label it by hand. And register it in a master log in Scotland by hand.

Try some. The secret's out.

Thorne's Scotch
12 Mellow Years Old.
50 Great Scotches in One.


THORNE'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
1831
THORNE'S
Est'd
1831
12
YEARS OLD
Scotch
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
ROBT THORNE & SONS (WHISKY MERCHANTS)
LIMITED
GREENOCK & GLASGOW

12 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Sun Ra, who came to the planet earth shortly before his native planet, Krypton, fell victim to a cosmic cataclysm, will be leading his futuristic orchestra through Sunday, July 16. Pianist McCoy Tyner, fast and ingenious, arrives with a sextet on Tuesday, July 18. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Billy Taylor's piano, which can be as clean-lined as a Mondrian, as pointillist as a Seurat, or just plain pleasant, is at the center of his well coördinated trio. An accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine, and goes on to play between sets. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Things are fairly forward-looking at the moment, with trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's quintet here through Sunday, July 16, and reed specialist Pharoah Sanders' sextet coming in on Tuesday, July 18. Mondays are reserved for the big, power-drive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Nina Sheldon (who sings while she's at it) and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from seven to eleven by Balaban & Cats. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night the Jesters play and sing pop songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speech-making starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The summer festivities here consist of an assortment of young singers and comics. Nine-thirty to closing, every night but Sunday.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret: Various enthusiasms, displayed by a frequently changing roster of eager young singers and instrumentalists. Ten to one are the hours. Cocktails and snacks.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (PL 9-3033)—A revival of "Curley McDimple," a lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to the ones that starred Shirley Temple, is onstage here. The parody is the work of Mary Boylan and Robert Dahdah, and the troupe includes Robbie Morgan, Miss Boylan, Don Emmons, George Hillman, Lynn Brossman, Jane Stuart, and Richard Durham. At eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays; at five and eight Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by singer-guitarist Robert Miano. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing after ten. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from five to seven and from eight to midnight.

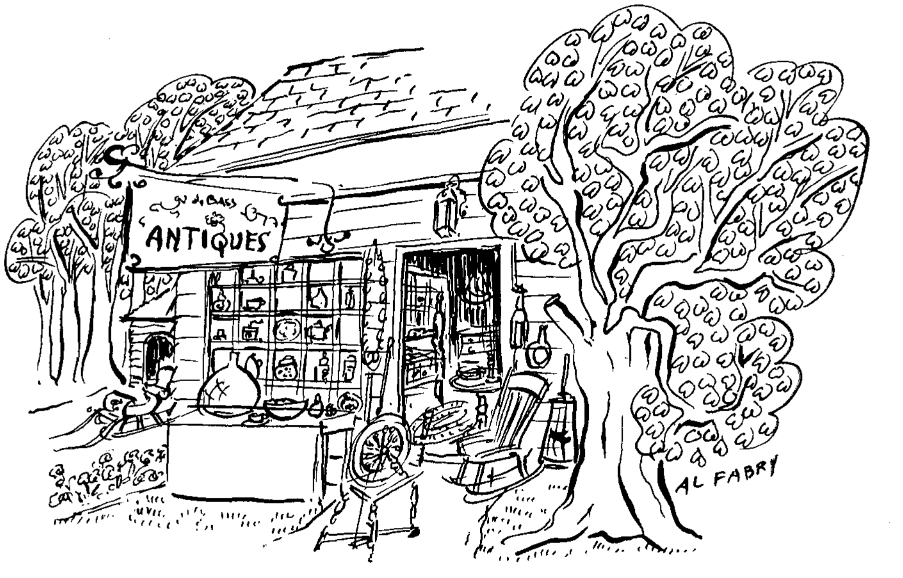
Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lionel Hampton, that jolly big show-off, leads his regiment on the double during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Summertime, when the living is easy, looks its best in the famous old palace and architectural museum. The palace guard on the **ROOF** is Count Basie's band, which plays for listening at dinner and supper, and for dancing the rest of the evening, in alternation with Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Memories stir, and so do quite a lot of estimable songs-with-piano when Hazel Scott takes her place in the **PENTHOUSE**. Her hours are eight to around two, except Sunday and Monday. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Reopens on Tuesday, July 18. Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions: i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN**



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE CORNER, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Gloria Hearn.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one. Mr. Feyer will call it a season after Saturday, July 15. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. Norbert Faconi, fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Clem Artist from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of tablehopping by both guests and Ricardo Roda's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): Mondays through Thursdays, a Lester Lanin duo plays for dinner in the Gold Room of this old architectural ornament. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from five-thirty to two, but not on Sunday or Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—Forty paintings by this well-known Russian Expressionist; through Saturday, July 15. (Athena, 1066 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through Friday, July 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

WILLIAM TROST RICHARDS (1833-1905)—Thirty paintings of East Coast landscapes, plus pencil sketches done in Europe; through July 28. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through July 29.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through July 29. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: American geometric abstractions of the thirties by Albers, Bolotowsky, Biederman, Balcomb Greene, Ferren, Glarner, Diller, George L.K. Morris, and the like; through Friday, July 14. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St. . . . **BERRY-HILL,** 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . **LERNER-MISRACHI,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed mornings. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER,** 831 Broadway at 13th St.; open Saturday afternoons. . . . **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St. . . . **WEBER,** 420 West Broadway.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.). . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1888-1968), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Four interrelated pieces, each approximately twelve feet in length, in the form of an automobile and deriving from Yogi philosophy, by Don Potts, a California sculptor; through Sunday, July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Watercolors, prints, and drawings by Winslow

Homer and John Singer Sargent, assembled from the collections of the Museum and the Metropolitan; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and wall-hangings by eight contemporary North American Indian artists; through July 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred Stravinsky scores, photographs, and memorabilia from the collection of the composer's widow, Vera Stravinsky; through Saturday, July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, the majority from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About two hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from Italian Renaissance masters to contemporary American artists, borrowed from private collections; through Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Caricatures, portraits, prints, and memorabilia from nineteenth-century Presidential campaigns. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

Leonard Bernstein's "Mass"—A theatre piece with texts from the Latin liturgy of the Roman Catholic Mass, plus other texts in English by Mr. Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz. Maurice Peress conducts a symphony orchestra, and Gordon Davidson directs a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including Alan Titus (or David Cryer) as Celebrant, the Norman Scribner Choir, the Berkshire Boy Choir, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 22.)

Bach's "St. Matthew Passion"—Robert Shaw directing a chorus (including members of the Westminster Choir) and an orchestra, with soloists. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Friday, July 21, at 7:30. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 14, at 7: Peter Serkin, piano, and the Boston Symphony Chamber Players in a program of Beethoven chamber music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: William Steinberg directing another all-Beethoven program, this one with Jeannine Crader, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Dean Wilder, tenor; Robert Hale, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing still another all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; Mr. Serkin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 7: An all-Chopin piano recital by Earl Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 9: Bruno Maderna conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Mr. Wild. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Brahms program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Karel Ancerl conducting a varied program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, July 14, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a performance of Monteverdi's opera "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carole Bogard, soprano; Frances Bible and Betty Allen, mezzo-sopranos; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 5:30: Misha Dichter in a piano recital. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Lenox Arts Center—Saturday, July 15, at 6: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 6: Paul Butterfield and Doc Watson. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 29—Wednesday, July 12, at 8:30: "Symphony in E Flat," "The Cage," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Danses Concertantes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: "Chopiniana," "Swan Lake," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 8:30: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 2:30: "Chopiniana," "Pas de Deux," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by the Carpenters on Sunday, July 16, at 8:30.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 18, at 8:30: "Rubies," "Duo Concertant," "Octuor," and "Scènes de Ballet.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19, at 8:30: "Pulcinella," "Dumbarton Oaks," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 8:30: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Bugaku.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Watermill," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 15: The Afro-American Dance Ensemble and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 18-22: The First Chamber Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 15, at 8, and Sunday, July 16, at 2: The Louis Falco and Don Redlich Dance Companies. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8, and Sunday, July 23, at 2: The Murray Louis Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, July 12, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, July 14, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, July 15-16, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, July 18, at 7:30, and Wednesday, July 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Thursday, July 20, at 7:30; Friday, July 21, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 22, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Early Wynn, Carl Erskine, and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Tuesday through Thursday, July 18-20.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 12; the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 15; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 19; and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 22. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Satur-

Easy on the spice

Softweight Trevira® polyester knit, in a peppy plaid of paprika red, mustard and green, turned out in great shirt form. Has a hidden front zipper, sporty canvas belt, for 8 to 16 sizes, $95. Dress Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Look what United's done for the Little Grass Shack.

We've spruced it up a little.

Now it's got it's own private kitchen, maid service, a rental car (2 day minimum), and a price as low as $9.00 a night, (Per person, for 4 people, plus tax.)

Now it's a luxurious condominium in a Hawaiian paradise.

Your very own place. With the privacy and tranquility of the Little Grass Shack, minus leaky roof and dirt floor.

Your condominium can be close to things like golf, beaches, shopping, and entertainment. Or completely away from things. There are all sorts of locations to choose from.

Your Travel Agent or United can give you all the details and a beautiful four-color brochure.

Just choose your favorite island. Then choose your favorite person. And fly away to Privacy in Paradise. In the Friendly Skies.

United Air Lines

Your land is our land.

day, July 15, and the Margate Handicap, Saturday, July 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 22, at noon, and Sunday, July 23, at 2:30.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday and Sunday, July 15-16, and Friday and Saturday, July 21-22.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Wednesday, July 12, at 8: John Ashbery reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19, at 8: James Merrill reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door of the auditorium on the nights of the readings.)

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 12 at 2: "Queen Elizabeth" (1912), directed by Louis Mercanton, with Sarah Bernhardt; and "Wild and Wooly" (1917), directed by John Emerson, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ July 12 at 5:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2: "Hud" (1963), directed by Martin Ritt, with Paul Newman and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5:30: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson and William Holden. . . . ¶ July 13 at 8: "Cobra" (1925), directed by Joseph Hensbery, with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and James Stewart. . . . ¶ July 14 at 5:30 and July 15 at noon: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers and George C. Scott. . . . ¶ July 15 at 3: "Manslaughter" (1922), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan. . . . ¶ July 15 at 5:30: "Ace in the Hole" (1951), directed by Billy Wilder, with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling. . . . ¶ July 16 at 12:30 and 3: "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1917), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ July 16 at 5:30: "Joan the Woman" (1917), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Geraldine Farrar. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Joseph von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ July 17 at 5:30: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969), directed by Sergio Leone, with Henry Fonda and Claudia Cardinale. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2: "Joan the Woman" (1917). . . . ¶ July 18 at 5:30: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2: "Cobra" (1925). . . . ¶ July 19 at 5:30: "Manslaughter" (1922). . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969). . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "The Squaw-man" (1918), directed by Cecil B. De Mille. . . . ¶ July 20 at 8: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961), directed by, and with, Marlon Brando. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 12: "The Gene Krupa Story" (1959), directed by Don Weis, with Sal Mineo and Susan Kohner. . . . ¶ July 13-14: "The Fabulous Dorseys" (1947), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. . . . ¶ July 15-16: "St. Louis Blues" (1958), directed by Allen Reisner, with Nat King Cole and Eartha Kitt. . . . ¶ July 19-20: "The Big Broadcast" (1932), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Bing Crosby and George Burns. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on July 13). No Mondays.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HAMLET, with Stacy Keach, Colleen Dewhurst, and James Earl Jones, will be given through Sunday, July 16. . . . TI-JEAN AND HIS BROTHERS, by Derek Walcott, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Thursday, July 20, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 6. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8:30; starting Thursday, July 20, curtain time will be 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Central Park Mall—Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano. (Monday, July 17, at 7; rain date, July 19.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 12, at 7: Edgar Winter and Blues Project. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 7 and 9:30: Don McLean and Bill Withers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 7: The Chambers Brothers and the James Cotton Blues Band. . . . ¶ Monday, July 17, at 7: B. B. King, Alex Taylor, and Merry Clayton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19, at 7: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '77 and Tiny Alice. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 7: The Four Seasons and Jay & the Americans. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 7: Lighthouse and Five Dollar Shoes. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Carl Schurz Park—Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the third in a series of four concerts. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw trio. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Gaelic Park—The Allman Brothers Band and Captain Beyond. (Broadway and 240th St. Thursday, July 13, at 7. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—Gold Cup, Ginger, King's Ransom, White Knight—not the lineup of a horse race, but only a few of the hundred and forty-three varieties in the new rose garden, complete with two fountains and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

LIGHT-DRY
Schweppes
SILVER LABEL
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
DISTILLED, PREPARED & BOTTLED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
80 PROOF
Schweppes
TONIC
Schweppes
Schweppes
Bitter Lemon
MADE FROM WHOLE
CONTAINS

If you think Schweppes® tastes good with gin or vodka, you'll love it with Bacardi rum.

Sure that's a strong statement. But look at the facts. Bacardi rum is smooth. And has a light, dry, subtle flavor. So it can't overpower that famous mouthwatering tang of Schweppes Bitter Lemon or Tonic Water. Or get lost in it.

What's more, since Bacardi is dry not sweet and Schweppes is dry not sweet, they're a natural together. So try a tall Bacardi rum and tonic. Or a short Bacardi and bitter lemon on the rocks. And wet your whistle. Beautifully.

BACARDI® rum. The mixable one.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BACARDI PARTY KIT. © 1972 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FLA. 33137. RUM 80 PROOF. "BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

Variations on a basic Pinto.

Ford Pinto Wagon: Rugged 2,000cc engine, front disc brakes and over 60 cubic feet of cargo space. (VW Squareback and Vega Kammback have only about 50.) The picture shows the Squire Option, plus luggage rack, whitewall tires and bumper guards.

Fresh orange, anyone? Pinto's Sports Accent group has bright new color accents like orange or avocado, with matching interiors and vinyl roofs. And steel-belted radial-ply white sidewall tires for long mileage.

The Sunshine Pinto: Our new easy-opening, solid-closing sun roof comes at a remarkably low price. It's shown above on a stylish little 3-Door Runabout, with vinyl roof and luxury decor options.

Better idea for safety . . . buckle up!

Red, white and blue! The new Sprint Option includes this racy color scheme, inside and out. Plus dual racing mirrors and white sidewall tires.

Ford Pinto comes in a lot of different variations. But the basic theme is always the same: solid, sensible, and economical.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 15: "Let Freedom Ring" and "Swing Your Lady."
July 16-18: "Broadway Melody" and "Two Girls on Broadway."
From July 19: "International House" and "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
July 12: "The Virgin and the Gypsy," "Sons and Lovers," and "A Man and a Woman."
July 13-18: "Straw Dogs," "Candy," and "The Conformist."
From July 19: To be announced.

Orpheum, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Through July 13: "From Here to Eternity" and "Anatomy of a Murder."
July 14-16: "The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."
July 17-18: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "The Anderson Tapes."
From July 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 18: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From July 19: "The War Between Men and Women."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 18: "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
From July 19: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Frenzy."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Cabaret."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 18: "Hammersmith Is Out."
From July 19: "Joe Kidd."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Other."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fillmore."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Savages."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Graduate."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ben."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Shaft's Big Score!"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 18: "A Clockwork Orange."
From July 19: "The Man."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Living Free."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Portnoy's Complaint."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 17: "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg."
From July 18: "The Public Eye."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Come Back Charleston Blue."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Godson."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 18: "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
From July 19 (tentative): "Pinocchio" and "Napoleon and Samantha."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 18: "Hammersmith Is Out."
From July 19: "Joe Kidd."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 18: "Cabaret."
From July 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Prime Cut."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 13: "Duck, You Sucker."
From July 14: "Fuzz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Ben."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 13: "The Concert for Bangladesh" and "Soul to Soul."
From July 14: "Skyjacked" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 15: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
July 16-18: "The Big Store" and "At the Circus."
From July 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Tokyo Story."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 18: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
From July 19: "What's Up, Doc?"

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 12: "The Murder of Fred Hampton" and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears."
July 13-15: "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."
July 16-17: "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Major Barbara."
July 18-19: "The Red Shoes" and "Queen of Spades."
From July 20: "Rules of the Game" and "Grand Illusion."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 18: "The Burglars" and "The Brotherhood of Satan."
From July 19: "Stand Up and Be Counted" and "J. W. Coop."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 18: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
From July 19: "What's Up, Doc?"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 17: "Living Free."
From July 18: "The Public Eye."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Groundstar Conspiracy."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 18: "Cabaret."
From July 19: "The War Between Men and Women."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Jamilya."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 18: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Perfect Friday."
From July 19: "What's Up, Doc?"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and Part IV of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 18: "Frenzy."
From July 19: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 12: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."
July 13: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."
July 14: "Zorba the Greek" and "Justine."
July 15: "Elvira Madigan" and "A Married Woman."
July 16: "Moby Dick" and "Animal Farm."
July 17: "The Grapes of Wrath" and "How Green Was My Valley."
July 18: "Senso" and "Variety Lights."
July 19: "Ikiru" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
July 20: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Hour of the Wolf."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through July 18: "Cabaret."
From July 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 18: "The Hot Rock" and "Made for Each Other."
From July 19: "The Groundstar Conspiracy" and "Perfect Friday."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly, in the slow-wheel Preminger style, around a courtroom story of a rape and murder case. James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell as a lawyer on the bottle. Duke Ellington's score. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. (Orpheum; through July 13.)

The Anderson Tapes (1971)—An energetic but coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is the gang leader; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum; July 17-18.)

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative, so that the experience of the film becomes like looking at a political cartoon for too long. (Thalia; July 16.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (8th St. Playhouse; July 16-18.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; July 13.)

Ben—Another rat film, sequel to "Willard." A little boy gets terrifically attached to Ben, an unlovable rat. We are supposed to be moved by that and scared of the rats, but we're neither. Awful acting, awful trick photography. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Big Broadcast of 1938 (1938)—One of the best of the pleasantly anarchic Paramount vaudeville shows. This one features W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Hope and Shirley Ross singing "Thanks for the Memory," and most of it takes place on an ocean liner. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 19.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (8th St. Playhouse; July 16-18.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me." It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. (Bessie Love can be seen, looking much the same, as the telephone-answering-service operator in "Sunday Bloody Sunday.") With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and

Mary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (It was originally in Technicolor.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16-18.)

The Brotherhood of Satan—With Strother Martin and L. Q. Jones, directed by Bernard McEveety. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 18.)

Lenny Bruce Without Tears—Fascinating and indeed unweepy assembly of factual material about Lenny, done by Fred Baker. Undistinguished filmmaking but very touching stuff to see. (Elgin; July 12.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 18.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (34th St. East and Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ U.A. East, Cinema Studio, and Riviera; through July 18.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Candy (1968)—Terry Southern's and Mason Hoffenberg's sex burlesque was turned into a shambles by the director, Christian Marquand, but there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru, Richard Burton in a parody of Dylan Thomas, and James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. Ewa Aulin, the teen-age American-girl Candide, lacks the necessary dewy freshness and isn't American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. (St. Marks Cinema; July 13-18.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Orpheum; July 14-16.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I; through July 18.)

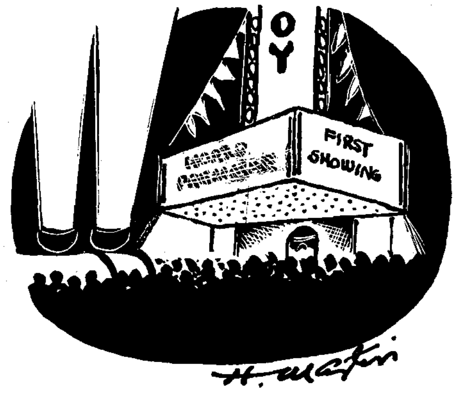
Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detective Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Waverly; through July 13.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefanie Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; July 13-18.)

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes—The latest and not the greatest in the "Ape" series, with Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, and Natalie Trundy, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Kips Bay and Juliet 2; through July 18.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Little Carnegie.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 15.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo ("My grandmother used to say she was sitting about like Joe Egg when she had nothing to do," says the father—Alan Bates—who swings into a role full of brave vaudeville routines and backchat). Janet Suzman plays the mother, with great substance and beauty, but some things about the piece are essentially nonrealistic and theatrical, and they don't transpose to the naturalism of the screen. Directed by Peter Medak. (68th St. Playhouse; through July 17.)

Duck, You Sucker—With Rod Steiger and James Coburn, directed by Sergio Leone. A Western that's a lot of long-winded mush and thunder. Coburn is rather good as a bitter Irishman. (86th St. East; through July 13.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 15.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Plaza.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Symphony; through July 18.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—Among the rare memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Orpheum; through July 13.)

Fuzz—Ed McBain's Eighty-seventh Precinct. With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Richard Colla. (86th St. East; starting July 14.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Waverly; starting July 14.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Art. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through July 18.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Orpheum; July 14-16.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East and Loews Ciné.)

The Godson—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. A fascinating and important picture in French cinema, studying someone who listens constantly and seems to be responding to harmonics beyond most people's range. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. François Périer plays an unscrupulous detective. Photographed by Henri Decae. (Juliet 1.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; starting July 20.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—One of John Ford's classic pictures, based on Steinbeck's novel about people trekking from the dust bowl to California during the Depression. Some of the exterior locations look dated and wrong, but the passion is still there, and Henry Fonda is very fine. There is a certain amount of innate conservatism in Ford's humanization of Steinbeck's economic ants into champions of agrarianism. (Thalia; July 17.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Groundstar Conspiracy—Spy melodrama that opens with a big explosion set off by the theft of secret stuff from a space project in the Pacific Northwest. The thief loses his memory and, after extensive doctoring, still can't remember who hired him. The action is packed, as they say, and incredible. George Peppard plays a steel-faced security officer for the project. (Paramount. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 19.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 18.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Olympia; through July 18.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 20.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. With Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors; the singers, however, are really Welsh. And Roddy McDowall was such a nice little boy, and Walter Pidgeon such a gentleman and so sincere. (Thalia; July 17.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; July 19.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's greatest play, and one of the few perfect comedies in world drama. This English screen version by Anthony Asquith is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, Michael Redgrave. (Elgin; July 16-17.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata), and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 19.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Orpheum; July 17-18.)

Jamilya—Soft-hearted Soviet film, directed by Irina Poplavskaya from a novel by Aitmatov, who is a leading modern writer in Kirgiz. This was written in 1958, and it gives quite an outspoken picture of the new sets of relations among Soviet young people in Kirgiz. (Louis Aragon arranged for the French translation to be published.) Recondite but interesting, interspersed with eloquent drawings by a Kirgiz child. In Russian. (Regency.)

Joe Kidd—A Western with Clint Eastwood and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting July 19.)

Justine (1969)—Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in the foreseeable Hollywood way, with a script written all for narrative, and actors from everywhere (Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, Severn Darden). George Cukor directed. (Thalia; July 14.)

J. W. Coop—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 19.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Gramercy; through July 18.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; July 13-15.)

Let Freedom Ring (1939)—Jack Conway directed Nelson Eddy and Victor McLaglen in this musical, which is crummy but quite enjoyable. Nelson Eddy is busy putting things to rights in his crooked home town. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 15.)

Living Free—Animals. Fine for children, but take a good book. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Playboy; through July 18.)

Made for Each Other—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Olympia; through July 18.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's wonderfully witty play. Wendy Hiller is the Salvation Army major. (Elgin; July 16-17.)

The Man—With James Earl Jones, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Cinema I; starting July 19.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; July 12.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her consumption patterns, and her infidelities. In French. (Thalia; July 15.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Thalia; July 19.)

Moby Dick (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Thalia; July 16.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; July 12.)

The Murder of Fred Hampton—A documentary centered on a point directly following the shooting of the Black Panther leader in a Chicago police raid, and moving backward and forward in time from that moment. (Elgin; July 12.)

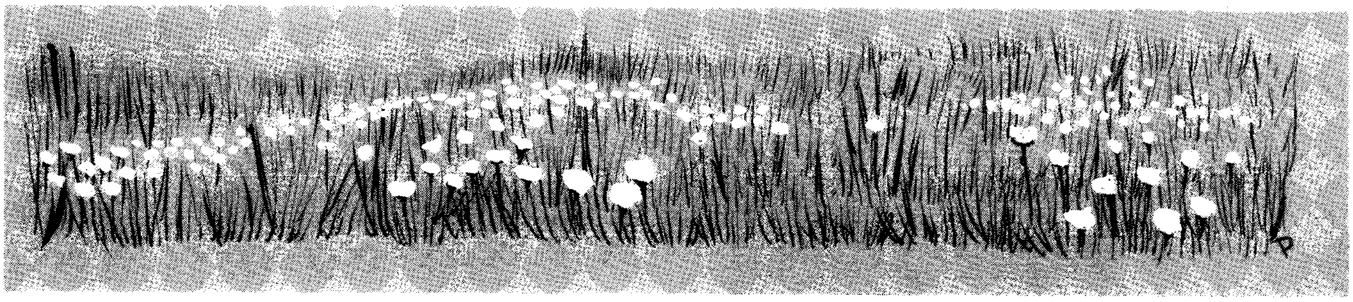
Napoleon and Samantha—From the Disney Studios, with Michael Douglas and Will Geer. Directed by Bernard McEveety. (Juliet 2; starting July 19, tentative.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Guild; through July 18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Superb. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 15.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Little Carnegie.)

The Other —Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifi-



ability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Fine Arts.)

Perfect Friday (1970)—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 18. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 19.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French (Thalia; July 20.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Juliet 2; starting July 19, tentative.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema II.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Beekman.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Loews Orpheum.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

The Public Eye—With Mia Farrow and Topol, directed by Carol Reed. From the play by Peter Shaffer. (68th St. Playhouse and Playboy; starting July 18.)

Queen of Spades (1949)—Directed by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans, from Pushkin's gambling story. Wonderful stuff, not to be missed, especially because of Dame Edith. (Elgin; July 18-19.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" did, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Elgin; July 18-19.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; starting July 20.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

Savages—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and an odd, erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Baronet.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Thalia; July 18.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Skyjacked—Thriller about hijacking. Charlton Heston is a pilot hankering after a chief air hostess (Yvette Mimieux) who is engaged to the first officer (Mike Henry). Directed by John Guillermin. Rubbish. (Waverly; starting July 14.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Festival. . . . ¶ U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Riviera; starting July 19.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though finally disappointing) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (St. Marks Cinema; July 12.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (Waverly; through July 13.)

Stand Up and Be Counted—With Jacqueline Bisset and Stella Stevens, directed by Jackie Cooper. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 19.)

Straw Dogs—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (St. Marks Cinema; July 13-18.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Gramercy; through July 18.)

Swing Your Lady (1938)—A wrestling promoter, played by Humphrey Bogart, gets his car stuck in the mud, and an Amazonian blacksmith (Louise Fazenda) lifts the thing out again as easy as pie, which gives him the bright idea of getting her to rescue his professional fortunes. The plot is rather desperate, but Bogey cools things, as usual. Directed by Ray Enright. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 15.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; July 13-15.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Two Girls on Broadway (1940)—Lana Turner and Joan Blondell in a fairly sappy musical. Two sisters love the same chap, but everything works out. Directed by Sylvan Simon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16-18.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Thalia; July 13.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, a poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Thalia; July 18.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (St. Marks Cinema; July 12.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Gramercy and Cinema Studio; starting July 19.)

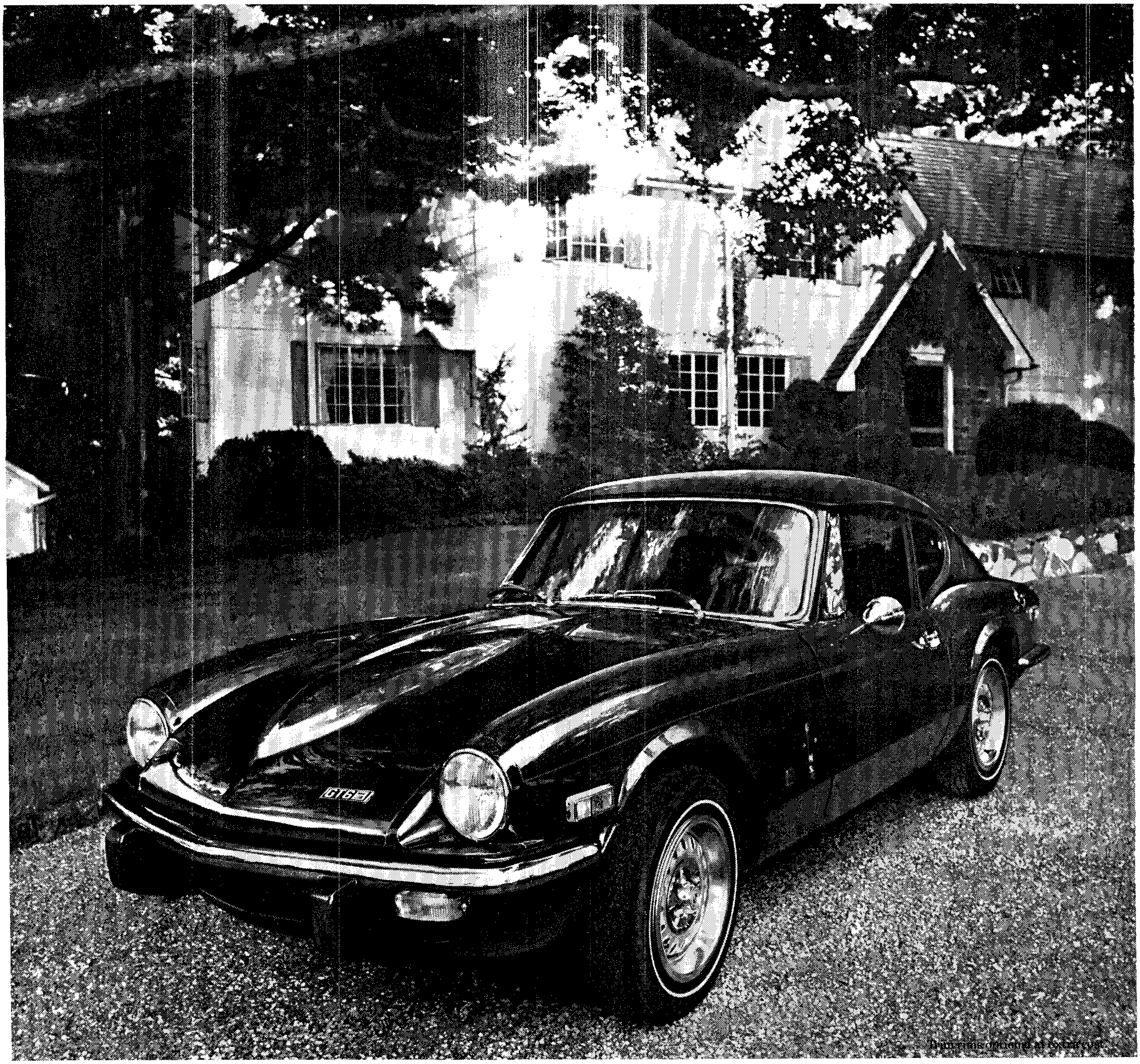
What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Greenwich, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 19.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; July 12.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Thalia; July 14.)

THAT
THE
QUEEN
OF
ENGLAND
CHOSE
AYNSLEY
AND
THE
PRESIDENT'S
DAUGHTER
TOOK
WATERFORD
AS HER
ONE
AND ONLY.
photos: Pesin

Life is hardly a fairy tale, but at least you can wine and dine happily ever after. Waterford is the one and only full lead crystal made *wholly* by hand in Ireland. And the Queen did choose Aynsley Bone China! Our free brochures tell all. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. For once in a lovetime... **Waterford & Aynsley**



Trim rings optional at extra cost.

It feels great doing 70. It looks great doing nothing.

At 70 mph, the Triumph GT-6 handles well enough to be a championship racing machine. Which, by the way, it just happens to be; twice national racing champion in Sports Car Club of America competition.

But that shouldn't surprise you. It doesn't us. Because we built into the GT-6 an all independent suspension, a 2 litre 6-cylinder engine, rack and pinion steering, an all synchromesh 4-speed gearbox, front disc brakes and most importantly, Triumph engineering.

And when you have all that, you can't help but perform beautifully on the track.

But the GT-6 also performs beautifully on the driveway. And you don't have to know the first thing about engines to appreciate styling by Michelotti (who designs Ferraris). Or a well appointed interior (sumptuous reclining seats, walnut facia). Or standard features like an electrically-operated rear window defroster.

In conclusion, what all this means is the GT-6 not only beats its competition when moving.

It beats them when it's standing still.

Triumph GT-6

BRITISH LEYLAND

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-631-1972. IN NEW JERSEY CALL 800-962-2803.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

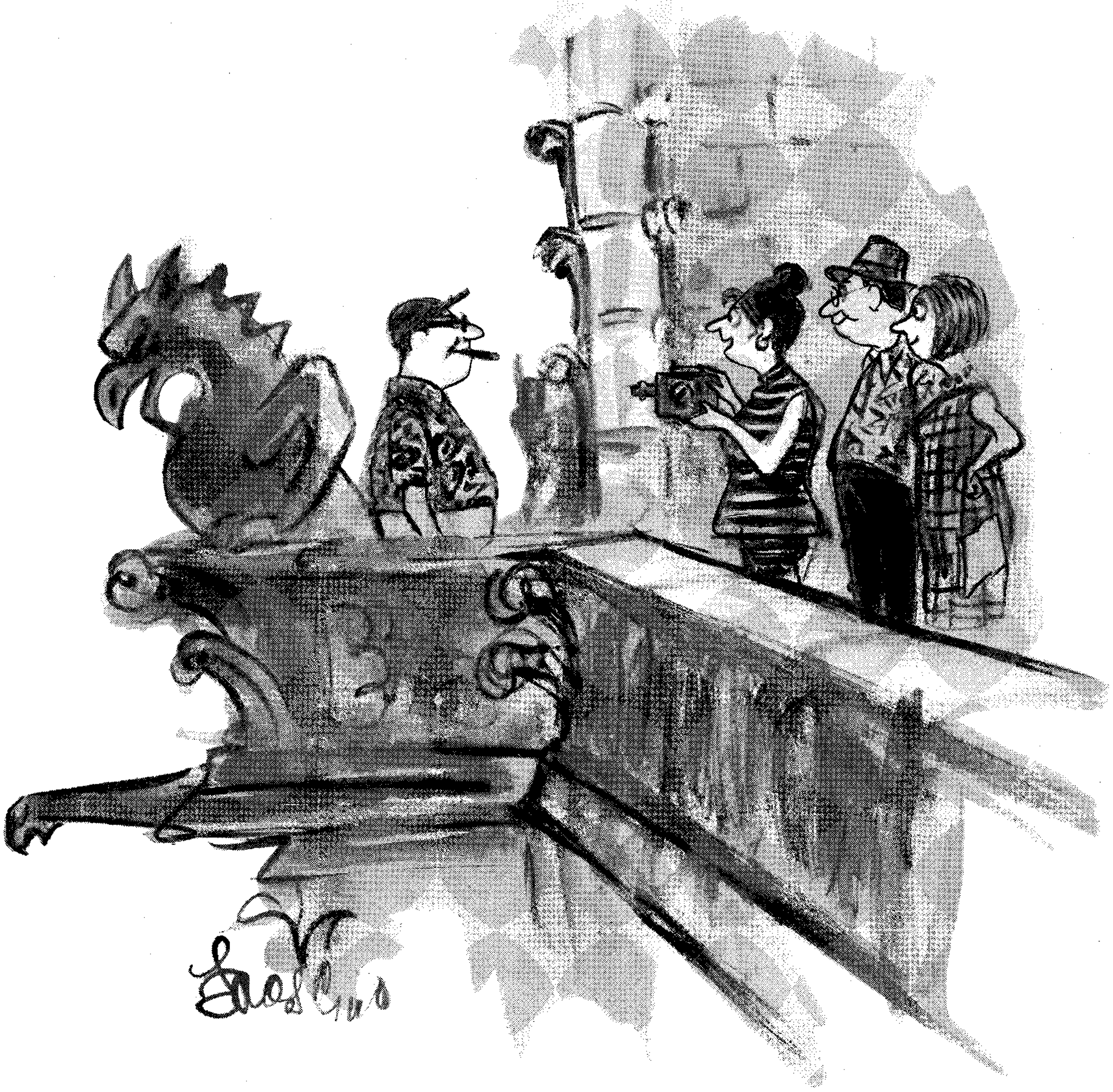
Notes and Comment

IN many ways, the Park Avenue of the Seventies and Eighties and Nineties, with its facing, frowning rows of castled apartment houses which reduce the sky to a meaningless ribbon and pedestrians to impertinences, is the cold heart of American urbanization. But the other day, as we were heading downtown in a cab on Park, we saw a sight near the corner of Eighty-eighth Street that all at once humbled the avenue and the city: a small, solitary boy was seated at a small folding table in front of a monolithic apartment house, and on the table were a pitcher of lemonade, some cups, and a sign reading, "Cold Drinks 5c."

Two Lives

IT is one of those real-life stories that are hard to believe because they sound so much like real-life stories. Bruce M. Minnix is in his late forties. He is tall, attractive, and easy-mannered, with a reddish-tinged beard of modest proportions. He is a serious man—indeed, an earnest man—but there is a picaresque air about him. He lives in Cape May, New Jersey, with his wife, Corinne; his daughter, Tracy; and his mother, Irene. Tracy is seventeen and the apple of her father's eye. Bruce once had hepatitis, in Hollywood. Cape May is a hundred and sixty-five miles from Gotham, at the very tip of the Jersey peninsula, and is a showplace of wedding-cakey, gingerbready Victorian architecture—some say *the* showplace. Bruce, Corinne, Tracy, and Irene all live in relative harmony in a big Victorian house, one of a group known as the Seven Sisters, which were originally built as cottages for a huge summer hotel. A German carpenter came through Cape May in what old-timers say was the Year of the Blizzard—that would be '88—and made one staircase for each of the Seven Sisters, and then left town. We must drop the German carpenter at this point, since we don't know any more about him. But there's still Bruce—brisk Bruce, busy Bruce, gentle, hard-working Bruce—and his *two* lives. First, he is one of the three directors of "Search for Tomorrow," which is now in its twenty-first year and is the longest-running soap opera in television history (C.B.S., Monday through Friday, 12:30 P.M.), a marathon of trials and tribulations whose accumulated scripts if laid end to end and rained upon would make one long, wet pile. Second, *Bruce has just been elected Mayor of Cape May.* On a reform ticket. He promised to make government responsive to the people. Tracy was skeptical when her father decided to run. She thought he'd lose and be hurt. "It won't work, Daddy," she said. "It's a wild-goose chase." But Tracy and a lot of other people were wrong.

Episode 5,393 of "Search for Tomorrow" was being rehearsed prior to being taped when we came across Bruce the other day in the vast C.B.S. studios on West Fifty-seventh Street. No. 5,393 was a complex episode—as complex as real life. Scott Phillips was getting married, in the chapel, to Kathy Parker, and the reception was being held in the house of Eunice Martin—Joanne Tate's younger sister—in Henderson, since Scott is Eunice's stepson, but George and Sarah have turned up at a seedy boarding house in search of a camera, and are behaving as though they had something to hide, while Lauri, who was once married to Scott herself, and still loves him, is consoling Eric, who is six and looks upon Scott as his natural father, although he is actually an illegitimate son of Lauri's by a previous early romance. Bruce was wearing a tweedy brown-and-green jacket and brown trousers, and moved through a tangle of lights, cables, cameras, sets, makeup men, actors, and actresses in a commanding manner, seeming to disregard the palpable, if subdued, emotional tension all around him. "Charm the landlady," he said to an actor. "Show some teeth. . . . Places. . . . Something wrong with the music here. . . . Put the roller skates down on the table across each other, not side by side." A stagehand came by with a tray of canapés. We automatically reached for one. "Not for you," he said. "For the reception. Anyway, they're A. & P. frozen." The rehearsal got under way, and the characters spoke their lines: "I want this day to be beautiful for them.". . . "The police will find George and Sarah, and that will be the end of it.". . . "There are days when people have the feeling that they just don't be-



“Come on, Harve. Do your Quasimodo for us.”

• •

long anywhere.”. . . “I love you, Mommy.”. . . “I like him very much; sometimes I think I like him too much.”. . . “Marriage is a blending of wills, not a bending.”. . . “I’m not losing a son but gaining a law partner.”. . . “You mean you will seek an indictment of Joanne Tate?”. . . “Murder, Doug. Murder One!” No. 5,393 had been taped.

Life goes on. Minnix had finished his directorial stint for the week and had shifted to a nearby bistro. He spends two days at a time with “Search for Tomorrow” and then heads for Cape May for eight days, and then comes back to Joanne Tate’s problems for two more. “I was part of a citizens’ group for responsive government,” he told us quietly. “We rented a community center and got together a steering committee. The committee was composed of people who showed up for the meetings. Actually, to be elected mayor—it’s a four-year term—I had to run for the City Council. Top vote-getter in the Council election becomes mayor. Two out of the three reformers made it. Nobody had the slightest political experience. Somebody ran out and bought a paperback on how to win elections. Believe me, we studied that book. It strongly advised talking to people in their kitchens, for example, and taking coffee down to commuter trains, and, above all, being positive. *Positive.* Seventy-seven point eighty-nine per cent of the voters voted. I was eighteen votes ahead of my nearest opponent, and almost a hundred ahead of the next. I was born in Hendersonville, North Carolina, and it’s funny that the town in ‘Search’ should be called Henderson, but in Henderson they ‘go up’ to Chicago and ‘go east’ to New York, so it probably is somewhere in the Middle West. I tell you, it’s hard to keep things straight these days. My family moved to Camden, and then to a small town of two hundred and fifty called Rio Grande, New Jersey, near Cape May. I’ve directed some of the ‘U. S. Steel Hour’ dramas for TV, and films for TV, and worked on Jackie Kennedy’s TV tour of the White House, and I theoretically became a year-round resident of Cape May in 1965 but actually settled down permanently in 1968, when I began working for ‘Search.’ I ran for mayor on the concept of a small town’s preserving and cherishing its historic heritage. We have our problems in Cape May. During the campaign, somebody shouted at me, ‘You’ve got a beard!’ And I said, ‘My grandfather had a beard.’ He looked peculiar for a minute, and said, ‘So did mine.’ We’re trying to reactivate the Victorian Village there—the whole town is on the National Register of Historic Places—and include in it a celebrated eight-point-six-acre estate in the center of town. Our beaches are at maximum capacity, but we would like to extend the season with interesting historical exhibits. I can’t describe how pleasant and bracing Cape May is after the bathing season! Little problems like long hair come up. The head of the lifeguards felt all the guards should have short hair. I talked with him calmly, reasonably. ‘O.K., Mr. Minnix,’ he said. ‘Just so long as the hair doesn’t interfere with their lifesaving duties.’ I am called on for weddings all the time. I finally asked the Reverend Dr. Harrington, of the Community Church in New York, and the Reverend Dr. Kring, of the Unitarian Church of All Souls, to make suggestions for a proper service. I favor an amalgam of some words from Prophets and some words from Ruth. There’s something every minute. Just the other day, we needed new angle-parking lines for more parking downtown. We wanted them ten feet apart. White stripes. Well, sir, they made those stripes twelve and fourteen feet apart, and the Mayor went down there, with others, and painted over them and put down new stripes. Election Night was the real surprise. Right out of a storybook. My family and I simply didn't know who had won. It's all wrapped up, someone said, but not for you. I knew the polls had closed. I called the city clerk.

" 'You mean you don't know?' she said solemnly.

" 'I don't know,' I said tensely.

" 'You mean nobody has told you? You mean nobody has told you the results?'

" 'No. They have not. Please tell me. What are the results?'

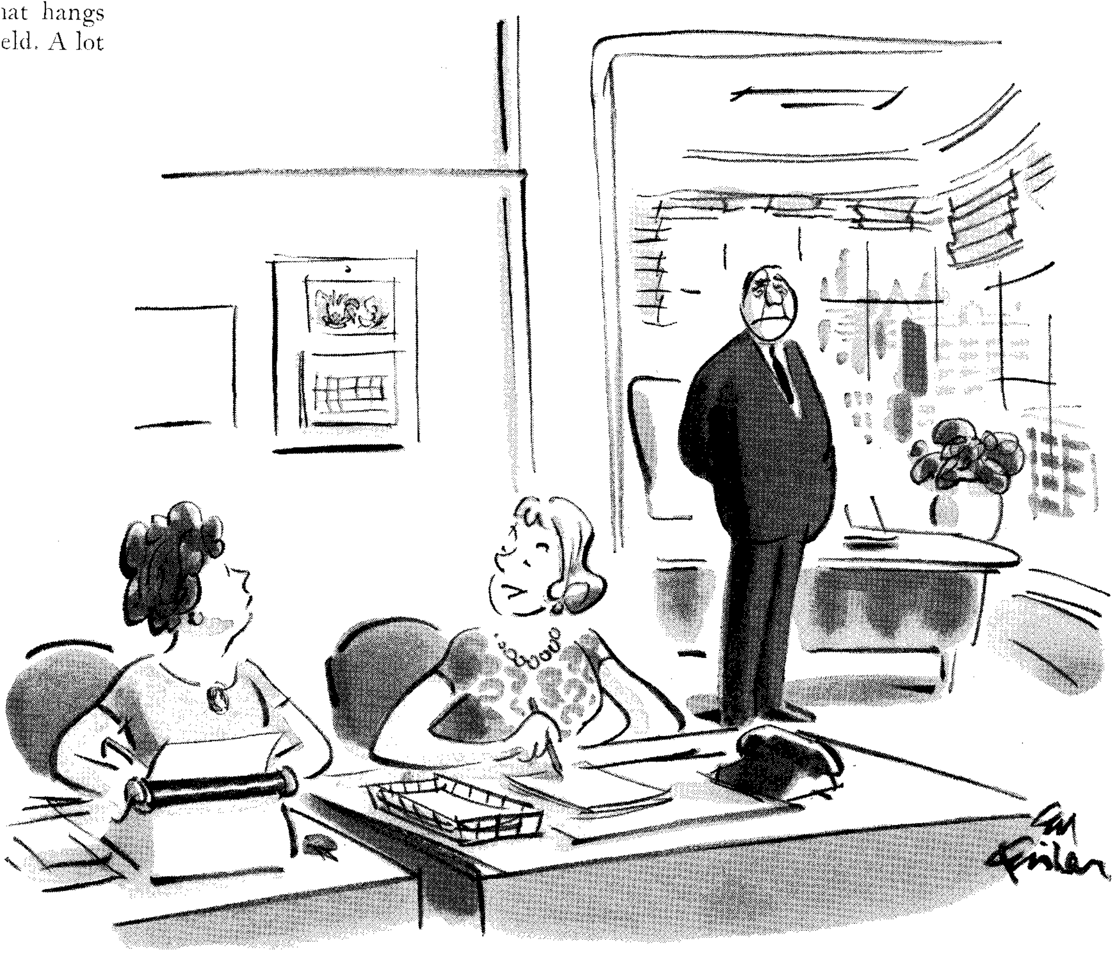
" 'You are the Mayor.' "

The Upper Deck

A YOUNG baseball fan of our acquaintance has written to us as follows:

"Yankee Stadium, home of the Bronx Sashweights (otherwise known as the team that won twenty-nine pennants before 1965 and not a single one since), has an upper deck that hangs low and close to the playing field. A lot of foul balls pop up into that upper deck, and the chance to catch one of them may be the best reason for watching the, er, Yankees in action. Some unforgiving things have been written about that formerly great team, in your publication and in less august journals as well, but you can't fault the generosity of the Yankee management when it comes to foul balls. On a cool weekday evening last September, I sat in the upper deck and watched as the twenty other fans up there scrambled after the foul balls. I understate—there were more than twenty other fans up there. But they certainly were scrambling. A young man sitting next to me said that some people go to the Stadium just to catch foul balls, and he had heard of a boy who caught sixteen in the course of a season. The game that night was with the Orioles, a team that has become almost as unpopularly successful as the Yankees used to be (the Yankees now are unpopular, period), and the home side was being summarily put away by Dave McNally, as I remember. I have forgotten the score, and I have forgotten the batter, but I remember that as I stood up to leave in the eighth inning, a ball came up toward me as if by magic, and I reached up with my right hand and caught it. Everyone cheered the catch, and I still have the ball at home, signed by Joseph E. Cronin, president of the American League. I keep the ball on the top of my dresser, which seems the right place for tokens of fantasy.

"Last Thursday, as I read of the Yankees' ups and downs this year, and as I chuckled with understandable pride over my own feat of last September, I decided to pay another visit to that basketlike upper deck. The weather was muggy and overcast, the opposition was the Orioles again, and it's no secret now that this time the Yankees won, 4–3. The victory came largely because of super relief pitching by Sparky Lyle—the man who had won two and saved fourteen of the Yankees' twenty-six wins. When Lyle came out to replace Mel Stottlemyre at the start of the seventh inning, the fans let loose with their one real cheer of the day. Lyle is a very fast left-hander, and he allowed only one hit the rest of the way. But it is significant, I think, that the fans cheered for a person and not for a play. The crucial *play* of the game had taken place in the fifth inning, while Stottlemyre was still pitching. The Orioles' Bobby Grich opened that inning with a high fly ball that somehow fell into the left-field seats, just beyond the desperate dive of Roy White. (White gave us a familiar legs-up disappearing act that I felt sure would appear in newspaper photographs the next day, and both the *Times* and the *News* proved me right.) That brought Baltimore within one run of New York, at 4–3, and the Orioles seemed about to make their move. Terry Crowley drew a base on balls, and he went to third when Boog Powell ripped a single past the second baseman into center field. Brooks Robinson came to the plate, and the fans were silent, as if something dreadful were about to happen. Robinson swung and hit a ground ball to the left of the third baseman, who came up with the ball, spun counterclockwise, and threw home in time to get the barrelling Crowley. It



"The collapse of Western civilization is very much upon us today. His train from Darien was an hour and a quarter late."

was a saving play (Stottlemyre easily retired the next two batters), but it drew hardly a sound from the fans. I remember standing up to watch the tag at home and then feeling stupid because I was the only person on his feet. There were 11,293 people around me, wearing T-shirts and denim jackets and Bermuda shorts and funny hats and sloppy shoes, and they couldn't *all* have been there just for the foul balls. Still, only a few stirred from their slouches. Two young men in front of me were smoking marijuana, but there is no explanation for the others.

"The name of the third baseman who made that saving play is Celerino Sanchez. The Yankees also have an Alou and a Torres and any number of black players. They seem to have sought ethnic diversity to keep up with the changing population of the city. They have remained faithful to the Stadium even though a certain football team is leaving it for a New Jersey swamp, and they say they will stay there in return for a mere twenty-four million dollars in renovations. (Will the upper deck be changed? I wonder.) Yet the crowds that turn out are thin, the cheers are weak, and when I stand up to watch a play I stand up alone."

On Clarinet

WE have known Woody Allen for years as a star of stage, screen, and television, and as a contributor of humorous pieces to this magazine, but it wasn't until a couple of weeks ago that we met Woody Allen the clarinet player. We heard Mr. Allen play at Michael's Pub, on East Fifty-fifth Street, where he appears every Monday night in a seven-piece traditional-jazz group. During the set we caught, the band played such tunes as "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Canal Street Blues," "Shine," and " 'Til We Meet Again." It played with enthusiasm and spirit, and yet with a certain restraint. There were no drum solos, no pyrotechnics, no soaring endings of the sort we associate with many of the groups that call themselves Dixieland bands. Mr. Allen's playing and his bandstand manner were self-effacing. He took short, modest solos and, wearing his excuse-me expression, he didn't speak to, or smile at, the audience. His failure to speak was a disappointment. We had hoped for some between-tunes patter, because we were still enjoying the memory of a remark he had made not long before on the "Dick Cavett Show." He told Mr. Cavett how embarrassing he found it that people couldn't remember his name, and were forever calling him Mr. Herman or, worse still, Mr. Woodpecker.

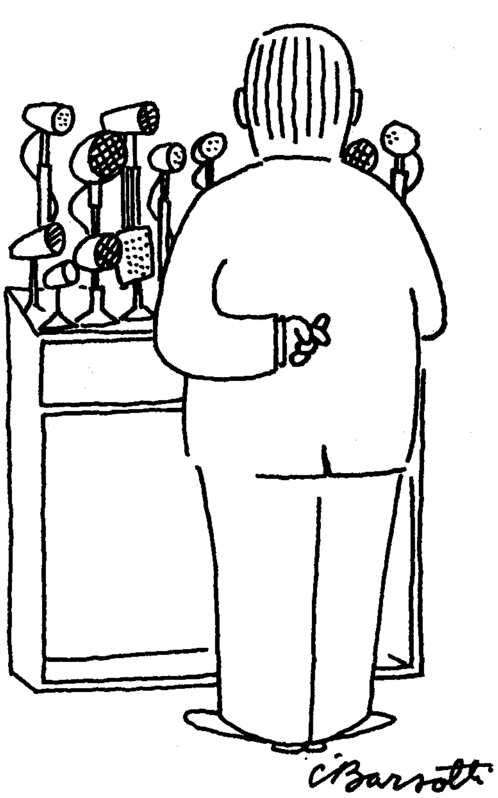
During the intermission, we had a chat with Mr. Allen about the jazz group and about his clarinet playing. "Until a couple of years ago, I never used to play in public at all, or even with other musicians," he told us. "I only played along with records, for my own amusement. And then I started sitting in with a band out in California—Turk Murphy's band. And I started really enjoying the experience of playing with other musicians. So when I got back to New York I thought I would try to get together with some players here. I called a friend who said she knew a piano player, and the piano player had a couple of friends, and they, in turn, had a couple of friends, and the group was put together like that, through trial and error, in a very amorphous way. Incidentally, it isn't my band. People get that impression because I'm the best-known member, but it's an ensemble enterprise."

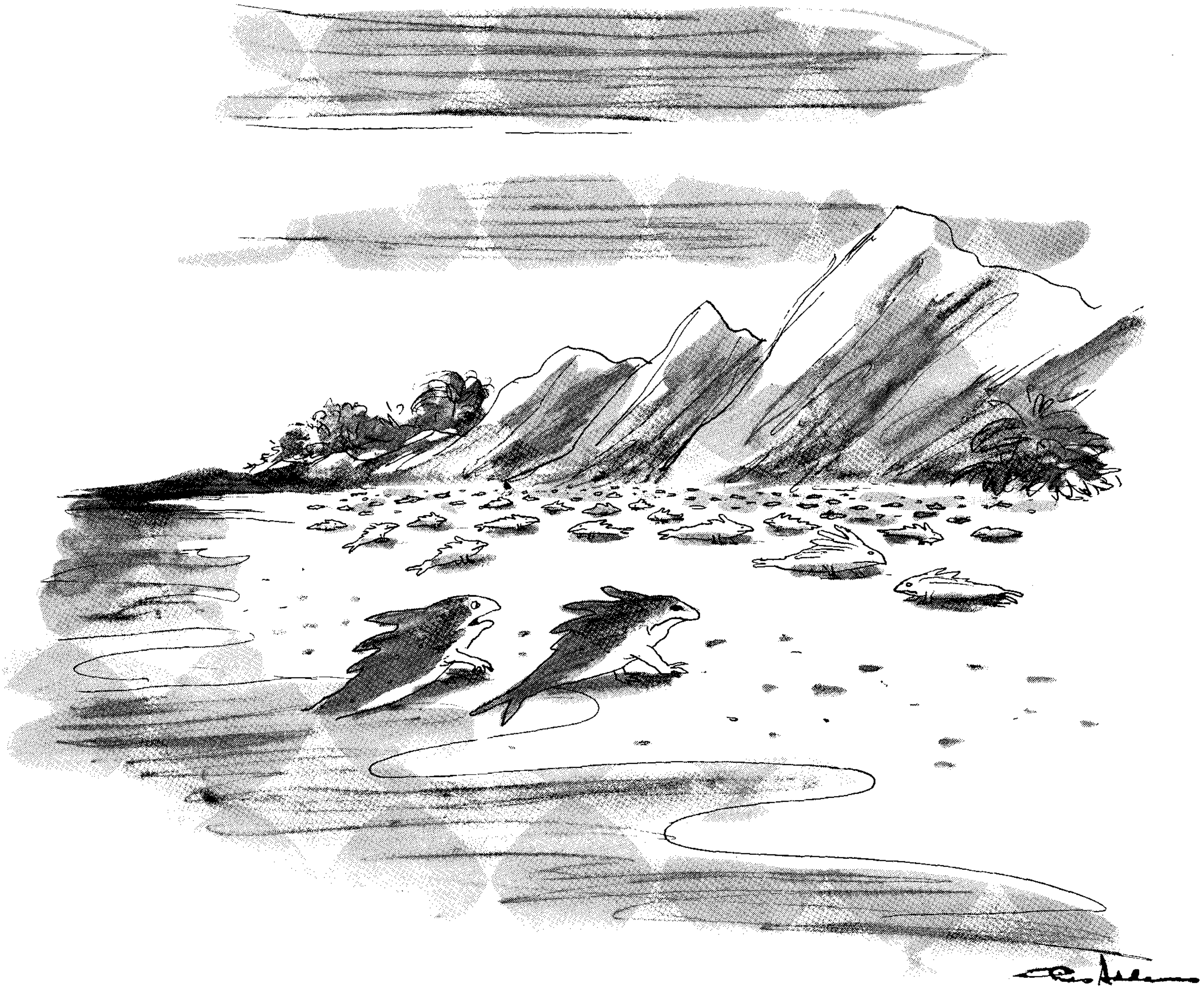
We said we gathered that, whether or not he was the leader, he set the musical style for the group.

"Well, not exactly," Mr. Allen said. "These were all traditional players when I met them. We all agreed that we wanted to have a band that was as traditional as we could make it, in the New Orleans style. We fall short of that, but we work on it. That's everyone's goal. We agreed that, instead of having a band that would play a nondescript sort of music that might be called Dixieland, we would have a traditional-jazz band that would play the New Orleans tunes in the New Orleans style. Dixieland is a term of opprobrium to people who are seriously interested in this kind of music. What we want to play is the kind of music that goes back to the inception of jazz and has never left New Orleans. We not only didn't want a Dixieland band, we didn't want a Chicago-style band, either. There was a whole group of musicians who never went to Chicago and never became more sophisticated in their playing. And so, right from the birth of jazz, in parade bands and funeral bands, they were playing a certain way. They played ragtime tunes and marches and a lot of popular tunes of the day, and this type of music is played down there even now."

We asked Mr. Allen why he was more attracted to the oldest form of jazz than to, for instance, the flashier sort of traditional music that was played by Louis Armstrong.

"It just happens to be my taste," Mr. Allen said. "I've always been drawn to the more primitive style. Not just in jazz but in practically everything. I like the primitive quality of New Orleans bands. I like it that they can be out of tune, that they sound disjointed, that there's a rough, unslick quality about them. Now, I'm certainly awestruck by Jelly Roll Morton's band, and I always listen to Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet, but I just like the primitive quality of the New Orleans bands more than I do the more sophisticated style. And, of course, as a player I would fit into the primitive category more. Because, you know, you really have to *play* to keep up with Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet. Because those people were phe*nom*enal musicians. If I were a virtuoso on clarinet, then I might lean to the sophisticated style. But I'm not a virtuoso. I know the New Orleans style—I know what it should sound like, I know what the articulation is like, I know what the tone is like. But as a New Orleans clarinet player I would be considered—oh, say, mediocre to poor. If you lumped me in with all the guys who are known to play the New Orleans-style clarinet—guys who range from extraor-





"I'm going back. It's already overcrowded."

• •

dinary to just New Orleans clarinet players—I would rank somewhere at the bottom."

"But you're not clowning around about it," we said.

"No, never," Mr. Allen said. "Not in the slightest bit. I'm absolutely dead serious. I'm playing my heart out. I'm trying to make it sound as beautiful as I can make it. Sometimes I get lucky and it'll come out all right, and other times it just sounds like, you know, corny music. I think it's two things: one, I don't practice too much, and, two, I don't think music is one of my real gifts."

We asked Mr. Allen what he listens to besides traditional jazz. He said that he likes classical music and that he has a large collection of modern-jazz records but that he isn't much of a rock fan. We said we would have guessed that the primitive energy of some rock might appeal to him.

"I've heard many rock records that I like," Mr. Allen said. "I don't hate rock. It just doesn't really capture my imagination very much. It just ranks behind other preferences that I have. As far as the primitive factor is concerned—well, rock isn't really primitive. It's pseudo-primitive. In the same way that our band would be pseudo-primitive. It's guys trying to talk like blacks. You know."

We asked Mr. Allen how he became interested in traditional jazz, and he said, "I had no knowledge of that music until I was in my teens. I grew up with the nineteen-forties pop music on the radio. And then, when I was fifteen or sixteen, I heard some Sidney Bechet records and was very taken with them. And gradually, through collecting records and attending concerts, I started loving traditional music. I bought a soprano saxophone for forty dollars and learned how to play it by myself, but not very well. And then, just out of restlessness—not out of any kind of healthy growth—I switched to the clarinet. There was a clarinet player in town named Gene Sedric, who had played with Fats Waller, and after I had taught myself to play a little he used to come over to my house, in Brooklyn, and give me pointers on the thing. Show me how to finger this and suggest practicing that, all without reading music. I can't read to this day. I mean, if I sit down and go at it very slowly, then in an hour's time I can figure out what the notes are, by counting up. But I can't read and play. I just learned the different keys that we're playing in since I've been playing with this band. I'm not a good student. I don't have the discipline or patience. But I do practice some. I used to practice only with records, but last year I started practicing more conventional things, like tonguing and holding long tones."

"Has that helped?" we asked.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Allen replied. "I can really feel it. I have improved *enor*mously—hard as that may be to believe."

THIS LIFE IN GREEN

IT was easy to get in. Remember? A quick physical, then a written exam on green paper, and you were in, as they say.

The examination was on the history of military flowers. The answers were multiple choice, and you found much information that was new:

1. *Bird of Paradise.* An exotic flower. Remember, it can stab. Hill 339 was taken by a fierce charge in which the only wounds inflicted were Bird of Paradise wounds.

2. *Tiger Lily.* This flower is an explosion, an orange flame of petals spattered by a burst of black flak. Effective as a hand grenade.

3. *Lily of the Valley.* The traditional flower of choice at military funerals. To be placed on the departed's chest, among the little craters created by incoming bullets from the flowering submachine gun.

4. *Poppies.* Said to grow where drops of blood fell. Useful as marks of military affiliation, worn as cockades, red or white. A paramilitary communications device to signal your intentions, friendly or hostile, as in the Wars of the Roses, or in the Revolution of the Chrysanthemums.

5. *Forget-me-nots.* Of little logistical import. Sometimes found in fallen soldiers' pockets or letters, in a "pressed" state.

6. *Gardenia.* A flower said to be as beautiful as the rose, the favorite of Texan soldiers. It is an edible flower, made of the stuff of memories.

Clearly, one of those exams in which you are given much more than you give away. You find a trace of satisfaction in your contemplation and successful completion of such an exam.

That first night, the password was "How high is the moon?" Answer: "Full fathom five."

It is too easy to blame that bottle of Courvoisier, your only resource on that summer evening, when, having finished with college, and in excellent health, you sat down to consider your prospects. It is also too easy to blame your old friend Felix, who asked the question "What to do?," and suggested taking the exam, and even went to take it with you, only to opt out at the last minute in favor of a fellowship to Lapland, where he now studies the feeding habits of the ptarmigan, a fat white grouse of northern regions, while here you are in Louisiana. On Act of Duty.

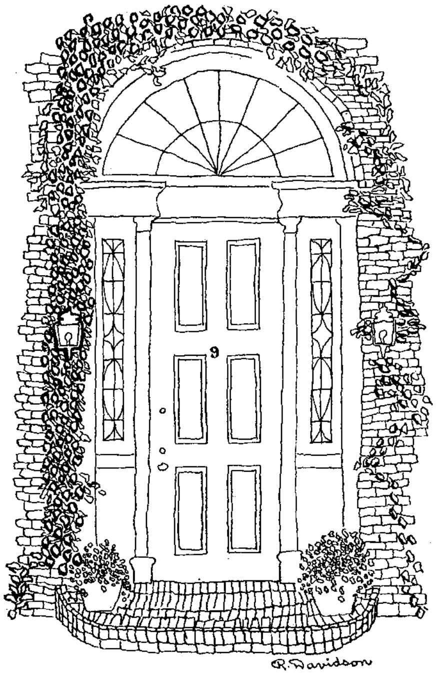
Was it better, living in Manhattan, working in a big office for Mr. Bashoff, a little old man with frizzly white hair? So what if he had been a sculptor once, and knew Chagall in Paris? The old man complained about his residential hotel ("Place is getting to be full of crazies"), offered you oval cigarettes from a silver case, and, against all reason, saw a bright future for you in business. Yes, life, with its unwritten rules, seemed to be a drag. There were compensations, to be sure. Meeting Lisa, for example. But that was just before you entered this life in green.

This life in green welcomed you with lobelias—lobelias and nasturtiums, and an emphasis on signs. In the mess hall, prints of Paris on the walls, next to neat little signs made of wood. "Post Best Mess 1965."

Newcomers are keen on exchanging home towns and states. An offer of Florida goes up in the air. California, anyone? Brooklyn is mentioned, and there is talk of Zanesville, Ohio.

True or False? "I like to wear 'loud' ties." (From another test, the Self-Description Test.) But you do not wear ties. Try another. "I was often a ringleader when our gang got into trouble." No luck. Ah, here is an easy one: "It is my turn today and yours tomorrow." Well, yes, you are certainly in agreement here. And thus your character takes shape.

Able Company goes by on the street, chanting, "We are Able, mighty-mighty Able. . ." Baker Company follows: "Here comes Baker, rough-tough Baker . . ." Then comes Charlie, singing, "Strange-dreaming Charlie, cow-eyed Charlie . . ."



There are many mockingbirds, wearing the customary uniform.

SOMETIMES it almost seems that we are foresters in some foreign land, with very short hair and funny helmets that look like steel pots. We hold them by the chin straps as we gather stones from a newly planted lawn, or pick up dewy beer cans and an early-blooming cigarette butt under the pines.

Little bodies make little piles.

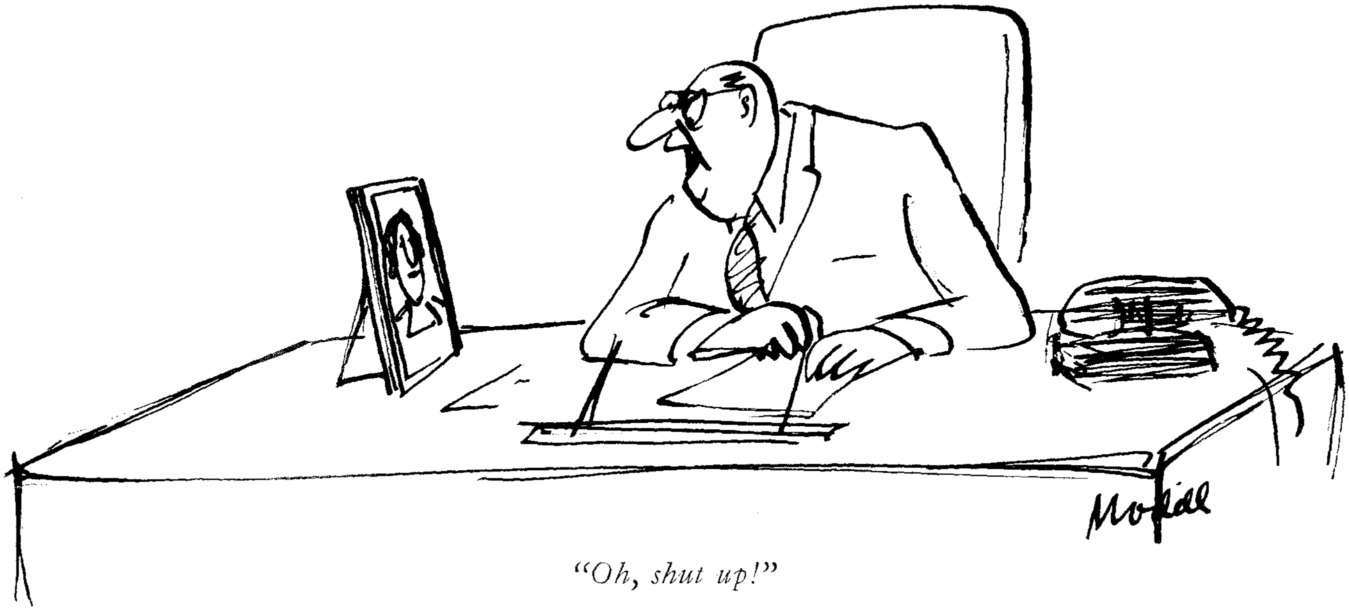
It is easy to stay trim around here. Daily exercises encourage a low silhouette—low and slim. There are startling positions to be assumed, and the penalties for inattention are severe. Occasionally you are obliged to "make a duck." At times, you do the "Hokey Pokey." It is understood by everyone that infractions must be dealt with instantly. The code demands obedience. Cimparelli learns this after he has talked to the tree for more than fifteen minutes. His conversation is restricted to repeating the statement "I am a jackass." The tree listens firmly, politely.

Every day, in every way, we learn to respect the body, its venerable points. The body is a temple in which more than what is apparent resides. We all know where the family jewels are kept, but where do we look for the hidden treasure? The instructor insists on calling it Hand-to-Hand Combat, this gliding, stomping exercise with fluid movements so much like a dance. It is a dance of bodhisattvas revolving around the hidden treasure, the diamond center of the body.

When you are forced to quack, it often comes out as a howl.

Here, as elsewhere, complaining will get you nowhere. It gets you to the office of the man Schuylkill, who has little patience with deviants and yellow-bellies. He has blond bristles on his head, a fleshy nose, watery eyes. Perhaps a man who eats too much meat. He is inordinately proud of his band, and claims to be interested in poetry and higher education. He wants a poem in praise of the life in green. "I am sorry, Lieutenant, a Graduation Poem is out of the question."

Music, in this life in green, is provided by the band. Early in the morning,



"Oh, shut up!"

• •

when most bands are still dreaming of music, the band strikes up at the back of the auditorium, where three companies are gathered for today's training film on the fighting lobsters. It is a small and struggling band and it is up against the usual early-morning antiband vibrations, as well as the music itself. However, music is hard to subdue, although the band does come pretty close each morning. The band attempts only two kinds of music—Verdi marches and Latin dance numbers. Because it is a small band, some of the musicians must double on more than one instrument; the trombone from the "Triumphal March" in "Aida" becomes the maracas in "La Cucaracha." In spite of all, a few melodies manage to stagger and totter forth each morning, eager to escape torture, winning their freedom at some slight cost. In this they resemble foxes and badgers that chew off their own paws to escape from traps.

Milling Around has developed from just plain milling around into an activity worthy of attention, practiced before Mail Call, or after crawling through the Snake Pit. If orders did not exist, neither would Milling Around; but now it is the dialectical prerequisite for commands such as "Ground your equipment!" and "Prepare to rotate!"

WE stand in a forest clearing, having just finished drilling with rifles—objects in a strange meditative exercise. We stand at ease. Someone in the back ranks, inspecting his weapon with casual, bored inattention, clicks the chamber. All around, ears perk up. The barely audible click seems to echo through the woods. Within half a minute, every man has clicked the chamber of his weapon at least once, obeying the compulsion of some unknown ritual.

The question yelled at us each day: "What's the Spirit of the Bayonet?"

This life in green revolves around an invisible character named Charlie. He has to be zapped at all costs. First detected, then zapped. All our activities are aimed at Charlie, although it seems there is less and less of him these days. Charlie is getting smaller and smaller, and harder to see. Smaller bodies are making smaller piles, and presumably the pain is less, too.

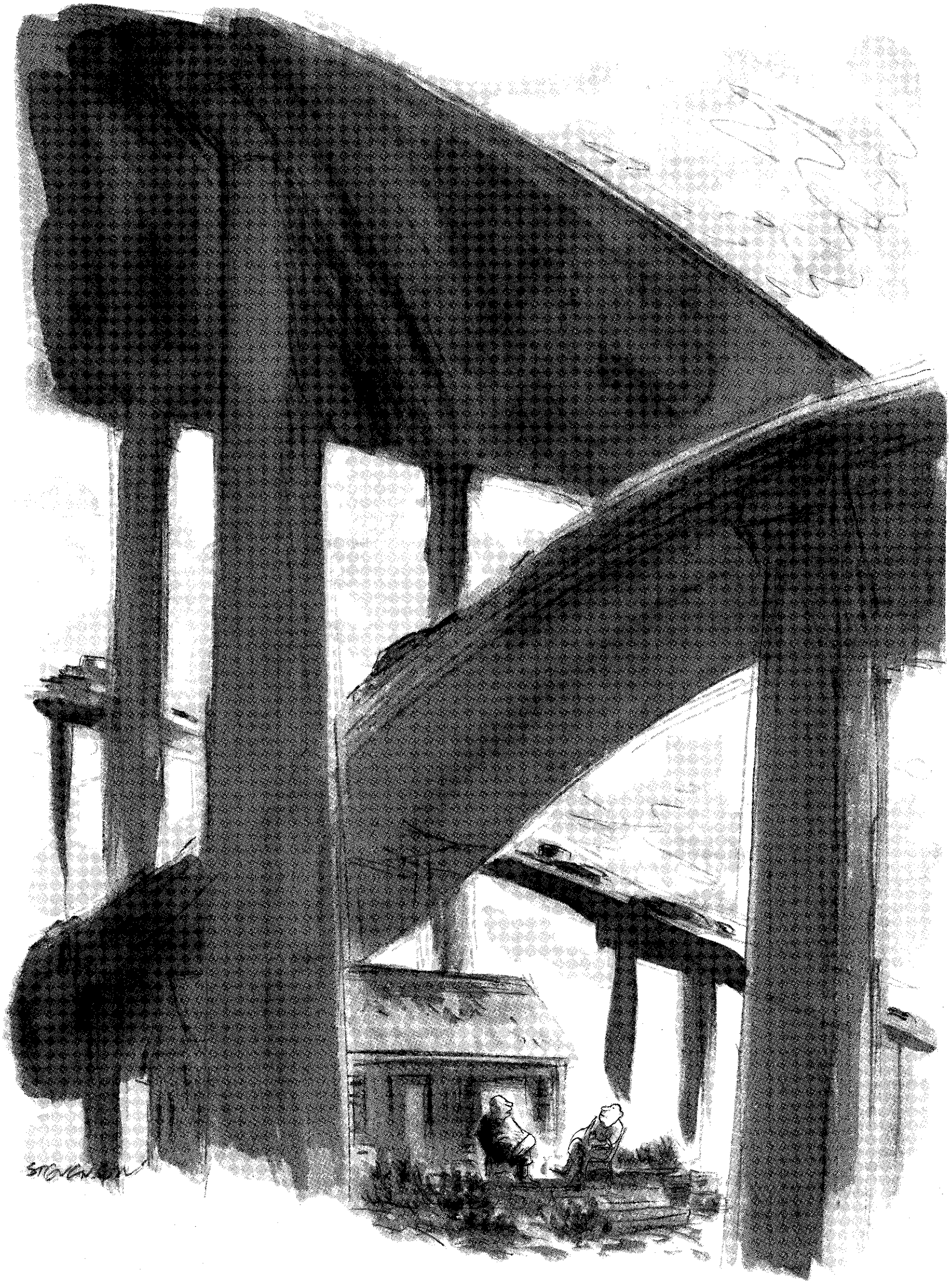
Every day, we yell the answer to the question yelled at us: "To kill! To kill!"

At a night exercise, you see men in green running across a field, with tracers streaking overhead. It is a flight to freedom. The uniforms vibrate and seem to change colors. Are they light blue now, the limitless blue of the sky? Men in light blue giving the old college roar as they charge up Hill 227, with nothing but broomsticks in their hands. Some of them appear to be smoking briar pipes, and they leave a trail of bruises and blue smoke. There goes a man in a deerstalker hat. There goes another, wrapped in a kirtle. And now all these men in tartans are marching to the sound of bagpipes, into the friendly conversation of guns, "blat-blat," over the hilltop. Marching men in tartans are tapped on the shoulder, "blat-blat." Heaps on the ground. The field is full of laughing, screaming obstacles. Now the tracers are coming in a little lower. Two samurai, running with that peculiar gait of the samurai—a courteous, fast saunter—stop short and bow to some invisible enemy way over on the left, and then slowly, with incalculable grace, spin around and fold up into neat little samurai bundles on the ground. Their long black manes lie undone, and mad ghosts emerge from the tops of their heads, cackling and leaping and bounding from crumpled heaps of samurai brocade. Purple flowers, ballooning pantaloons, broken banners fluttering in the night. A Turk with a yataghan in his mouth crawls by. Behind him, wearing nothing but a loincloth, tomahawk in hand, slithers an old, childhood Indian of the Cordilleras, a killer of grizzly bears. Together, we reach the enemy trenches. They are empty; they look as if they have been unoccupied for months; they look as if they have never been occupied. But the gunfire in the dark? The tracers still flashing overhead? Who was firing at us all that time?

YOU are found guilty of littering, loitering, lingering, and malingering.

The trial is in Schuylkill's office. You see each spicule of blond hair on his head. Behind him stands a glass and metal trophy case full of glass and metal sharpshooting trophies. He asks a question, the usual daily question, in a joking way. "What's the spirit of the bayonet?" You answer, and fragments are flying. Stab of glass, stab of metal. Your hand is bleeding, the paper in Schuylkill's hand is shaking. A lesser official starts to pick up the trophies.

A few days later, when a new trophy case has been installed, you are allowed to sign papers releasing you from this life in green. —JOHN BATKI



"I underestimated the power of the highway lobby in this state."

THE MOOSE

From narrow provinces
of fish and bread and tea,
home of the long tides
where the bay leaves the sea
twice a day and takes
the herrings long rides,

where if the river
enters or retreats
in a wall of brown foam
depends on if it meets
the bay coming in,
the bay not at home;

where, silted red,
sometimes the sun sets
facing a Red Sea,
and others, veins the flats'
lavender, rich mud
in burning rivulets;

on red, gravelly roads,
down rows of sugar maples,
past clapboard farmhouses
and neat, clapboard churches,
bleached, ridged as clamshells,
past twin silver birches,

through late afternoon
a bus journeys west,
the windshield flashing pink,
pink glancing off of metal,
brushing the dented flank
of blue, beat-up enamel;

down hollows, up rises,
and waits, patient, while
a lone traveller gives
kisses and embraces
to seven relatives
and a collie supervises.

Goodbye to the elms,
to the farm, to the dog.
The bus starts. The light
is deepening; the fog,
shifting, salty, thin,
comes closing in.

Its cold, round crystals
form and slide and settle
in the white hens' feathers,
in gray glazed cabbages,
on the cabbage roses
and lupins like apostles;

the sweet peas cling
to wet white string
on the whitewashed fences;
bumblebees creep
inside the foxgloves,
and evening commences.

One stop at Bass River.
Then the Economies—
Lower, Middle, Upper;
Five Islands, Five Houses,
where a woman shakes a tablecloth
out after supper.

A pale flickering. Gone.
The Tantramar marshes
and the smell of salt hay.
An iron bridge trembles
and a loose plank rattles
but doesn't give way.

On the left, a red light
swims through the dark:
a ship's port lantern.
Two rubber boots show,
illuminated, solemn.
A dog gives one bark.

A woman climbs in
with two market bags,
brisk, freckled, elderly.
"It's a grand night. Yes, sir,
all the way to Boston,"
regarding us amicably.

Moonlight as we enter
the New Brunswick woods,
hairy, scratchy, splintery;
moonlight and mist
caught in them like lamb's wool
on bushes in a pasture.

The passengers lie back.
Snores. Some long sighs.
A dreamy divigation
begins in the night,
a gentle, auditory,
slow hallucination. . . .

In the creakings and noises,
an old conversation
—not concerning us,
but recognizable, somewhere,
back in the bus:
Grandparents' voices

uninterruptedly
talking, in Eternity:
names being mentioned,
things cleared up finally;
what he said, what she said,
who got pensioned;

deaths, deaths and sicknesses;
the year he re-married;
the year (something) happened.
She died in childbirth.
That was the son lost
when the schooner foundered.

He took to drink. Yes.
She went to the bad.
When Amos began to pray
even in the store and
finally the family had
to put him away.

"Yes . . ." that peculiar
affirmative. "Yes . . ."
A sharp, indrawn breath,
half-groan, half-acceptance,
that means "Life's like that.
We know *it* (also death)."

Talking the way they talked
in the old featherbed,
peacefully, on and on,
dim lamplight in the hall,
down in the kitchen, the dog
tucked in her shawl.

Now, it's all right now
even to fall asleep
just as on all those nights.
—Suddenly the bus driver
stops with a jolt,
turns off his lights.

A moose has come out of
the impenetrable wood
and stands there, looms, rather,
in the middle of the road.
It approaches; it sniffs at
the bus's hot hood.

Towering, antlerless,
high as a church,
homely as a house
(or, safe as houses).
A man's voice assures us
"Perfectly harmless. . . ."

Some of the passengers
exclaim in whispers,
childishly, softly,
"Sure are big creatures."
"It's awful plain."
"Look! It's a she!"

Taking her time,
she looks the bus over,
grand, otherworldly.
Why, why do we feel
(we all feel) this sweet
sensation of joy?

"Curious creatures,"
says our quiet driver,
rolling his R's.
"Look at that, would you."
Then he shifts gears.
For a moment longer,

by craning backward,
the moose can be seen
on the moonlit macadam;
then there's a dim
smell of moose, an acrid
smell of gasoline.

—Elizabeth Bishop

THE SOFT CORE

IT was suppertime. The bell had rung. Everyone was around the table except his father, nearly eighty. Sometimes he didn't hear the bell. So David went and knocked at his bedroom door.

No answer came. Going in, he found his father lying on the bed with his shoes on. His eyes were open, but they didn't seem to recognize David.

"Papa, dinner is ready."

"What? What is it?"

"Dinner," David said, without any hope now that he would come to it.

"Dinner," his father echoed feebly, making no effort to get up but rather trying to connect the word. Dinner where, when, his eyes seemed to be saying.

"You are not feeling well?"

"Yes, I'm well," he said, almost inaudibly. "I am well, but . . . you . . . you are . . . ?" His father could not quite place him.

"David. I am David," the son said.

His name seemed to make little or no impression on his father. Indeed, he seemed to have forgotten it already and to be groping for some point of reference, something familiar to sustain his mind, which was wavering without hold in space and time.

Quickly David stepped out of the room, through an anteroom, and opened the dining-room door. His wife, his sister, their children, and a guest were round the table eating, talking. He called his wife.

She rose and hurried over. "Is he all right?"

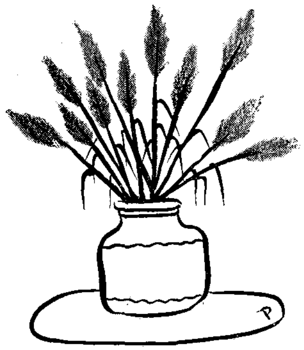
"No."

"Like last time?"

"No, no, not as bad."

They had in mind a time five or six months before, when David's sister had called from Rome for a phone number that their father had in his address book. David, then as now, had gone to call him in his room, and found him on his bed, unconscious, breathing thickly, and in a sort of spasm. A stroke, he thought. Thoroughly alarmed, he rushed back to the phone, hung up after a few hurried words of explanation, and called the doctor. In a few minutes, everyone in the house was round his father's bed. It seemed to David that the end had come. Its suddenness appalled him. He wasn't prepared for it. He had been so unfriendly to his father lately—almost rude. Why, only the day before, when his father had asked him to drive him into town, as he often did, David told him that he couldn't, that he was too busy, which wasn't really true. And other things came to mind—his curt replies to his father's questions, the long silences at table, and when there was some conversation, his father's being left out of it, ignored; his not laughing at his father's little jokes; not complimenting him on the fruit that came from trees he had planted, and for which he so much expected a word of praise when it was served at table. If David had only had some warning, to make up for his behavior—oh, he would have been his father's chauffeur, if he had known, talked with him about his books, his philosophy, his fruit trees, laughed at his jokes, listened keenly to the things he said and pretended it was the first time he heard him saying them. With a sense of anguish, he watched his father, unconscious, on the bed. He couldn't die just yet; he must talk again. The prospect that he mightn't—that he might live on paralyzed and speechless on that bed—was even worse.

They waited for the doctor. Yet, even before the doctor came, something might be done. He couldn't just wait and watch his father die in this awful, sunken state. To ease his breathing, David took out the dentures, which seemed to lock his father's mouth, and opened the window, because the radiator, going full steam, had made the room stiflingly hot. Then he hurried upstairs. In the drug cabinet, there were some phials of a relaxant—papaverine—that had once been prescribed for his father to help his circulation. David gave him two, by injection—a certain knowledge of medicine having remained from when he had studied it, and even practiced it, long ago—then waited for the effect. But even before the drug could possibly have had one, his father seemed to improve, to rise from his prostration. The breathing was easier. His limbs were slowly relaxing. It seemed that whatever had commanded them to stiffen was easing its hold, loosening up. His eyes began to look and not just gaze; the sounds coming from his mouth were not just moans but language, or the beginnings of it—monosyllables, bits with which words and phrases could be made. And the improvement was continuous. By the time the doctor arrived, he was moving his limbs and uttering words, though the words were disconnected. As the doctor examined him and prescribed treatment, his voice gained strength. He answered questions; he sat up; he even asked for food. An hour or two later, he was reading, making notes, pencil in hand and postcard on the page, in case he should want to underline a word or a sentence that had struck him. And he looked very sweet there on the bed in his pajamas, reading under the light, thin and ethereal, all involved in that spiritual form of exercise. His body—the material aspect of it, his physique—which had been so much in the foreground and had so preoccupied them a few hours before, now seemed quite forgotten, back where it should be, something one is hardly aware of, that works better when one's mind is off it.



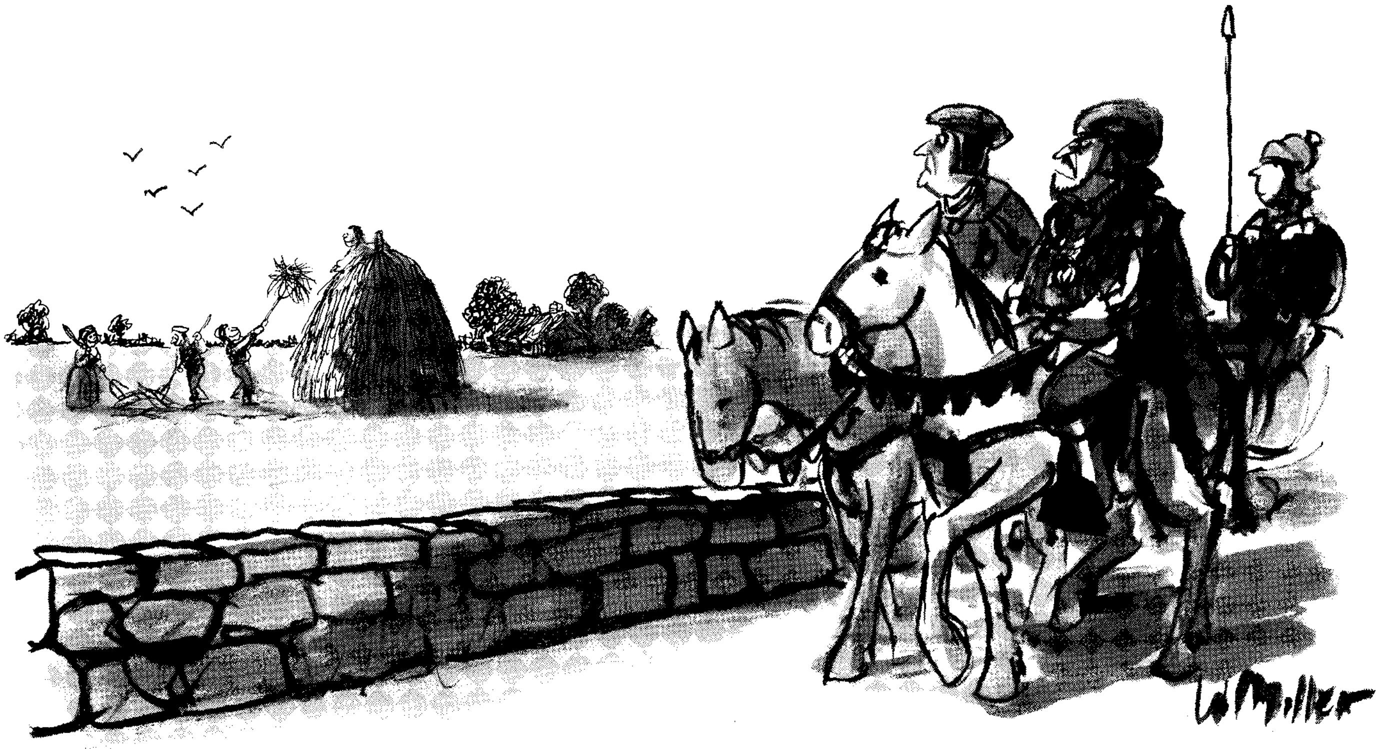
So his father had been given back to life, and David had another chance to be warm and friendly to him. At intervals that night, he slipped into the room to see how he was doing, or, if the light was out, afraid to wake him, listened outside with his ear to the door. Oh, this was easy enough to do, and it was easy to be solicitous the next day—ask how he was, and help him with the half-dozen drugs the doctor had prescribed, and with the diet. But when his father—well again, his usual self, full of the same old preoccupations and requests—resumed getting about and David heard his aged yet determined step coming toward his room, something in him stiffened as if in defense, and he waited for the door to open.

His father came in without a knock, as was his custom. "After all, cars now are pleasingly designed," he said in a slightly plaintive, slightly polemical voice, from just inside the doorway.

For a moment, David wondered what he was talking about. Then he remembered his father's arguing a few days before against an ordinance barring cars from the main street of the town. David had disagreed, and now his father was bringing the subject up again, bothered as always by anyone's disputing his viewpoint. "You like them?" David said.

"Well, they are certainly more pleasant to watch than were carriages drawn by panting, weary horses. Besides, people put up with much more disturbing things than cars without complaining."

His father had his own peculiar ideas about traffic, about where David should park his car, about driving—about practically everything, in fact. He insisted on the frequent use of the horn, and if the person driving didn't blow it and



"Oh, they look happy and industrious, but tithewise they're a bunch of deadbeats."

• •

he thought there was danger of a collision, he would shout to let the other party know that the car he was riding in was coming. It was almost as irritating as his bringing up an old argument and wanting to prove his point though a long time had passed. For him an argument was never closed. He went on pondering over it, debating it in his mind. One saw him doing it—wandering in the garden, pausing, starting to walk again, a true peripatetic—and if some new thought came to him he didn't hesitate to let you know it, wherever you might be.

About this matter of the ordinance, in the end David just nodded. Appeased, his father asked him for a favor. It was a way of showing he was on good terms with him. "Are you going into town tomorrow afternoon?"

David never planned his days ahead if he could help it. "Well, yes, I can go in, if you like."

"Would you? I need to buy some brown paper to line the crates of cherries with."

The cherries weren't ripe yet.

"Ah, yes, yes, I'll take you," David said.

"At about three o'clock?"

"The shops, you know, don't open until four."

"Say at half past three."

It took ten minutes to drive into town.

"Ah, yes, yes, all right."

Two or three times the next day, his father would remind him of the trip, and at a few minutes past three be at his door, ready to go. David would prevent himself from making any comments, but the very effort not to make them would keep him silent. "You are so silent," his father would observe in the car. "What is it?"

"Nothing, I am sorry."

"You have such a long face."

It was the hardest thing for David to look cheerful when he wasn't. He had no more control over his face than over his mood, and felt there was no poorer dissembler in the world than he. "I'm sorry if I can't be gayer," he would reply.

Sometimes his father would come into his room to ask him for advice on where to send an article he had written. But it seemed to David that he was asking for advice only in order to discard it. "I would send it to Wyatt, if I were you," David would suggest. But his father had already made up his mind whom to send it to, and it wasn't to Wyatt.

Speaking of his works, his father would say to him, "It is a *new* philosophy."

"Yes," David would reply, and be quite unable to elaborate. It was a pity, because his father yearned for articulate assent and recognition. People found his work difficult; some said they couldn't understand it. Nothing irked him more than to hear this. "Even Sylvia," he would say, referring to a guest, a pretty girl with a ready smile and pleasant manner, "who I don't think is very widely read in philosophy, found it clear." He never doubted that praise was offered in earnest. And no praise seemed more important to him than that which came from girls, from pretty women. Then a blissful smile would light his face and linger in his eyes.

With the single-mindedness of someone who has devoted his whole life to a cause, he gave or sent his articles around. He was so surely entrenched in his ideas that nothing could budge him from them. Each problem, each concept he came on had to be thrashed out and made known. Intent on it, if he met you—no matter where—he might stop and, pronouncing each word as if he were grinding it out, say without preamble, "Creativity is an underived, active, original, powerfully present, intrinsic, self-sustaining principle—something that cannot be resolved or broken up into preëxistent, predetermined data, and that is fraught with a negative possibility."

David would nod. He had been brought up to the tune of phrases such as these, had grown up with them, and though he had only begun to understand them he had finished by believing in them. At any rate, he was convinced there was a good measure of truth in what his father said. And yet he couldn't make it his own. "Negative possibility," "*causa sui*," "psychic reality," "primal active"—these terms perplexed him. He knew they were full of meaning for his father, but he couldn't grasp it; it eluded him. They weren't

"S.E.C.? I would have said H.E.W."

• •

in his language, and he looked on them with the detachment of one who looks on instruments he can never use.

The extraordinary importance his father gave his work! One had the feeling that nothing—not his wife, not his children—mattered to him quite so much as the vindication of certain principles. He probably saw his family, house, fruit trees, and philosophy as a whole—he had a unified view of everything—and felt that one could never damage the other; he probably even thought that his work was the key, the solution, to a host of problems, financial ones not excluded. Since he didn't teach and lived isolated in the country, to advance his views he tirelessly went to the post office to send off his manuscripts and books, as well as reprints of his articles, which he ordered by the hundreds. He sent them assiduously, and impatiently he waited for acknowledgments and answers that often failed to come.

It was all very admirable, but David couldn't really admire it. He was more inclined to admire his mother, who painted and often hid her paintings in a cupboard. He thought of some of the landscapes she had done, particularly one of a row of vines, a study of green done with such love of leaf and branch and sod and sky its value couldn't be mistaken, yet, because his father—perhaps with a slight frown or tilting of his head—told her it was not among her best, she had put it in a cupboard, and it had never been framed until after her death. Paintings, his father said, looked better unframed. "Let's wait till we have a bit more money before buying one," he would say, which meant never to everyone but him.

His father wrote and spoke about the value of spontaneity in art and literature and all things, but was he spontaneous? He seemed the opposite to David sometimes—very deliberate and willful. And how he wanted to escape his father's will. He still felt it upon him as he had when he was a child, a boy, a young man. His father's will shaping his life. His brother's life, too. At school, his brother had been good at all subjects, including mathematics, so his father must have a scientist in the family and had strongly advised him—and wasn't advice, especially the advice of someone whom you admired, harder to disobey than a command?—to study physics and mathematics at college, subjects for which he had no special gift. His brother hadn't, as a result, fared well at college. And as for David, when he was twenty-two and had been away from home, overseas, for seven years—it was wartime—his father had written, making it seem urgent that he come back immediately. "You are coming home to save your mother," one of his letters said. And David, who would have wished to delay his return another year—there was a girl, there were his studies, well begun—had gone back only to find that his father had exaggerated, sort of been carried away.

Then his father had a way of asking David to do things that instinctively made him wish to disobey. He seemed to like asking favors, to ask them for the sake of asking. David had never answered a flat no; he wasn't that familiar with his father. Recently, though, he had done something worse. His father had called to tell him once again about a cistern whose drainage had become a fixed idea with him. David had made the mistake of contradicting, and now his father, pencil and paper in hand, came after him so he would get a thorough understanding of his plan. But David, who had heard enough of it, went off, leaving his father in a rage. Never before had he refused to listen. Now, doing so, he experienced a strange sense of freedom, as though he had shaken the bonds of childhood off himself. For a moment, he felt almost snug and comfortable in his attitude toward his father. Perhaps it wasn't all unjustified, he thought, and old, childhood resentments came back to him. He remembered a fall from horseback when he was a boy: limping home, with a gaping wound about the knee that needed stitching, his father scolding him for it, and the words of his mother—soothing, like something cool upon a burn—and her taking him to the hospital, the doctor telling her it might be better if she left the room, her replying that she had once been a nurse, staying with him, holding him by the hand while the doctor put the stitches in. His father had scolded him, instead. No, he thought, perhaps I am not altogether in the wrong.

But seeing his father watch the sunset in the garden as he so often did, absorbed in light, a man whom beauty had always held in sway, or hearing him recite a poem—though now he rarely did—enunciating the words in all their clearness, slowly, in a voice that seemed ever on the verge of breaking yet never broke and that seemed to pick each nuance of rhythm and of meaning, David felt his old love, respect, and admiration come back full to overflowing as when he was a child and it seemed to him that his father never could be wrong—in the realm of the spirit, a man of mighty aims and wider grasp.

And chancing to meet him late at night going into the kitchen for food, looking so frail and thin in his pajamas and so old without his dentures, David felt ashamed of himself. Oh, his unfriendliness was revolting. That he should be distant and cold toward his father now when he was weak and wifeless, now when he was so old he had become almost childish in some ways—laughing and crying with ease. It was unforgivable, horrible, inhuman. If it hadn't been for his father, where would they be, David asked himself. If his father hadn't taken his family out of Italy in time, they might all have perished in a German concentration camp. And he had seen that his children learned English almost from babyhood. And he had never raised a hand against them. And he had been generous with those who needed money or lodging or employment.

Well, there was nothing for it but to change his attitude. He must make more of an effort. No week went by without David's telling himself this. He would talk to his father as to a friend, about any subject that came to his mind. "What this town needs, I think," he said to him at lunch one day, trying to be nice, "is a newspaper. I'd like to start one."

"It would be a very bad idea," his father said.

"Why?"

"But it's obvious why," his father snapped with irritation and perhaps even dislike.

"Well, I wish you would explain it."

"But anyone can see that if there were only one newspaper in the country it would have a better chance of being a good one."

This wasn't like his father at all. He seemed only to want to contradict.

"I thought that to encourage writers and the arts, as well as trade, a local paper . . ." David didn't finish his sentence. Why should he? His father's face seemed full of aversion, as though David were saying something blasphemous.

The meal went on in silence. David looked up at his father. The lines of his face were still set in anger, and he was looking down at his plate, the segment nearest to him, almost at his napkin. No, one could not change, David thought. His father could not change. He himself could not change. Perhaps if one could fall into a state of oblivion one could change, but otherwise?

AND then came the evening when his father did not turn up for supper and David went to call him in his room. It wasn't nearly as bad as the earlier time, when he thought his father had had a stroke—after all, now he was conscious, his breathing was normal, he wasn't in a spasm, and he could speak. Yet David had the same feeling that the end had come. His father seemed so tenuously, so delicately attached to life, like down of a thistle in the wind. And when he spoke he was like a flame that wavered in the air this way and that, sometimes almost detached from the body that fed it.

It seemed as though he were living in another century and in another land. "We'll have to ask the Byzantine government," he said.

"What Byzantine government?" David asked.

"In Constantinople," his father replied, as if he found it odd for anyone to ask a question with such an obvious answer.

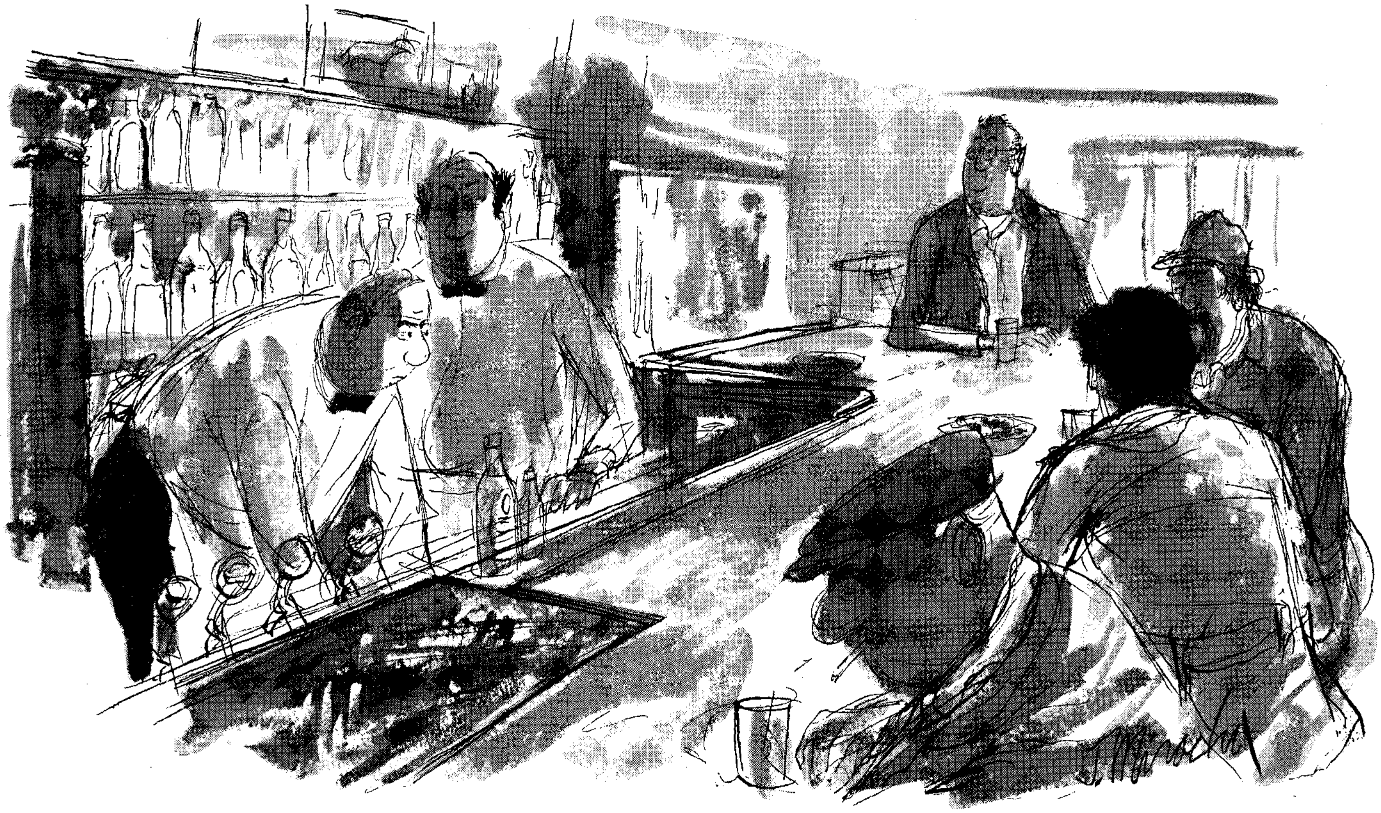
It was strange he should speak of the Byzantines. His father's ancestors were from Venice, and David sensed that his father was talking of the affairs of six or seven centuries ago.

To bring him back to this one, he began to speak to him, to explain just what had happened and to reassure him. He told his father that his memory would all come back to him in a little while, after he had drunk some coffee. And he went on to tell him who he was, and, when his wife appeared with a cup of coffee, who she was, and about the house, his fruit trees, his articles and books, the recent letters; he went over all his life with him, in a fashion.

Intent on reconnecting himself to the past and those around him, patiently, like someone threading beads, the present not quite with him, his father sat up on the bed and, speaking very gently, asked him questions. "Where is Mama?" he said, referring to his own wife.

For a second, David didn't answer. He had expected and feared the question. Then he said,

Transe
LONGING FOR ADVENTURE?
Fly the uncertain skies of Transeurope
WORLD'S MOST HIJACKED AIRLINE



"How about that? This guy sees a bluebird this morning and gets the idea we might give him one on the house."

• •

"She died. You know, she died three years ago."

"Ah, yes," he said sadly, and for a moment father and son seemed not so much to look at one another as to survey the last days of her life.

"And you say we went to England?"

"Yes, do you remember, in 1938? You took us there."

"Yes. You children were so good on that crowded train."

"And when we got to England you saw a sign that read, 'Cross at your own risk,' and you said it was worth coming just to see that sign, and that in Italy it would have said, 'It is severely forbidden to cross.' "

His father smiled. "It was a sign of freedom."

"Yes."

"And then we came back here?"

"Yes, by boat, after the war. The bailiff met you in Naples, all the money he had for you stuffed under his garters, in his socks. He was afraid of thieves."

They laughed together. Laughter, it has the power to reconcile lost friends, to bridge the widest gaps.

"Your wife . . . tell me her name again."

"Adele."

"Ah, yes, so dear," he said tenderly. He got up slowly and went to his desk for a pencil. He said he wanted to write the name down before he forgot it once more. He looked at the desk aimlessly, then pulled out the wrong drawer. "My little things," he said, "where are they?" He looked like a child whose toys a gust of wind has blown away.

David found a pencil for him, and his father wrote the name Adele on a piece of paper. Next, he paused by the bookcase. All the books in it he had annotated, but now he looked at them as if for the first time.

"This one you wrote," David said.

His father looked at it closely. "This one I know. But the others . . ." He stroked his head as if to scold it. "And these are your poems," he said, seeing a flimsy little book with his son's name. "I remember the first one you wrote, about the stars, when you were ten. Strange, your mother's father, too, wrote one about the stars—his best one."

"You see, you remember a lot."

"About the distant past. Such a long time . . . for you, too." He smiled, then, looking at him warmly, said, "Our David," and it was as it had been when David was a boy and his father used to look at him and say "Ajax," because he considered him generous and strong.

Strangely, now, David found that he *could* talk to his father, easily, affably, and with pleasure, and that his voice was gentle. When his father was well, he couldn't, but now he was reaching the secret, soft core—the secret, gentle, tender core that is in each of us. And he thought, *This* is what my father is really like; the way he is now, this is his real, his naked self. For a moment it has been uncovered; he is young again. This was the young man his mother had met and fallen in love with; this was the man on whose knees he had played, who had carried him on his shoulders up the hills, who had read to him the poems he liked so much. His other manner was brought on by age, by a hundred preoccupations, by the years, by the hardening that comes with the turning of the years.

Already, with coffee, with their talk, his father was recovering his memory. Soon he would be up and about, and soon David wouldn't be able to talk to him as he did now. But though he wouldn't, he would think of his father in the way he had been given back to him, the way he had been and somewhere—deep and secret and only to be uncovered sometimes—still was.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

"A garden," simpered a 19th Century English poetess, "is a lovesome thing, God wot!"—*Moneysworth.*

Simpering again, Thomas Edward Brown, you silly girl?

ANNALS OF WAR

VIETNAM

III—A CAVE ON KARL MARX MOUNTAIN

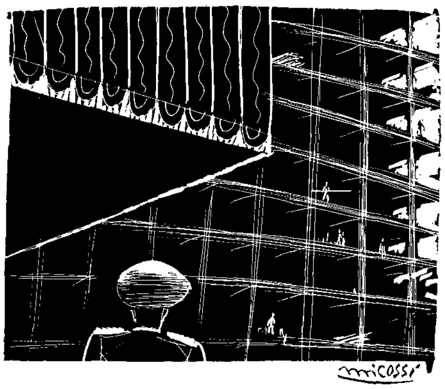
THE Americans began by underestimating the Vietnamese guerrillas, but in the end they made them larger than life. During the invasion of Cambodia in 1970, American officials spoke of plans to capture the enemy's command headquarters for the South, as if there existed a reverse Pentagon in the jungle, complete with Marine guards, generals, and green baize tables. In reality, the American generals knew there was no such thing, but in the press and in the minds of the public the picture kept returning. After all those years of fighting, the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese had taken on superhuman dimensions. Paradoxically, the exaggeration diminished them, for in the world of myth all things are fabulous and unaccountable. By turning their enemy into a mirror image of themselves, the Americans obscured the nature of the Vietnamese accomplishment.

The N.L.F., after all, began in a world where men walked behind wooden plows and threshed the rice by beating it with wooden flails. The N.L.F. recruits were largely illiterate or semiliterate men who spent their lives working on one hectare of paddy land, hoping only that someday they might afford a bullock. The N.L.F. taught these men to operate radio sets, to manufacture explosives, to differentiate between one type of American bomber and another. It taught them to build small factories, hospitals, and logistical systems that ran the length and breadth of the country without touching a road. With these men, the Front shot down helicopters, designed gas masks against American chemicals, and invented small-unit tactics that would add chapters to the history of the military art. With them, it built a government and an army out of the disordered and intractable society of South Vietnam.

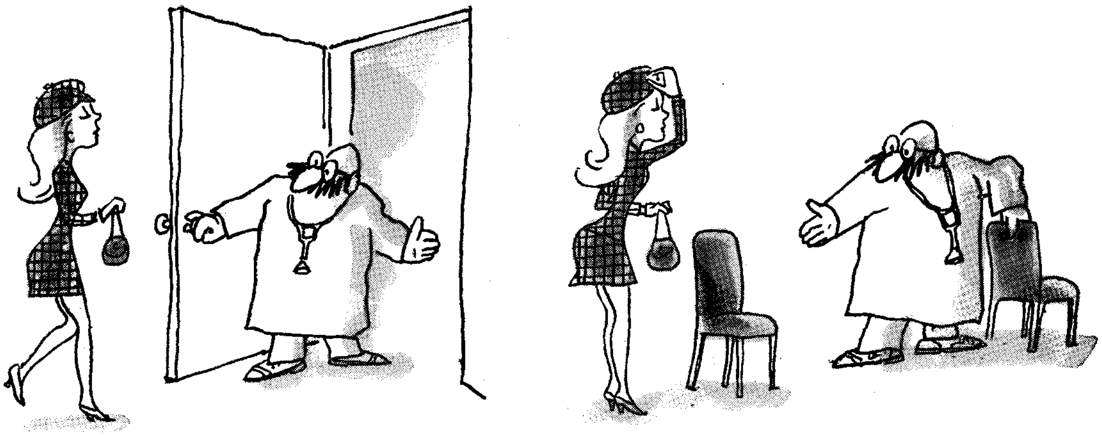
This change, of a magnitude that in most countries takes several generations to accomplish, the N.L.F. telescoped into five years. The movement, a more or less direct descendant of the Vietminh forces that had fought and defeated the French, was founded in 1960. By the spring of 1965, when American ground combat troops entered the war, the Front had seriously damaged the Saigon government's army and had isolated its city outposts from the countryside. With an army of Southerners and a supply of weapons obtained largely from their enemy, the N.L.F. was on the point of defeating a state that the United States had provided with hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of artillery, bombers, and other matériel, and more than twenty thousand American advisers. And in the years since 1965 the N.L.F., with the help of North Vietnamese forces, has stood up to an American army of more than half a million men equipped with the most sophisticated array of weaponry the world has ever seen. The N.L.F. troops remain undefeated, and the Front is still the most important political force in the South.

Over the years of war, American officials had spoken of the National Liberation Front as if it were an illustration of some larger principle—some larger menace to the security of the United States. To Walt Rostow, the N.L.F. was but one instance of the "disease" of Communism that affected developing countries around the world. To Robert McNamara, it was "a test case for the new Communist strategy" of promoting "wars of liberation" around the world. To many American military men, it was but an example of the threat that guerrillas in general provided to the established governments of the earth. Through this attempt at generalization, duplicated in other terms by many Americans on the left, the officials reduced the N.L.F. to the status of a symbol and again obscured its achievement.

For the Vietnamese revolution in the South was in many ways unique. If it belonged to a category, then that category was extremely small. Since the period of international turmoil following the Second World War, there have been only two successful Marxist insurgency movements—one in Cuba, the other in Vietnam. (The Communist insurgencies in Cambodia and Laos have always been inextricably bound up with the one in Vietnam.) In Bolivia, Che Guevara brought all his theory and practical experience to bear on the miserable, exploited hinterland, only to find the Bolivian peasants as unreceptive as stones. In Southeast Asia, the Communist movements outside Indo-China had a record of almost complete failure. In Burma, the Philippines, and Malaya, they did not succeed in gaining the support of a majority of the population. In Indonesia, the Party relied upon the magical figure of Sukarno and did not take the necessary steps to seize and hold power. In many respects, the Vietnamese war of the nineteen-sixties was unprecedented in the history of revolutionary and independence wars. The number of French troops in Vietnam in the early nineteen-fifties, when they were at their greatest strength, was only seventy thousand. The United States, by contrast, gave the best of its armed forces and as much as two and a half billion dollars a month to the Vietnam war. At one point, General Vo Nguyen Giap himself admitted that until the war for the South he had known nothing about "people's war."



During the course of the war, Americans have written a great deal about the military strategy of the N.L.F. and relatively little about its politics. The reason is simple. Most research on Vietnam has been official research, and the official American line has been that the guerrilla war did not involve significant internal political issues but was merely part of the attempt of the North Vietnamese to conquer the South. Many American officials did not believe this themselves, but the line provided them with a convenient method of avoiding such crucial and potentially damaging questions as what the political problems of South Vietnam were and how it was that from the same population base the N.L.F. had managed to create an organization so much superior to the G.V.N., as the Saigon government is commonly referred to by Americans. The result was that even those Americans responsible for the conduct of the war knew relatively little about their enemy, for within the N.L.F. politics was all: politics was at the same time the foundation of its military strategy and of its goal. For the N.L.F., military victories were not only less important than political victories but entirely meaningless considered in isolation from them. Those few American officials who studied the N.L.F. saw this political focus but did not understand its significance. Had they understood it, they might have concluded that it would be better to send the Saigon regime's army to fight without weapons than to send it to fight without a political strategy, as was the case.



THE American soldiers in Vietnam discovered their own ignorance in an immediate way. The N.L.F. guerrillas chose the night and the jungles to fight in, and chose to work with that part of the population which was the most obscure to the Americans and to the Saigon government officials. For the Americans, to discern the enemy within the world of the Vietnamese village was to attempt to make out figures within a landscape indefinite and vague—underwater, as it were. Emerging from helicopters into a village controlled by the N.L.F., the soldiers would at first see nothing, having no criteria by which to judge what they saw. As they searched the village, they would find only women, children, and old men, a collection of wooden tools whose purpose they did not know, altars with scrolls in Chinese characters, paths that led nowhere: an economy, a geography, an architecture totally alien to them. Searching for booby traps and enemy supplies, they would find only the matting over a root cellar and the great stone jars of rice. As clumsy as astronauts, they would bend under the eaves of the huts, knock over the cooking pots, and poke at the smooth earth floor with their bayonets. How could they know whether the great stone jars held a year's supply of rice for the family or a week's supply for a company of troops? With experience, they would come to adopt a bearing quite foreign to them. They would dig in the root cellars, peer into the wells, and trace the faint paths out of the village, searching the village as the soldiers of the warlords searched them centuries ago. Only then would they find the entrance to the tunnels, to the enemy's first line of defense.

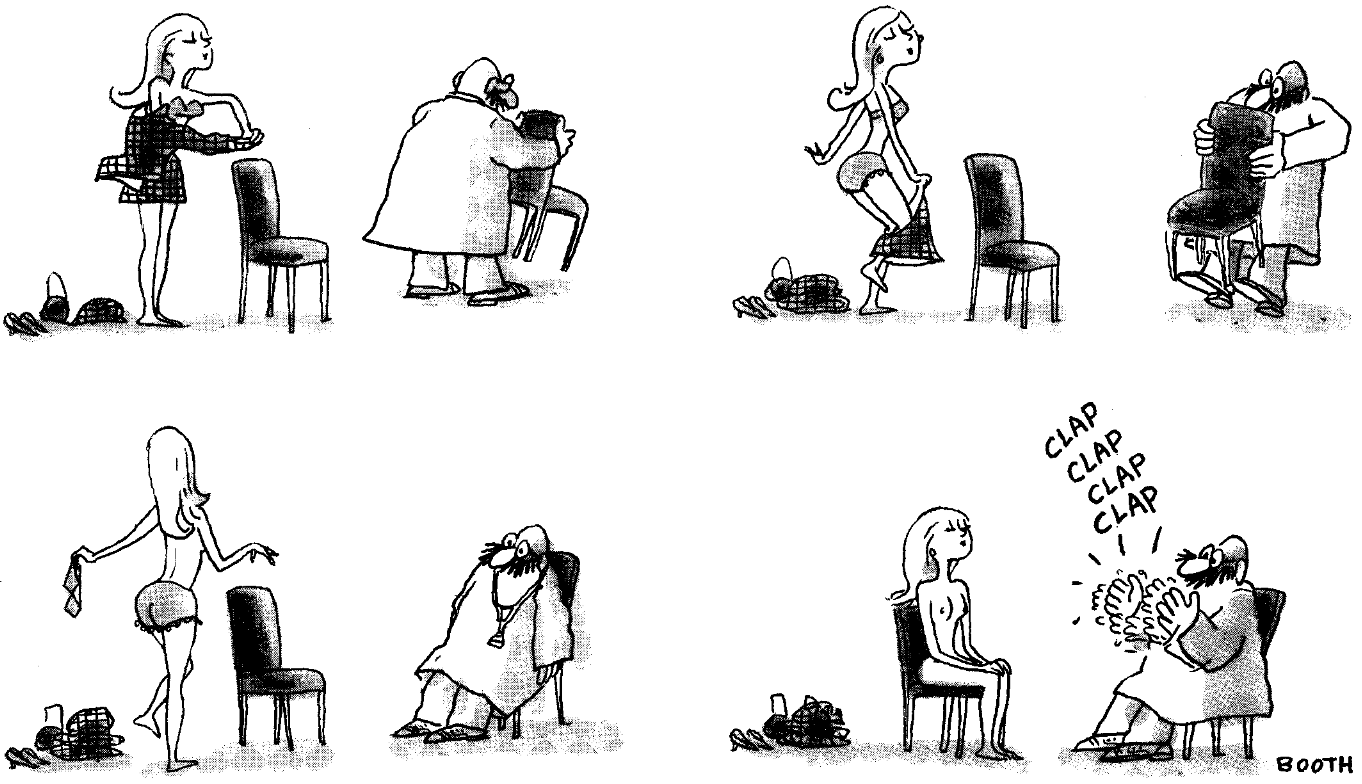
To the American commanders who listened each day to the statistics on "tunnels destroyed" and "caches of rice found," it must have appeared that in Vietnam the whole surface of the earth was a thin crust over a vast system of tunnels and underground rooms. The villages of both the G.V.N. and the N.L.F. zones were pitted with holes, trenches, and bunkers where the people slept at night in fear of the bombing. In the N.L.F. zones, the holes were simply deeper, the tunnels longer—some of them running for kilometres out of a village to debouch in another village or in a secret place in the jungle. Carved to just the size of a Vietnamese body, many of them were too small for an American to enter and too long to follow and destroy *in toto*. Only when the Americans were directed by a prisoner or an informer could they dig down and discover the underground storerooms.

Within these storerooms lay the whole industry of the guerrillas: sacks of rice, bolts of black cloth, salt fish and fish sauce, small machines made of scrap metal and wrapped in sacking. As brown as the earth itself, the cache would look as much like a part of the earth as if it had originated there—the bulbous root of which the palm-leaf huts of the village were the stem and foliage. But once the stores had been unwrapped, named, and counted, they would turn out to be surprisingly sophisticated, including, perhaps, a land mine containing high explosives; a small printing press along with leaflets and textbook materials; and surgical instruments, Chinese herbal medicines, and the latest antibiotics from Saigon. The industry clearly came from a civilization far more technically advanced than that which had made the external world of thatched huts, straw mats, and wooden plows. And yet there was an intimate relation between the two, for the anonymous artisans of the storerooms had used the materials of the village not only as camouflage but as an integral part of their technology.

In raiding the N.L.F. villages, the American soldiers actually walked over the political and economic design of the Vietnamese revolution. They looked at it, but they could not see it, for it was doubly invisible: invisible within the ground and again invisible in their own perspective as Americans. The revolution could be seen only against the background of the traditional village and in the perspective of Vietnamese history.

In the old ideographic language of Vietnam, the word "*xã*," which Westerners translate as "village" or "village community," had connotations, from the Chinese, of "land," "people," and "sacred." These ideas were joined inseparably, for the Vietnamese religion rested at every point on the particular social and economic system of the village. Confucian philosophy taught that the sacred bond of the society lay with the mandarin genie conferred upon each village by the emperor. But the villagers knew that it lay with the spirit of the particular earth of their village. They believed that if a man moved off his land and outside the gates of the village, he left his soul behind him, buried in the earth with the bones of his ancestors. The belief was no mere superstition but a reflection of the fact that the land formed a complete picture of the village: all of a man's social and economic relationships appeared there in visual terms, as if inscribed on a map. If a man left his land, he left his own "face," the social position on which his "personality" depended.

In the nineteenth century, the French came, and with their abstract concept of capital they took away men's souls—men's "faces"—and put them in banks. They destituted the villages, and though they thought they were developing the economy by putting the landless to work for wages in their factories and on their plantations, their efforts made no impression upon the villagers. What assets the French actually contributed to the country in the form of capital and industrial plants were quite as invisible to the villagers as the vil-



• •

lagers' souls were to the French. At a certain point, therefore, the villagers went into revolt.

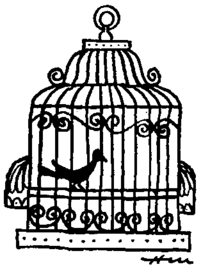
Ngo Dinh Diem and his American advisers did not—perhaps could not—learn from the French example. Following the same centralized strategy for modernization, they continued to develop the cities, the Army, and the bureaucracy while leaving the villages to rot. To the extent that it permitted rural people to come into the modern sector, this new national development constituted little more than a refugee program. For those peasants with enough money and initiative to leave their doomed villages, it meant a final, traumatic break with their past. For the nation as a whole, it meant the gradual division of the South Vietnamese into two distinct classes or cultures.

Of necessity, the guerrillas began their program of development from the opposite direction. Rather than build an elaborate superstructure of factories and banks (for which they did not have the capital), they built from the base of the country up, beginning among the ruins of the villages and with the dispossessed masses of people. Because the landlords and the soldiers, with their foreign airplanes, owned the surface of the earth, the guerrillas went underground in both the literal and the metaphorical sense. Settling down among people who lived outside the sphere of modern technology, they dug tunnels beneath the villages, giving the people a new defensive distance from the powers that reigned outside the villages. The earth itself became their protection—the Confucian "face" that the village had lost when their hedges were torn down. From an economic point of view, the guerrillas' struggle against the Diem regime, with its American financing, was just as much an anti-colonial war as the one fought by the Vietminh against the French, the difference being that now other Vietnamese had taken up the colonial role.

Just as an archeologist might conclude from examination of the N.L.F.'s goods and tools, the guerrillas were attempting not to restore the old village but, rather, to make some connection between the world of the village and the world of the cities. The land mine was in itself the synthesis. Made of high explosives and scrap metal—the waste of foreign cities—it could be manufactured by an artisan with the simplest of skills. It was a technically comprehensible object, and it could be used for the absolutely comprehensible purpose of blowing the enemy soldiers off the face of the village earth. Having themselves manufactured a land mine, the villagers had a new source of power—an inner life for their community. In burying the mine—a machine—in the earth, they infused a new meaning into the old image of their society. The Diem regime had shown a few of them a way out of the village. The N.L.F. had shown all of them a way back in—a way to remake the village with the techniques of the outside world. "Socialism"—which the Vietminh and the N.L.F. translated as "*xã hội*," a phrase rooted in village society rather than political abstraction—indicated to the Vietnamese peasantry that the revolution would entail no traumatic break with the past, no abandonment of the village earth and the ancestors. Instead of a leap into the terrifying unknown, it would be a fulfillment of the local village traditions that the foreigners had tried to destroy.

IN February, 1965, in an attempt to justify the American bombing of North Vietnam and the dispatch of American troops to the South, the United States Department of State issued a white paper entitled "Aggression from the North: The Record of North Vietnam's Campaign to Conquer South Vietnam." In this paper, State Department officials claimed that the N.L.F. was no more than an instrument of North Vietnam working against the hopes of all the South Vietnamese for peace, independence, prosperity, and freedom. Had these official claims been true, they would have delineated a situation not very different from the civil wars in Nigeria or Pakistan. And a civil war did not, it seemed, always require American intervention—particularly on the weaker side.

But the Vietnam war was not a *civil war; it was a revolutionary war*, and it had raged throughout the entire country since 1945. The strength of the revolution had always been in the North, but the Vietminh had had considerable success south of the Seventeenth Parallel. In the period of truce following the Geneva Conference of 1954, the Vietminh had, in obedience to the military protocols for disengagement, regrouped some ninety thousand soldiers to the North—most of them Southerners. Still, below the Seventeenth Parallel there remained hundreds of thousands of Vietminh cadres, local guerrillas, and their sympathizers. In 1960, when the National Liberation Front was formed, the new movement appeared to many Southerners a logical continuation of the old one. And there was a strong element of continuity between the two movements—a continuity of people, of war aims, and of operating methods. The men who became leaders of the N.L.F. worked in close coöperation with the North, even during the years just following the truce, but only with the intervention of American ground combat troops in 1965 did they become dependent on the North for war matériel. In such a situation, the question of who controls whom has little meaning; it is difficult, for instance, to imagine that, with its own resources and matériel, the N.L.F. had *no* influence in Hanoi. But even if the N.L.F. had always been controlled by Hanoi, the American official conclusion that it was therefore illegitimate as a Southern political movement does not by any means follow. The personnel of the N.L.F. was, with few exceptions, Southern. Northern troops did not enter the South until just before the U.S. troops arrived in strength. If the North was indeed trying to conquer the South, it was doing so less by force than by politics.



THE N.L.F.'s over-all method of organization can be best illustrated by an account of how insurgents operated in a single village as they drove out the government authorities and established their own control. The takeover of a village called Ich Thien provides a good case study, not because Ich Thien was a typical village but because politically there was every reason to suppose that the N.L.F. would not be successful there. It had no Vietminh tradition, and for three years it had been one of the model settlements of the Diem regime. Not many miles from the resort town of Dalat, Ich Thien, a village comprising several hamlets, was one of a very few successful land-development centers that the Diem regime had built for non-Catholics. In 1961, two hundred and twenty-five families from the coastal plains of central Vietnam had come to settle there in the highlands and farm land that the government had cleared for cultivation. Having been allotted a small acreage, each family was given enough money to tide it over until the first harvest, and was also given the rights to all the jungle land it could clear and till for its own use. Three years of good harvests enabled the farmers—most of them former landless laborers—to achieve a degree of prosperity they had never known before. They built substantial houses, bought buffaloes for the plowing, and provided the women and children with new clothes. For them, the land-development center had every virtue but one: the government officials sent to run the program were corrupt, and exploited the villagers for their own profit. One farmer described the situation to an American interviewer this way:

> An official from the Office of the General Commissioner for the Land Development was . . . in full charge of the area . . . The area chief could distribute money and materials to whichever family he wanted and refuse to give it to whoever he wanted. It was the area chief who ordered that family records and identification cards be made. He could refuse to give these extremely necessary papers to whichever family he disliked and that family would have no place to turn. The people's fate lay in the hands of the area chief. . . .
>
> Besides growing rubber trees in the land they had been given, the villagers cleared more land to grow corn, potatoes, manioc, etc. They went to the jungle to gather firewood, bamboo shoots, and honey. The people were forced to sell all these products to the area chief at a very low price. The area chiefs in turn sold these products to the dealers at high prices. The people knew about this, but there was no way they could stop this exploitation.
>
> The other officials . . . were no better. They often caused trouble to the people, such as each time someone wanted to leave the Land Development Center, he had to obtain a certified statement of his absence. The absent person couldn't receive his food money for the day he was absent . . . but he still had to sign the paper to certify that he had received his food money for that day so that the officials could pocket the money. And so the people couldn't like these officials.

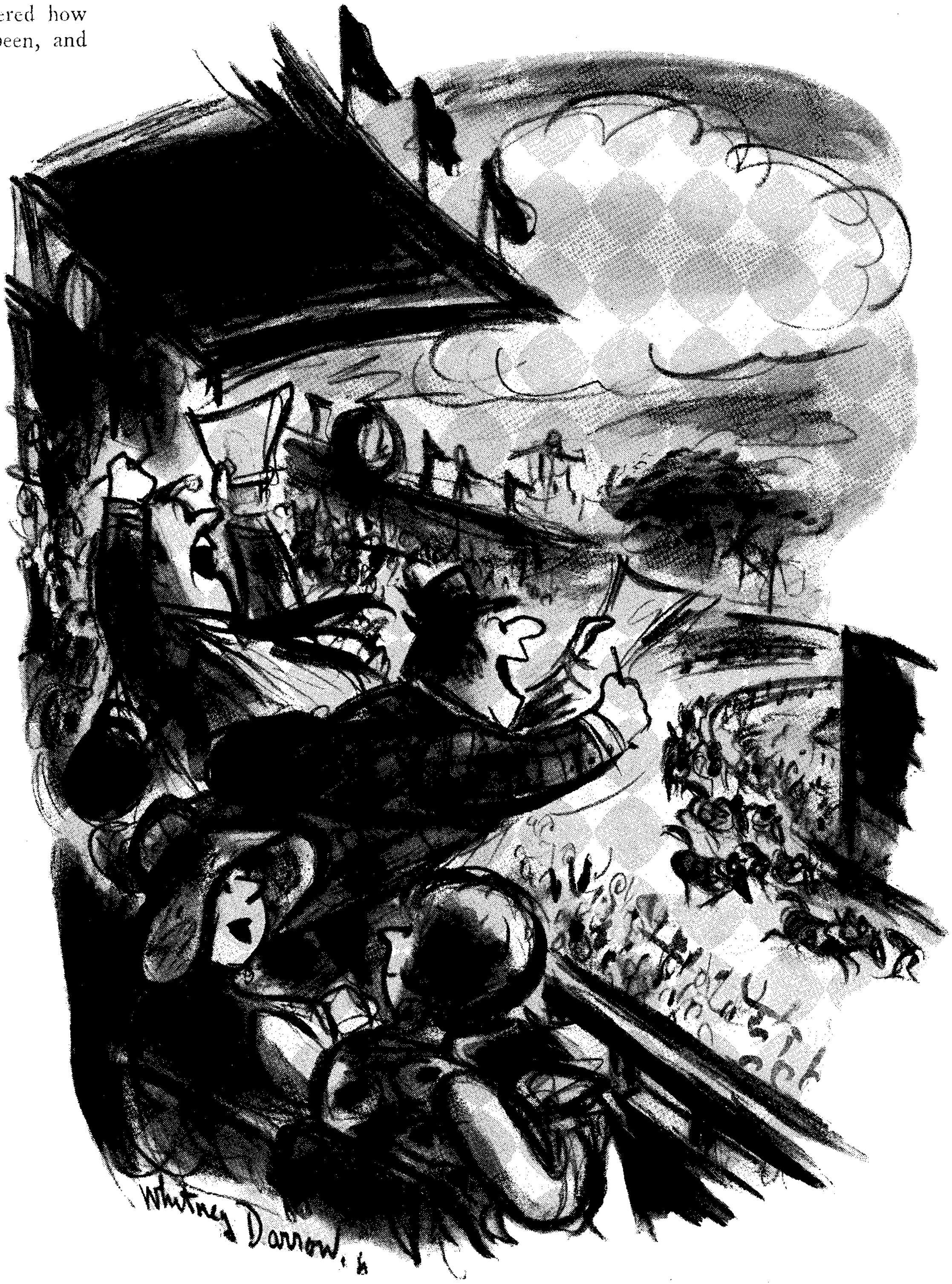
In 1963, the N.L.F. cadres began to come to the village occasionally at night to talk to the families in the hamlets nearest the forest. After a year had passed, they were coming every two or three nights. From time to time, the guerrilla units would surround one of the hamlets, so that the cadres, with the help of their newly recruited supporters in the village, could hold a general meeting to explain Front policies. By the end of 1964, the G.V.N. officials, including the area chief, no longer dared to spend the night in the village. There were twenty or so government defense guards, but they hid in their outpost every time the N.L.F. appeared. Finally, one night in February, 1965, a large number of Front troops came to surround the entire center. The defense guards hid their weapons and fled. The next morning, the guerrillas deployed themselves around the center, leaving only a few armed cadres inside. These cadres then called the people together and proclaimed the dissolution of "the illegal local government of Ich Thien village" and raised the Front flag on a pole. In Ich Thien village, the Front had no need to employ violence against the government authorities, as they did in many cases. Its cadres had already prepared the way carefully, making friends among the villagers and gathering intelligence and explaining its policies—making a kind of contact with the villagers that the government officials had never bothered to make.

After the meeting at which they declared the "illegal government" dissolved, the Front cadres called another meeting and asked the villagers to choose a man who was "talented and virtuous, clean and capable" to act as chairman of an administrative committee to manage the affairs of the village. Under Front direction, the villagers unanimously elected the farmer quoted above—who will here be called Mr. Buu—and approved the appointment of Front cadres to a council to take charge of security, finance, education, and propaganda in the village. Not long afterward, the leaders called yet another meeting, to ask the villagers to join a series of associations—one for farmers, another for youth, a third for women, and a fourth for old people. The Farmers' Association became an active force in the life of the village. Organized into cells of seven to nine people, the farmers took turns doing the farm labor that required a collective effort, and helped each other to increase the harvest.

At the same time, the Front cadres gave great attention to political instruction. During frequent association and hamlet meetings and in the course of the collective activities, they explained that the people of the village "belonged to the Very Poor Class" and so they should "stand up to lead the proletarian class to struggle against the governing capitalist class, which was the Americans, and their lackeys who called themselves Nationalists." When Mr. Buu was asked whether the people of the village understood the doctrine of the class struggle, he replied that he did not know, but that since the cadres "used appealing words and supported their arguments with concrete facts," the people liked to listen to them. And, in time, they remembered how corrupt the area chief had been, and they came to feel hatred for the class that oppressed both them and the landless peasants all over South Vietnam. The propaganda campaign and the activities of the Farmers' Association bore tangible fruit when the Front cadres began to exact "contributions" in food from the villagers to feed the Front troops. Most of the villagers did not make the contributions with enthusiasm, but they at least understood that there was a reason for the exactions, which was something that few of their compatriots had ever understood concerning the government taxes. Moreover, they could not suspect favoritism or injustice in the collections. Thanks to the rotation of duties within the Farmers' Association, most of the farmers knew exactly how much food each family produced, and they saw that the Front cadres levied it from each family in fair proportion.

Within the space of three months, the Front cadres had—despite continued comings and goings of government troops—bound the villagers to them by a series of fairly strong ties. Rather than substitute a new bureaucracy for an old one, they set up an organization that brought the villagers into a new relationship with governmental authority and with each other. Through their constant meetings, their private talks with the villagers, and their organization of collective work, they established a network of personal contacts much more dense than any the village had ever before known. If only because the villagers dared not upset the balance of intelligence, they protected both the Front cadres and each other from the government troops. To the extent that they kept this trust, they boxed themselves into an ever-growing series of obligations. They voted in the Front elections, worked on the Front's projects, and made contributions to the upkeep of the Front troops. They may not have wholeheartedly supported the Front, but they were at least committed to it by occupation. Just as Mr. Buu and others served on the administrative committee, some of the young men helped the local guerrillas. Who, then, was a "member of the Front" and who was not?

Certainly the government authorities could not make such distinctions. After several months of running fruitless operations through the village, the Allied Command sent out a group of helicopters to strafe one of the ham-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Here they get a chance to shout and jump about and carry on. Off-track, that would all be bottled up inside them."

lets—where, as it happened, there were no Front guerrillas. In twenty minutes, the pilots burned down thirty-five houses and killed nine of the villagers, including two children and three old people. When the Front organized a committee from among the surviving villagers to go to district headquarters and demand reparations for the damage, the government policemen turned the delegation away. Some months later, a large force of government troops swept through the village and took all of the remaining families off to a government-controlled area. The government had removed the villagers in order to remove the N.L.F.

The Front controlled the village of Ich Thien for only a few months, but there were many scores of villages in Vietnam where it maintained control for a period of years. The development of these villages occurred in essentially the same way as that of Ich Thien. The end product of this development was a complex, specialized organization capable both of defending itself and of supporting the weight of a regime at war. For the ordinary people of the village, Front control meant a gradual change in the patterns of daily life. The Front village was a coöperative agricultural center and military base, and it was also a training camp for the new members of the revolution. The government of the village was unquestionably authoritarian, but it worked in a very different manner from the government of the G.V.N. villages. While the G.V.N. village chiefs attempted to carry out the impossible task of ruling the villages as they were, the Front attempted to remake the villages so that they might rule themselves.

American diagrams of the N.L.F. command structure tend to show a hierarchical organization in which the lines of authority run solidly from top to bottom—as was the case within the G.V.N. In actuality, the operations of the Front were almost the antithesis of those of the G.V.N., one reason being that the Front's supply of men, goods, and intelligence came from the bottom up rather than from the top down. The G.V.N. combined an almost total lack of central planning with a highly centralized administration. The Front combined a complete central planning system with a highly decentralized administration. Until 1966, when the American armed forces began to depopulate the countryside and to drive the N.L.F. to greater dependence on the North Vietnamese, the Front's developed village, district, and provincial organizations were almost entirely self-sufficient. Each village, for instance, supported its own militia, its own intelligence, education, and welfare services, and its own public-works projects. Each of the village committees could survive in logistical isolation for long periods. This decentralization provided an enormous flexibility. It also enforced coöperation between the Front's civil and military authorities and between the higher and lower levels of its bureaucracy. The Front's provincial and main-force battalions depended on the district and village committees for intelligence, and often for some part of their supplies as well, and thus their commanders had to take directives from the civilians, including those in the lower echelons of the bureaucracy. And, having been brought into the military councils, the village cadres could, for their part, coördinate all the local government activities. They could prepare propaganda campaigns in conjunction with military operations, and (unlike the G.V.N. village and district chiefs) they could work with the peasants without fear that their efforts would be brought to naught by an ill-timed movement of troops. This system insured a local influence over national affairs that did not begin to exist within the G.V.N. The N.L.F. village leaders had to accept policy from above, but with their own militia, and their own local supply lines and intelligence services, they had a great deal more power vis-à-vis the central command than any G.V.N. village council had, whether it was appointed or elected. The N.L.F. leaders instructed their cadres in this distribution of power by the very style in which they lived. Even the highest of the Front cadres showed no outward sign of rank but dressed in the black pajamas of the peasants and held titles no more impressive than "chairman," "secretary," or "cadre." Unlike the regular North Vietnamese Army, the People's Liberation Army of the South conferred no permanent titles at all. An officer would be designated "commander of the *n*th battalion" or "the *n*th regiment"—never Colonel X or General Y. This anonymity served as a security precaution, but it also served to reinforce the idea that rank was not a ritual station, gained by long tenure or by ritual action. Rank

"Damn it, man, didn't you read my 'No Trespassing' signs out there?"

Easy Avis.

Now renting a car is as easy as signing your name.

Now Avis has an easy new way to rent a car. The Wizard® Golden File.

With it, you call for a reservation, give us your Golden File number, and your rental form will be waiting for you by the time you get to the counter.

Then simply show your driver's license and charge card, sign your name, and you're away in your sparkling new Plymouth or other fine car.

Nothing could be faster.

We recently introduced The Wizard of Avis, the most advanced computer system in the travel business, to make it easier to rent a car. And now The Golden File makes things even easier.

The Avis Golden File.℠

Call 800-231-6000 for an application or send in this one to get your Golden File identification card.

LAST NAME FIRST NAME MIDDLE INITIAL

HOME ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

COMPANY NAME

COMPANY ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

DRIVER'S LICENSE NO.

STATE OF ISSUE

EXPIRATION DATE MONTH DAY YEAR

PLEASE ENTER AID NUMBER (IF APPLICABLE)

Card to be used:

(Please select only one.)	(Include all letters.)
☐ Avis	No.__________
☐ Air Travel	No.__________
☐ American Express	No.__________
☐ Diners' Club	No.__________
☐ Other (Specify) __________	No.__________

Usual car preference:

- ☐ Luxury (Chrysler, Imperial, or Equivalent)
- ☐ Standard (Fury, Polara, or Equivalent)
- ☐ Intermediate (Satellite or Equivalent)
- ☐ Economy (Duster, Demon, or Equivalent)

Do you normally purchase the collision damage waiver as part of your rentals? ☐Yes ☐No

Do you normally purchase safe trip insurance as part of your rentals? ☐Yes ☐No

☐ If you want an Avis Charge Card application, check here.

Mail to: Avis, 900 Old Country Rd.
Garden City, N.Y. 11530
Attention: Wizard Golden File, Dept. 106

Avis. We try harder.

®℠WIZARD IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND GOLDEN FILE IS A SERVICE MARK OF AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

was a responsibility earned and held by continuing achievement.

DRIVING through the swollen Mekong Delta in the heat of the monsoon rains, Westerners—even those familiar with Vietnam—must have wondered how Marxism-Leninism could ever have taken root in that land. Where was the meeting ground between these peasants, with their ancient magic and their rituals of the rice planting, and that small German who lived by cold analysis amid the soot of great black factories and the mildew of the books in the British Museum? What had Marx, with his treatise on European capitalism, to say to these peasants, who prized their bullocks and their ancestral tombs above all things? Like their colonial masters, he had considered them "backward people," whom European influence could only improve. Why, then, had Marxism come to be their standard for an anti-colonial revolt? And why was it the dominant influence on all Vietnamese nationalist parties?

As a young man living in Paris who described himself as working "now as a retoucher at a photographer's, now as a painter of 'Chinese antiquities' (made in France!)," Ho Chi Minh joined the Socialist Party. He had read no Lenin. As a child, he had learned from his French teachers the beautiful words "liberty, equality, fraternity," and learned at the same time that they did not apply to Vietnamese. He had no ideology apart from that, but the "ladies and gentlemen" (as he called them then) of the Socialist Party had shown sympathy to him and to his cause. Shortly after the First World War, during the debates on whether the Party should remain in the Second or join the Third International, one of these "gentlemen" gave him Lenin's "Theses on the National and Colonial Questions," in which the Russian leader argued that Socialists ought to support the struggles of the colonial peoples for national independence. Ho Chi Minh became a Leninist on that day. "There were," he wrote,

> political terms difficult to understand in this thesis. But by dint of reading it again and again, finally I could grasp the main part of it. What emotion, enthusiasm, clear-sightedness, and confidence it instilled into me! I was overjoyed to tears. Though sitting alone in my room, I shouted aloud as if addressing large crowds: "Dear martyrs, compatriots! This is what we need, this is the path to our liberation!"

1¢
PEANUTS
Judith Shahn

As a true internationalist, Lenin was the first European leader to extend his philosophy to the peoples of Asia and to support national revolutions against the Europeans. Later, in his appeal to the peoples of the East, he called upon the revolutionaries to apply the theory and practice of Communism to local conditions, where the peasants formed the basic masses and where the task was thus to struggle not against capitalism but against vestiges of the medieval past. Marxism was not, Lenin argued, a utopian Socialism but a dialectical theory of history in which each new movement originates in the concrete condition of the society. The nature of each revolution is determined by the nature of the system of oppression. The task of the Europeans was to wage an anti-capitalist revolution. The task of the Eastern peoples was to wage a nationalist revolution against the colonialists and the native reactionaries who were in league with them. Lenin opened the door of Marxism to Ho Chi Minh. In going through that door, Ho found international support for his own particular rebellion. And he also found what he could not have foreseen: an economic analysis that could be brought to bear on the conditions in Vietnam, and a set of values that, as it happened, coincided to a high degree with those of the Vietnamese peasants.

After all, Marx, to support his argument for economic equality, had attributed all surplus wealth to the exploitation of human labor. In Europe, he reached this conclusion only after long examination of the complex tissue of society—government, industry, and the capital market—but in Vietnam it was a truism that even the smallest peasant understood. In the rice lands, wealth was a product of labor. An agricultural country with a single technology, few precious metals, and little national or international trade, traditional Vietnam possessed almost no surplus wealth; the Vietnamese emperors, compared with their rivals in China or Cambodia, did not accumulate great fortunes. When the French came to build plantations, roads, and cities, they built them only by direct taxation of human labor. The traditional economy was both simple and inelastic: to acquire wealth within a village meant to deprive others of it. For the sake of their own survival, the people of a village had to maintain a relative equality among their members. Within a village, the accumulation of private wealth was a sign of anarchy—a sign that the great family of the village or the empire had broken apart to such an extent that some of its members threatened others with starvation. In Vietnam, equality of wealth always bore a direct relation to the order and harmony of the society. The Southerners of the nineteen-sixties had never lived in an equal society, but many of them still assumed that it was desirable. The desire for equality was no mere altruism. On the contrary, many Vietnamese of the twentieth century had sought wealth as a form of social security, but this search had meant unbridled competition of a sort that terrified them. Inequality meant division and conflict in a once uniform society.

The Marxist notion that economic equality could be gained by a nationalization of the means of production was not at all unfamiliar to the Vietnamese. Under Confucian law, the emperor acted as trustee of all the rice lands, reserving the right to redistribute them among the people. The strong emperors exercised this right, either to rid themselves of the independent barons or to improve productivity and the lot of the peasants, and these emperors prevented their own mandarins from establishing large estates on the principle that as senior members of the great family they had no need for food: the people would feed them of their own free will. At a lower level of government, the village councils and the heads of the extended families acted as guardians against glaring economic injustice. In their role as administrators of state rituals and upholders of state values, they mobilized individual labor and individual resources for the collective benefit. To some degree, then, the land had been collectivized and nationalized before the coming of the Marxists.

The French changed the economy of Vietnam, but they did not succeed in persuading the Vietnamese to accept the notion of private enterprise, or even of "private property" in the Western sense of the term. The Vietnamese landlords of the Delta were the one large group with any considerable assets, but many of them regarded the transferable value of their land as relatively unimportant. To them, the wealth was not the price of the land but the land itself—a physical presence within a small community. The ownership of land meant the establishment

JUSTERINI & BROOKS
Founded 1749

JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

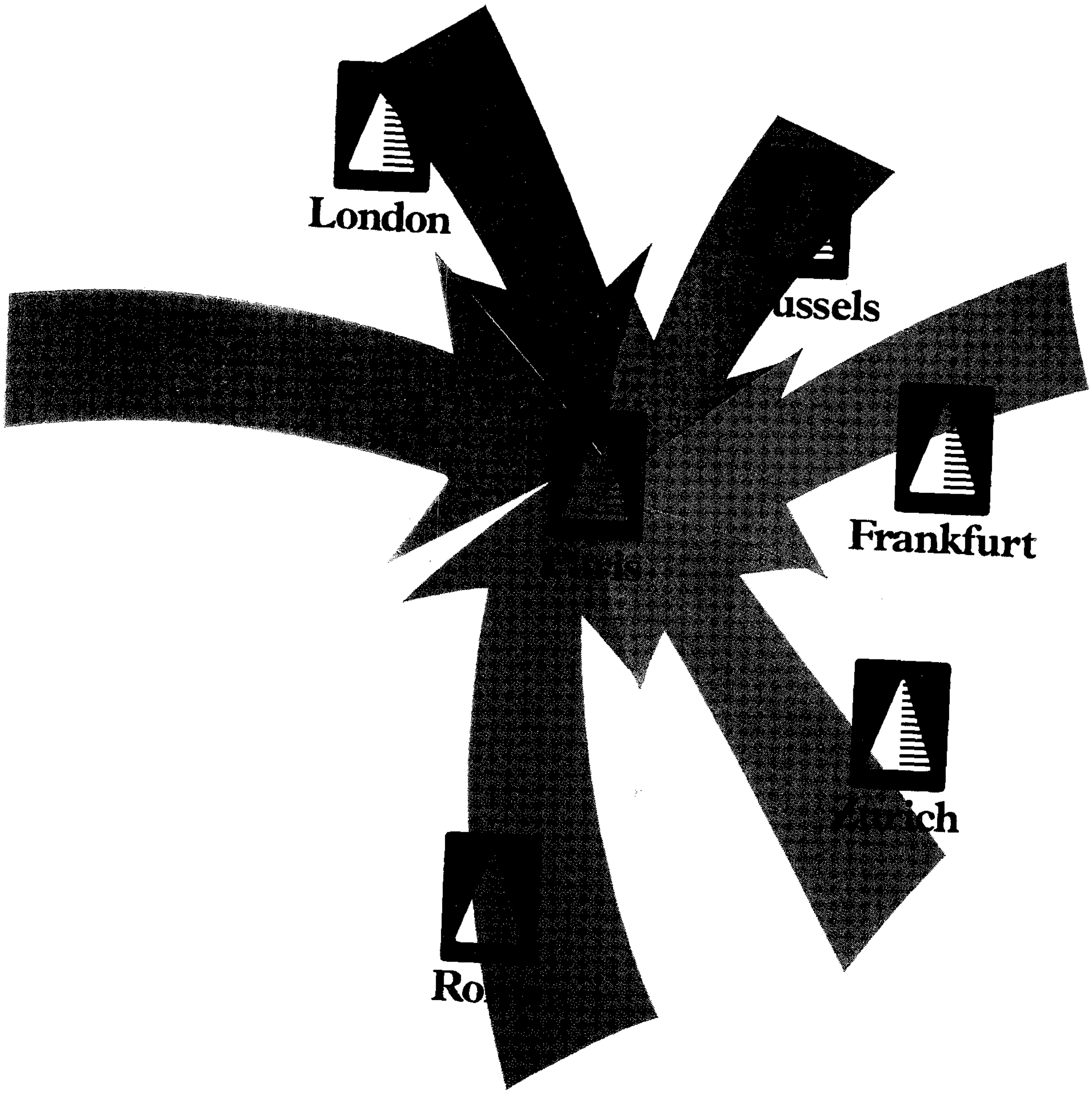
The lengths we go to for our

Bankers Trust has the best kind of European information sources: branches or affiliates in London, Paris, Brussels, Frankfurt, Rome and Zurich. But when we want to take a really close look at the financial situation as it affects Europe and the United States (and our customers), we do something more. Personal communication is the best way to keep up to date. So we get a lot of valuable people together in one room and have them talk to each other for a few days. This time it was in Paris.

We got our international bankers from seven countries together, all sitting around a table, able to draw on each other's experience, sources of information and intuitive feel for situations. In other words, a private summit meeting of twenty top men from two continents.

But it was not a meeting concerned with blue sky and lofty philosophical exchanges. The men who attended (this as well as other meetings like it) are involved in day-to-day decision making, the level where information and new thoughts get put to work in a hurry.

That's why Ellsworth Donnell, head of our International Banking Department, was one of those who went to Paris. Along with John Hawes, our top foreign exchange trader. And John Tritz, head of our short term money desk. Alfred Holden, our top international econ



international strategy.

omist. Hilary P. Reddy, head of the Credit and Loan Division of our International Banking Department. As well as all of our branch managers and traders from Europe.

What got the most attention in these discussions, not surprisingly, were those matters that matter most to American corporations doing business overseas.

The health of the European economies. Availability of international funds. Interest rates. Currency movements. Foreign exchange rules and restrictions. Tax treaties and laws. Short and long term investment opportunities. Trade prospects. Innovations in the financial markets. And so on into the night.

International banking may be more art than science.

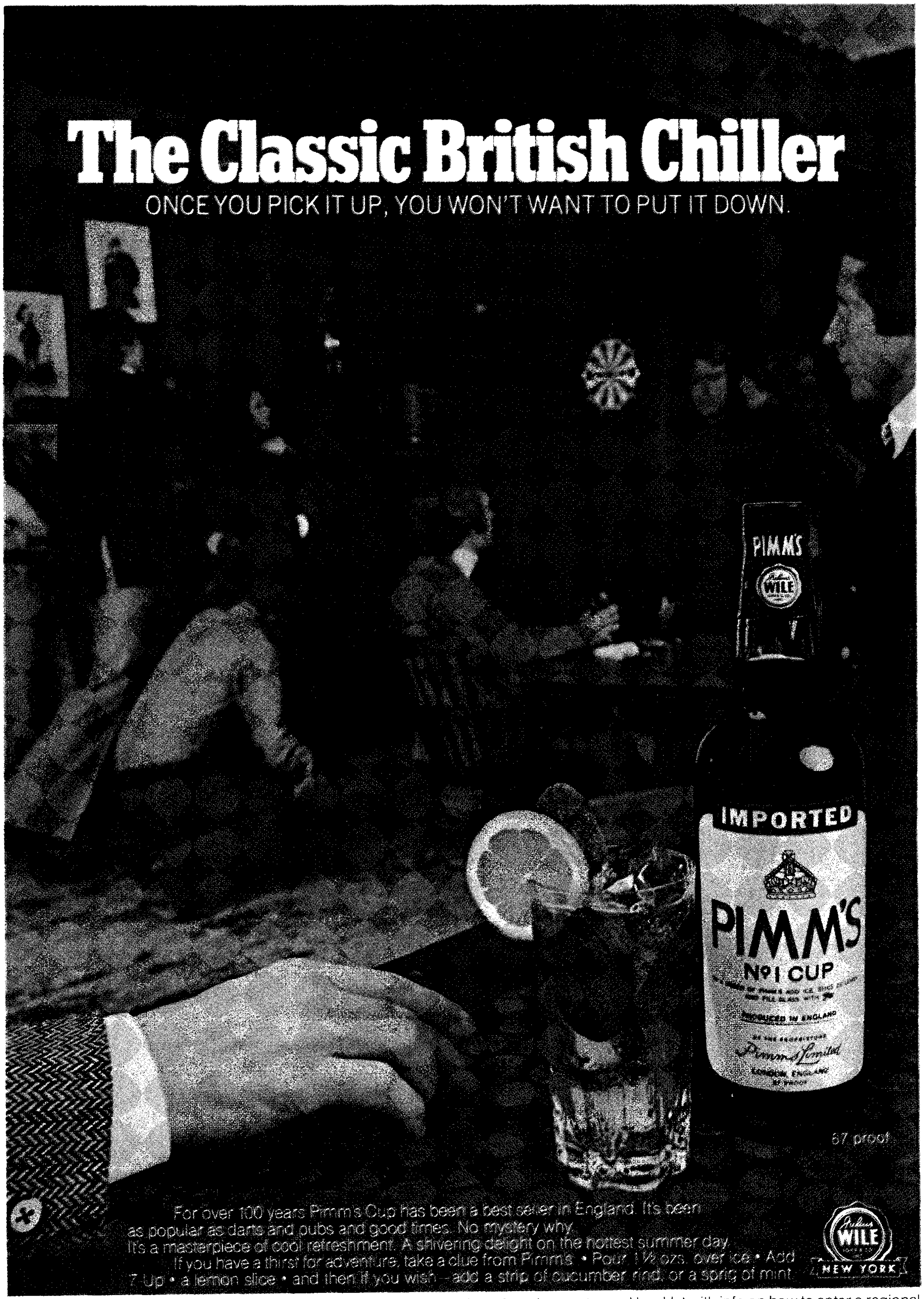
But either way, soaking up the details is what enables us to continually refine and update our strategies; strategies that make money for our customers and ourselves. That's why we'll go right on holding these meetings, rotating them through the financial capitals of Europe.

The fact that the most recent meeting was held in Paris was because Paris is one of the financial centers of the world. Not because it was spring.

You'll find an international banker at Bankers Trust.

New York, London, Paris

Representatives in: Manchester, Brussels, Frankfurt, Rome, Zurich, Bogota, Buenos Aires, Caracas, Mexico City, São Paulo, Beirut, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Manila, Sydney, Tokyo.


The Classic British Chiller
ONCE YOU PICK IT UP, YOU WON'T WANT TO PUT IT DOWN.
PIMM'S
WILE
IMPORTED
PIMM'S
Nº1 CUP
PRODUCED IN ENGLAND
Pimm's Limited
LONDON, ENGLAND
67 proof
Julius WILE
NEW YORK

For over 100 years Pimm's Cup has been a best seller in England. It's been as popular as darts and pubs and good times. No mystery why. It's a masterpiece of cool refreshment. A shivering delight on the hottest summer day.

If you have a thirst for adventure, take a clue from Pimm's • Pour 1½ ozs. over ice • Add 7 Up • a lemon slice • and then if you wish—add a strip of cucumber rind, or a sprig of mint.

To get you in the spirit, join the National Dart League. You'll receive a free dart poster and booklet with info on how to enter a regional championship and win a trip to London competing with England's finest players. For free membership, write: National Dart League, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022. WINNERS WILL BE FLOWN TO LONDON VIA TWA.

of a family and of a government over the people. Ngo Dinh Diem protected these landlords because of his own political weakness, but he persistently opposed the American attempts to establish private industry in South Vietnam. Diem regarded private industry much as the Confucian sovereigns had regarded the vast "feudal" estates of the warlords. In his view, the establishment of private industry would create a series of irreconcilable rival powers; it would undermine the state and the "natural laws" of the universe, and would lead finally to anarchy. The Vietnamese Marxists differed from him only in that they put their theoretical emphasis on the people rather than the state. To them, capitalism was "egotism" or "individualism" unbridled. Because it was morally unjust, it would, they believed, lead to popular discontent and rebellion. And in a society where "individualism" is looked upon as immoral, they may well have been right.

The Socialization of the means of production, the centralization of power in the state—so much of the Marxist program did not present at all the same difficulties of application in Vietnam that it did in Europe or the United States. In contrast to almost all Western countries, Vietnam traditionally possessed no institutions independent of the state—neither guilds nor corporations nor churches nor feudal fiefs that recognized the state and coöperated with it. The "feudalism" of the warlords and, later, the landlords was no more than an ad-hoc system of exploitation—pervasive but by all Confucian standards illegitimate.

Overlooking this background, certain American experts—particularly George Carver, of the C.I.A.—began to argue after the fall of the Diem regime that the Communist attempt to unify the country and to centralize power ran counter to Vietnamese political tradition. Vietnam, they argued, was a country of autarchic villages, a country so long divided by regional and religious feuds that the peasantry, by and large, felt very little loyalty to the nation-state. The South Vietnamese, they concluded, would resist all attempts at centralization, and therefore the G.V.N. could defeat the Communists by turning itself into a federal state. This argument ran counter both to the grain of Vietnamese politics and to the course of Vietnamese history. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Vietnamese monarchy was not as strong or as well developed as the national governments of Europe at that period. On the other hand, the state was all that existed above the villages. After the French destroyed the village system, there grew up not a group of intermediate institutions—guilds, churches, and so forth—but a group of competing states. From the Hoa Hao sect to the Communist Party, each of the political groups claimed sovereignty over the entire country, at the expense of all the rest. For a long period in the eighteenth century, Vietnam had sustained two separate, antagonistic states, the Nguyen monarchy and the Trinh monarchy. In the twentieth century, however, the "states" of South Vietnam could not survive as independent economic entities. If Vietnam was to be independent, it would have to be unified—North and South. And it would not be unified under a federal system, because the Vietnamese, whatever their political outlook, believed in uniformity, not in agreement to disagree. While the Americans were trying to teach the Vietnamese to live with their differences, the Vietnamese were interested only in erasing them. And Marxism-Leninism provided them with one method of doing so.

Though it was apparent to few Americans, the coincidence between the Confucian and the Communist ideas of the state caught the imagination of many non-Communist Vietnamese intellectuals. Communism held a peculiar fascination for the Catholic Ngo brothers. It was the attraction of opposites, perhaps, but opposites within a single class. For a Communist, as for a Confucian *plus royaliste que le roi*, the state was monolithic. It did not simply represent the people—it *was* the people in symbolic form. For both Communists and Confucians, the society was embarked upon a way that never ended but led toward a condition of perfect social harmony in which the state did not have to function at all: for the Taoist mystics, "the emperor who rules by non-doing;" for the Marxists, "the withering away of the state." Confucianism, like Marxism, focussed not on the individual but on the society as a whole. Because there was no separation between religion and state—"religion" in the sense of a private search for the absolute, "state" in the sense of a social order—there was no liberal tradition in Vietnam. As Confucians, the Vietnamese had never been interested in diversity and originality for their own sake. From their intellectuals they had required only what was "morally enlightening," or, in Communist language, "socially useful." The writing of lyric poetry, along with gambling and the worship of Taoist goddesses, they consigned to an area of free play outside the moral and intellectual world. The duty of the intellectual was to keep society on the correct path.

WATCH CHILDREN

THE introduction of Marxism into Vietnam and the development of a Marxist movement were attended by a series of far-reaching debates on revolutionary strategy. At various points in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, there were three Leninist parties and four Trotskyite factions in Vietnam, all of which took slightly different positions on the issues of the class struggle, nationalism versus internationalism, and the problems of alliance with the Soviet Comintern, the Chinese Kuomintang, and the French Communist Party. In general, the Trotskyites took a "purist" line, opposing the Comintern and its allies in the Kuomintang, and opposing an alliance of the Vietnamese proletariat with the peasants and the national bourgeoisie. For the Trotskyites, the proletariat constituted the one true revolutionary class; the industrial workers alone were to participate in the Communist organization. The curious feature of this line was that the Trotskyite factions were based primarily in Saigon, where there was no urban proletariat to speak of. The Trotskyites disliked French colonialism as much as anyone else did, but their very exclusiveness drove them to dependence on the undependable French left wing. By contrast, Ho Chi Minh's organization—which ended up as a coalition of three regional groups that was

Spring for the summer rates at Little Dix.

(They even last through fall.)

From May 1 right through Dec 20, you can enjoy a "summer" vacation with us at about a 40% reduction. Same gorgeous bay. Same pelicans diving. Same fish to see snorkeling, tennis to play, Sunfish to sail, water skiing, and water-taxis to skim in across our turquoise waters. *(All at no extra charge.)*

Same idyllic weather, too —just 6° warmer, with the same balmy breezes. For $35 daily per person double, Little Dix gives you all meals, superb accommodations, and the water sports above. It's a great vacation value. Ask, too, about our Scuba Plan, Honeymoon Plan, and Combined Little Dix/Caneel Vacation. See your travel agent or write Suite 1005, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W., New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel.: (212) 245-8055; in Chicago (312) 372-4489.

LITTLE DIX BAY
VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS
Operated by
ROCKRESORTS, INC.

called the Indo-Chinese Communist Party—stood for the Leninist program of a two-stage revolution: the first stage a national rebellion uniting the peasants and the bourgeoisie under the leadership of the proletariat, and the second the proletarian, Socialist revolution. The I.C.P. was allied with the Comintern and, in certain periods, the Chinese Kuomintang, and during the period of the Popular Front in France it took what advantages the French Communist Party could offer it. At the same time, it continued to build, where it could, a popular base among all classes of Vietnamese. When the moment of opportunity came, in 1945, Ho Chi Minh resolved this last tactical ambiguity (and without cost to himself, since the French Communist Party did not contest the French government over the issue of decolonization). He formally abolished the Indo-Chinese Communist Party—the Dong Duong Cong San Dang, a name that spoke of French colonialism and political unreality. The Party had dwindled in importance since 1941, when Ho had formed the Vietnam Independence League, or Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh Hoi (Vietminh, for short). By uniting the peasants and the bourgeoisie in a nationalist movement, the Vietminh, Ho rid himself of French influence and of class bias. His movement would be nationalist, but it would be nonetheless orthodox from a Marxist-Leninist point of view. The Vietminh would carry out the first stage of the revolution—a stage whose duration was not fixed but depended on the development of the various social classes within it.

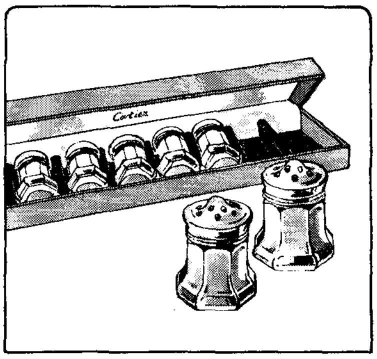
Upon bringing Vietnam into the name of his party, Ho Chi Minh took the second step of changing the phrase he used to indicate his political and social policy. For "*cộng sản*," a phrase of Chinese origin suggesting a secular aggregate of individuals, he substituted "*xã hội*," a Vietnamese phrase linking the future distribution of wealth with the sacred communal traditions of the old village. This alteration might seem to be opportunist, for was not Marx an atheist? For Marx, however, revolution meant not a complete break with the past but, rather, the fulfillment of what was already taking place within a society. Ho Chi Minh's new formulation merely reflected the fact that in Vietnam the proletariat remained a small minority. The first stage of the Vietnamese revolution would take place not within a secularly organized industrial society but within an agrarian community that visualized itself in sa-

Today's Viking is only a souvenir of wood or metal; small reminders of the fur-clad warrior who sailed his longboat into history. But his splendid furs live on. They have helped us make history for 100 years.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Season of Silver



The Kenton Collection shopped the 28 different salt and pepper shakers at Cartier and selected this set for you. Octagonally panelled sterling silver, 1½" tall and packed in a velvet lined case. Set 8, 30.00. At Cartier or by mail from:

The Kenton Collection / P. O. Box 34257 / Dept. 01026 / Dallas, Texas 75234.

Send me ______ sets of sterling silver shakers. Enclosed is my check or money order (payable to The Kenton Collection) for ______ plus 1.50 for postage and handling per set.

Name______
Address______
City______
State______ Zip______

The Kenton Collection

cred terms. (Americans, informed that "Vietcong" means "Vietnamese Communist," have always wondered why the term was not acceptable to the N.L.F. The explanation lies not only in the fact that the N.L.F. was not an exclusively Communist organization but in the translation of "Communism." "Vietcong" was a term invented by the Diem regime to connect the N.L.F. with the secular, proletariat-based revolution that Ho Chi Minh had specifically rejected.)

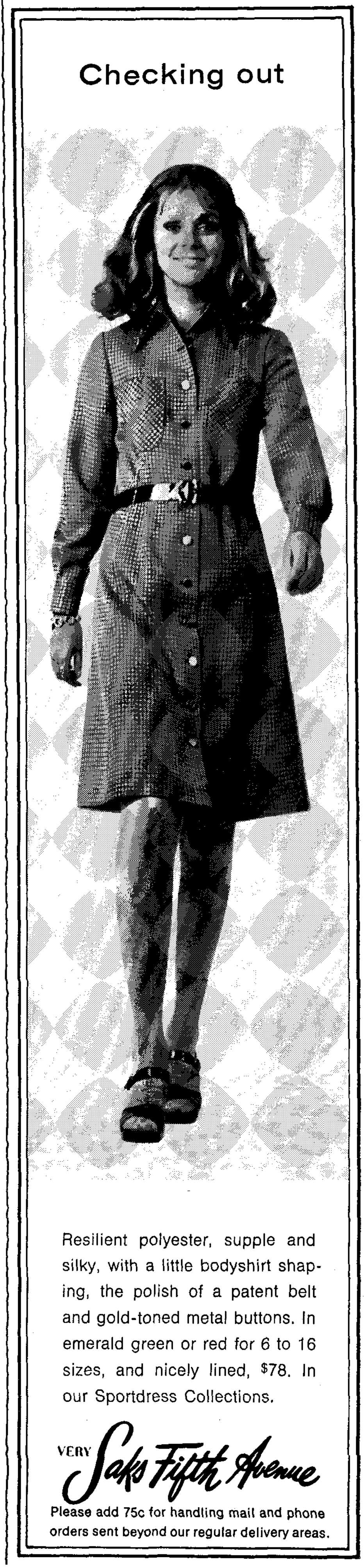
The elimination of class bias from the Vietminh and the N.L.F. had very different consequences in Vietnam from the ones that such a policy would have had in the West. In Vietnam, and particularly in the South, where there was no industry to speak of, the urban workers did not constitute a true proletariat, nor did the urban businessmen constitute a true bourgeoisie. Both belonged to a service economy that depended on foreign capital, if not a foreign presence in the country. When American intelligence experts claimed that the Vietnamese did not understand the class struggle, that they were more interested in nationalism and land reform, they ignored the fact that in the Vietnamese context the class struggle and the war of national liberation were almost identical. To rid the country of the foreigners was, in a sense, to rid it of every class enemy—with the possible exception of the landlords, Lenin's "medieval vestiges." When a land-reform program was included, the nationalist rebellion became also a struggle for a classless society.

In 1955, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam undertook a land-reform program in the North that proved a total disaster—for the state, perhaps, as well as for the people involved. The Party incited the poor peasants to arrest, try, and sentence the "landlords" and "traitors to the revolution" in their villages. The result was an anarchic campaign of terror in which, at a conservative estimate, some fifty thousand people of all economic stations were killed and the lower ranks of the Party were badly damaged. Too late to stop a rebellion in his own native Nghe An Province, Ho Chi Minh stepped in to halt the campaign, demoting or firing the officials involved and declaring the program an "error" that required rectification.

The true reason for the attempt at land reform remains problematical. Did the Party initially benefit from the terror? Or did the architect of the program, the theoretician Truong Chinh, blindly follow Chinese advice without realizing the consequences it might have for the Vietnamese villages? Whatever the reason, the terror pointed up in a lurid manner the kinds of conflict that revolution created in Vietnamese society, and the moral discrepancy—so common to violent revolutions—between ends and means. Were those thousands of people sacrificed for the good of the Party, or was the whole program a disaster from beginning to end? In either case, the exercise of great power in the North for a time exacted the same price in suffering that the Diemist anarchy had exacted in the South.

Still, whatever the damage done during the land reform, the so-called Rectification of Errors campaign that followed was a remarkable achievement for the Party and Ho Chi Minh. It may have been the only occasion on which a Communist Party leader has publicly declared himself and his own Party chiefs in error over such a major issue. The term "error" must sound Orwellian to Westerners, but for a party and a people that believe in the confluence of virtue with the laws of the universe, scientifically understood, it has profound, even cosmic, moral implications. The equivalent in the West would be for a president or prime minister to confess that he had committed treason against the nation. Ho Chi Minh was able to do it in part because of his tenacity in adhering to the principle of collective leadership.

This tenacity distinguished the Vietnamese Communist Party, since in so many other Communist countries the top leadership itself destroyed the Marxist-Leninist collectivity. In the Soviet Union, for instance, Stalin, after Lenin's death, elevated himself to the position of infallible supreme leader. Every program he undertook, therefore, had to be correct. Ho Chi Minh, by contrast, enforced Party discipline even upon himself, thus endowing his government with a high degree of flexibility. After 1954, when the Democratic Republic was firmly established in Hanoi, Ho relinquished responsibility for administration of the state in order to serve as the symbol of national unity and, upon occasion, as the arbiter between political factions. When crises arose, he was able from this position to resolve them without damaging the unity of the Party. As Paul Mus once put it, he promoted


Checking out

Resilient polyester, supple and silky, with a little bodyshirt shaping, the polish of a patent belt and gold-toned metal buttons. In emerald green or red for 6 to 16 sizes, and nicely lined, $78. In our Sportdress Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Youth 25
MOISTURIZING CREME
IRMA SHORELL'S
Youth 25
MOISTURIZING CREME

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Remarkable discovery
STOPS FINE LINES
AROUND EYES, MOUTH!

IRMA SHORELL'S
Youth 25
MOISTURIZING CREME

Regular $12.50 size
$7.00
LIMITED TIME ONLY

Now – for the first time – you can stop yourself from looking older!

When I was in my 20's no creme was available that was effective in smoothing away the dryness lines — and stopping new ones from appearing.

YOUTH 25 – this new remarkable discovery does just that! Beauty editors, stewardesses, actresses – all testify that it works! It is the world's first liquid creme that is a treatment and a moisturizer – in one . . . it imparts a healthy natural 'glowy' sheen to the skin.

The initial users – internationally famous beauties – were amazed! No more dryness lines formed around their eyes and throat. All stopped using foundations and much less makeup. And – in summer it enabled them to **TAN BEAUTIFULLY—WITHOUT PEELING.**

I know of no other product in the cosmetic world that has been as beneficial as YOUTH 25 to help the younger women eliminate the dry, taut, wrinkled feeling, protect her face against the drying, aging elements.

Irma Shorell

Available at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT • TROY
BEVERLY HILLS • ST. LOUIS • PHOENIX • PALO ALTO
MONTEREY • LA JOLLA • SKOKIE, ILL. • SPRINGFIELD, N.J.
PITTSBURGH • BALA CYNWYD • ATLANTA • PALM BEACH
FT. LAUDERDALE • MIAMI BEACH • SURFSIDE • CHEVY CHASE, MD.
SOUTHAMPTON • GARDEN CITY, N.Y. • WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

himself out of the political sphere to become the revered "ancestor" of the revolution within his lifetime. The advantage of the semi-abdication was that while he remained as charismatic a figure to his own countrymen as Mao was to the Chinese, he was able to limit the "cult of personality" and provide for his own succession. When he died, in 1969, he left his power and prestige to the same close associates who had been transacting the affairs of state for over a decade.

Given the personal view that the Vietnamese take of politics, the position and personality of Ho Chi Minh had a significance for the political system as a whole that escapes Western political-science concepts. For the Vietnamese, Ho Chi Minh was not only "the George Washington of his country," as an American senator once put it; he was the personification of the revolution—the representative of the new community to itself. For that reason, a study of Ho Chi Minh is perhaps more important than an analysis of all the ideological debates for anyone seeking to understand the Vietnamese revolution. For Ho was perfectly conscious of his role. He orchestrated his own public gestures just as carefully as the emperors had performed their rites, in order to *show* the Vietnamese what had to be done. His reticence was in itself a demonstration.

Quite consciously, Ho Chi Minh forswore the grand patriarchal tradition of the Confucian emperors. Consciously, he created an "image" of himself as "Uncle Ho"—the gentle bachelor relative who has only disinterested affection for the children, since they are *not* his own sons. As a warrior and a politician, he acted ruthlessly upon occasion, but in public and as head of state he took pains to promote that family feeling which the Vietnamese have often had for their leaders, and which he felt was the proper relationship between the people and their government. "Our Party," he said, "is great because it covers the whole country and is at the same time close to the heart of every compatriot. . . . It has won so much love in thirty years of struggle and success." Whether he was giving sweets to children or asking the peasants what meat they received from the hog that was killed for the cadre's birthday, he evoked the world of the old village, where strict patriarchal rule was mitigated by the egalitarian pressure of a small community. The affairs of small nations, he seemed to suggest, are qualitatively different from those of large ones: Vietnam would need none of the great powers' grandiose illusions—or their grandiose brutalities. The Vietnamese style should be that of simplicity combined with inner strength and resiliency. Appropriately, Ho Chi Minh, with his wispy figure, his shorts and sandals, had the sense of irony and understatement so common among Vietnamese. When a European asked him why he had never written a book of his own "Thoughts," he answered, with perfect ambiguity, that Mao Tse-tung had written all there was to say, hadn't he? In Ho's last will and testament to the Vietnamese people, he made no claim to singularity. He merely hoped that Vietnam would make a "worthy contribution" to world revolution; he hoped, too, that he would not be given a great funeral, lest it "waste the time and money of the people."

JUST days before the Tet offensive of 1968, the N.L.F. cadres in the battalions that were to assault Saigon took their men—or so it was reported—to a certain place in the forest to give them their last instructions and words of encouragement. There, where the underbrush had been cleared away for acres, they showed them hundreds of coffins they had built for the soldiers who would be killed in battle. When the soldiers had seen the coffins, it seemed, they felt happier and less afraid to die.

As Paul Mus once said, the Vietnamese know a great deal better than we do that society is made up largely of its dead. For the Vietnamese, life is but a moment of transition in the unbroken skein of lives stretching from the past into the future. Death in the absolute sense comes only when there is a break in the society that carries life on through the generations. Such a break had come in the life of the Ngo family; it had by the nineteen-sixties occurred in most Vietnamese families of the South. It was not just that so many had lost their sons and their ancestral lands in the war; it was that even before the war so few of the young people had practiced the rites of ancestor worship. The reason they had not practiced them was that the rites were, the young said, "not practical." But the N.L.F. had offered them a new kind of family, a new form of social security. The sight of the coffins reassured the soldiers because it showed them not only that the Front cared about their future but that it could fulfill its promises. The provision of the coffins was, after all, a logistical triumph and, as such, a sign that the Front had the power to reweave the society and restore its continuity through past, present, and future. The weaver of that unity was Ho Chi Minh.

Upon Ho's return to Vietnam in the nineteen-forties, he set up his headquarters in a cave on a mountain above a swiftly rushing river. He renamed that mountain Karl Marx and the river Lenin, making a symbolic connection between the ancient Vietnamese image that defined the country and the new history in which that country would live. His method—the rectification of names—was traditional. Ho Chi Minh's life made the same connection. As a child, he lived in the countryside with his father, a mandarin, who had engaged in the last resistance of the traditional Confucians against the West. As a young man, Ho had gone West—to Paris, to Moscow—and then back to Vietnam by way of China. As a mature man, he had been able to put Western theories and methods to use against the Western occupation of his country. Through Marxism-Leninism, he provided the Vietnamese with a new way of perceiving their society and with the means to knit it up into the skein of history. He showed them a way back to many of the traditional values and a way forward to the optimism of the West—to the belief in change as progress and in the power of the small people. Through Marxism-Leninism, he indicated the road to economic development, to a greater social mobility and a greater interaction between the masses of the people and their government. He re-formed the villages, linked them together, and created a nation. Whether or not the system could stand up to the full force of the American war, whether it would last a thousand years, whether or not it would in the end prove only destructive to Vietnam and the rest of Southeast Asia, it was nonetheless a way to national unity and independence, and, after a decade of the American war, still the only way the Vietnamese knew.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

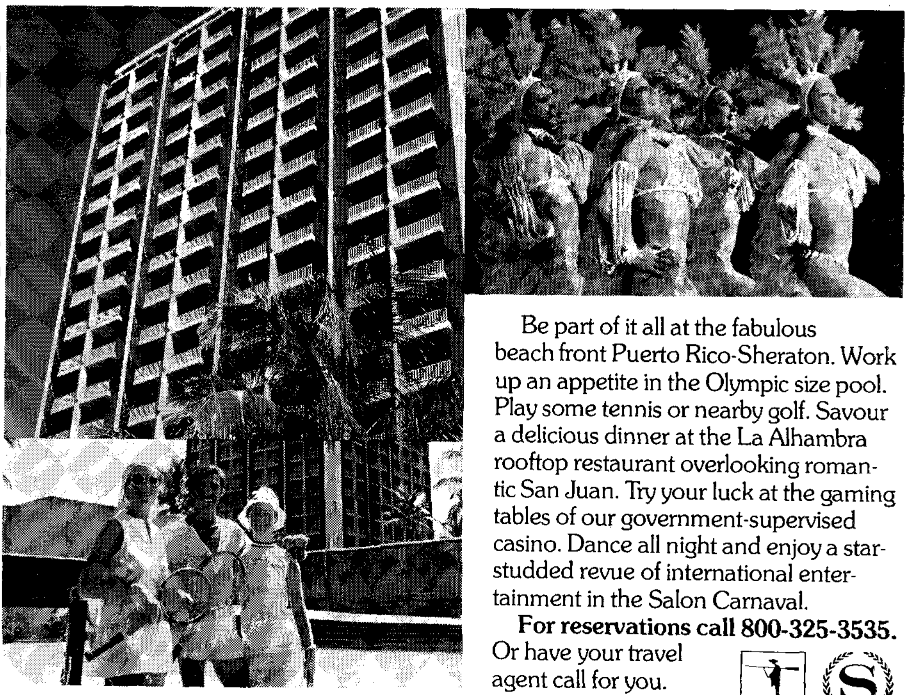
(*This is the third of a series of five articles on Vietnam.*)

•

WALL STREET

Assistant to active trader in trading department of an old established member firm. Basic requirements are a good knowledge of securities, bookkeeping, and willingness to be generally hopeful.—*Adv. in the Wall Street Journal.*

In times like these?



Puerto Rico. Sheraton makes it happen in a place that never closes.

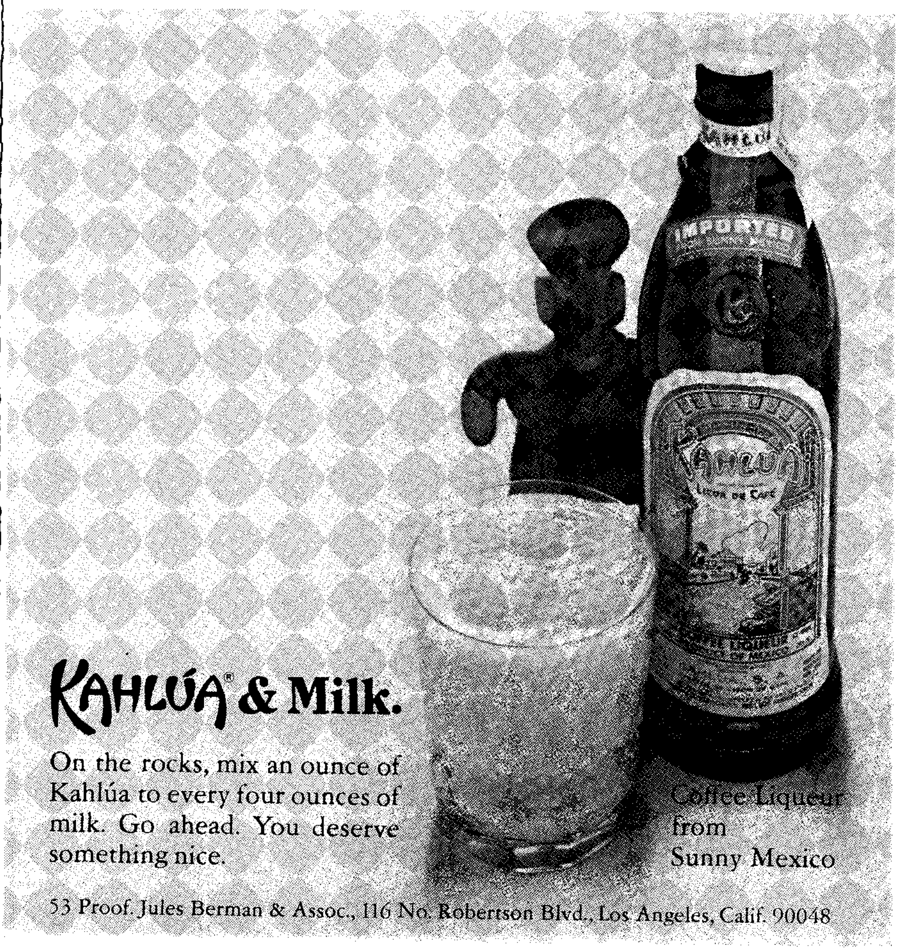
Be part of it all at the fabulous beach front Puerto Rico-Sheraton. Work up an appetite in the Olympic size pool. Play some tennis or nearby golf. Savour a delicious dinner at the La Alhambra rooftop restaurant overlooking romantic San Juan. Try your luck at the gaming tables of our government-supervised casino. Dance all night and enjoy a star-studded revue of international entertainment in the Salon Carnaval.

For reservations call 800-325-3535. Or have your travel agent call for you.

Low summer rates: $13.00-17.50*

Puerto Rico-Sheraton Hotel & Casino
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

*per person per day, double occupancy, European Plan plus gratuities and applicable taxes. Apr. 18-Dec. 14.



KAHLÚA® & Milk.

On the rocks, mix an ounce of Kahlúa to every four ounces of milk. Go ahead. You deserve something nice.

Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico

53 Proof. Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

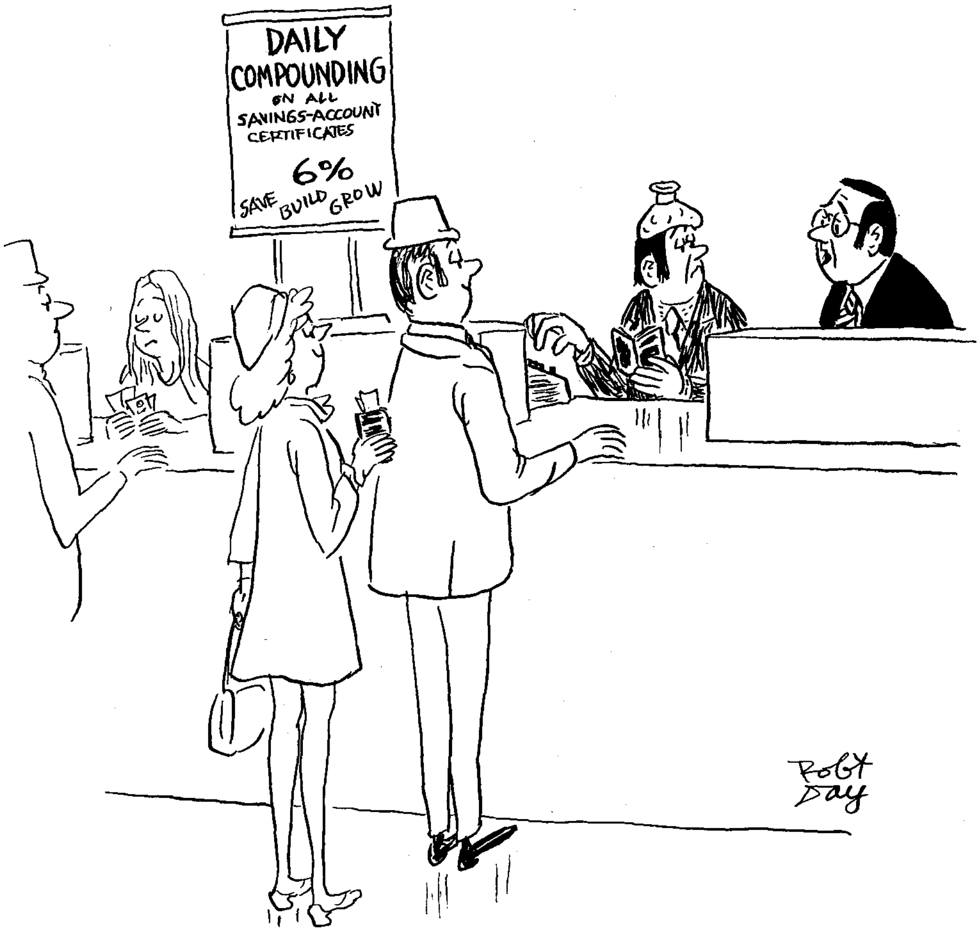
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "Hamlet," in Central Park, runs almost four hours, and, under Gerald Freedman's direction, the time flies by. Every word of it plays; every scene at least registers. It looks fine. (Costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge; lighting by Martin Aronstein; and Ming Cho Lee's structural setting on the revolving stage has never appeared more appropriate or impressive, as it becomes the royal rooms and antechambers and battlements of Elsinore.) There are no fake heroics or rant—in fact, no false notes at all—in Stacy Keach's Hamlet. Mr. Keach's performance is subtle, nimble, and nimble-witted; though he is grief-stricken and shattered by the news of his father's murder and by all the double-dealing and deception of the court, he never lets an opportunity for comedy or wit get by him. There is also much sensitivity there—a truly vulnerable Hamlet—and the intensity of his listening is always exciting. In his greetings to Horatio, and even to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he indicates, in a way I have never seen before, that melancholy and bitterness were not natural to the pre-"Hamlet" Hamlet. But there is no poetry or nobility or power in him, either, and this so diminishes the character that for a time even I (along with Claudius and Gertrude) wanted to urge him to pull himself together. "Hamlet" without poetry or nobility is no tragedy, and this, with a few exceptions, is a prose "Hamlet." No lines will keep ringing in your head after it is over. A major exception is James Earl Jones' towering, magnetic, resounding Claudius—the best performance I have seen Mr. Jones give in years, and, in a sense, the focal performance of the show. Besides poetry, what the production lacks more than anything else is decorum—the decorum of a royal court. Few formalities are observed. Courtiers and friends throw their arms around the royal personages. In the "Give me that man that is not passion's slave" speech, Prince Hamlet *kneels* beside Horatio, and even puts his hand on Horatio's thigh. There must be ways in which the men of the court can establish whatever rapport is necessary without this constant laying on of hands—a laying on of hands, by the way, that has become a convention in staging that I find deplorable. It must also be said (and regretfully) that that usually admirable actor Sam Waterston comes nowhere near Laertes. I kept noticing, too, the differences in speech and accent among the members of the royal family. There's nothing to be done about that, I guess. Certainly we don't want our actors sounding like the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (or N.B.C. news), but it's odd, all the same. These reservations aside, the "Hamlet" in the Park is an accomplishment, and these objections of mine make me feel a churlish guest at a festive occasion. Forget them. What is important is the response of the audience to the actors, and there are no impediments there.

Colleen Dewhurst is a beautiful Queen, beside herself with passion for Claudius and as delighted and as responsive to him as a girl with her first love, and this makes her closet scene with Hamlet and his stabbing of Polonius all the more shocking. Barnard Hughes' Polonius—formal, pompous, eager to please, and somewhat dazed—is very good indeed. Kitty Winn, another prose artist, is a sturdy, appealing, and most un-waifish Ophelia. James J. Sloyan does very well as Rosencrantz, and Michael Goodwin, a discovery, is a good Marcellus and the first Fortinbras I've ever noticed. When everything else in this production has faded away, I think it will be the comedy I shall remember—not only Mr. Keach's wit and his delightful fooling in the players' scene but the comedy of the final third of the play. Since "Hamlet" starts and ends late, Joseph Papp, the producer, has imported Charles Durning, of "That Championship Season," and Tom Aldredge, of "Sticks and Bones," as the two gravediggers, and it is impossible to believe that there could ever before have been gravedigger scenes this strong and funny. And the flair, the icy brilliance, and the masculinity of Raul Julia, moonlighting from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," make his Osric a star performance in a part that is little more than a bit.

—EDITH OLIVER



"If daily compounding gives you such a problem, Harwood, I suggest you find some other line of work."

NOTICE OF IMPORTANT AUCTIONS TO BE HELD AT THE GALLERIES OF RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

Estate Auctioneers

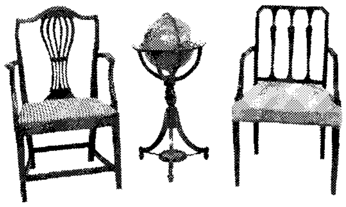
ALL UNRESERVED PUBLIC AUCTIONS

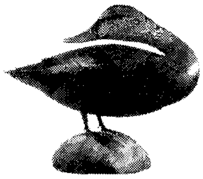
FINE AMERICAN FURNITURE, PAINTINGS, CURRIER & IVES LITHOGRAPHS, ETC. FROM SEVERAL ESTATES.

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1972 – 10:00 AM

Important collection of American antique furniture of the Queen Anne, Sheraton and Hepplewhite periods; fine American paintings; rare Currier & Ives sporting lithographs; music boxes; miniature portraits; American and Georgian silver; Chinese export porcelain; rare Simon Willard lighthouse clock and other fine clocks; and many desirable items. Liquidating in part the collection of the late Prescott Fay of Chestnut Hill, Mass. and several private consignors.

Illustrated Catalogue $3.00 ($3.50 By Mail)





ANNUAL DECOY AUCTION

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1972 – 10:00 AM

Annual auction of American bird carvings, decoys and related items including many of the best works of A. Elmer Crowell, Russ Burr, Joe Lincoln and many of America's best known decoy makers.

Illustrated Catalogue $2.50 ($3.00 By Mail)

ESTATE OF THE LATE CARTER P. WHITCOMB – SESSIONS I AND II. AMERICAN ANTIQUE FURNITURE, IMPORTANT PAINTINGS, PORCELAIN, ETC.

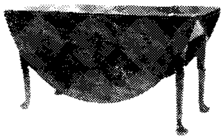
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8 AND 9, 1972 – 10:00 AM EACH DAY

Prime American antique furniture, Chinese treaty port paintings, important marine paintings, American pewter, books, collection of miniature bird carvings by A. Elmer Crowell, Currier & Ives lithographs, custom furnishings, rare china, etc.

Illustrated Catalogue $6.00 ($7.50 By Mail)

ESTATE OF THE LATE CARTER P. WHITCOMB – SESSION III. ENGLISH ANTIQUE FURNITURE, ORIENTAL RUGS, GEORGIAN SILVER, ETC.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1972 – 10:00 AM



Prime English antiques, important oriental rugs, Georgian silver, procelain, crystal, custom furnishings, etc.

Illustrated Catalogue $4.00 ($5.00 By Mail)

IMPORTANT AMERICAN PAINTINGS FROM THE COLLECTION OF DOUGLAS B. COLLINS

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1972 – 11:00 AM

Important American Nineteenth Century paintings including works by Bierstadt, Casilear, Cropsey, Sanford Gifford, George Inness, Moran, Whittredge and other important painters.

Illustrated Catalogue (with some color) $5.00 ($6.00 By Mail)

ANNUAL MARINE AUCTION

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1972 – 10:00 AM

Many rare whaling artifacts including a most important collection of scrimshaw, log books, ship models, paintings, whaling implements, marine gear, documents, books, prints, etc.

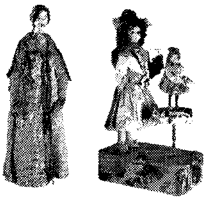
Illustrated Catalogue $4.00 ($5.00 By Mail)

VERY IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE DOLLS FROM THE SUPERB COLLECTION OF MRS. ESTELLE WINTHROP

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1972 – 10:00 AM

Important collection of rare Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Century dolls together with many doll-related items.

Illustrated Catalogue $3.00 ($3.50 By Mail)



RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

Estate Auctioneers and Appraisers
Corporation Street – Hyannis, Massachusetts
(½ Mile West of Airport Rotary Circle on Rte. 28)
Telephone (617) 775-0797
Mail: P.O. Box 141, Hyannis Port, Mass., 02647

Richard A. Bourne Co., Inc.

THE ART WORLD

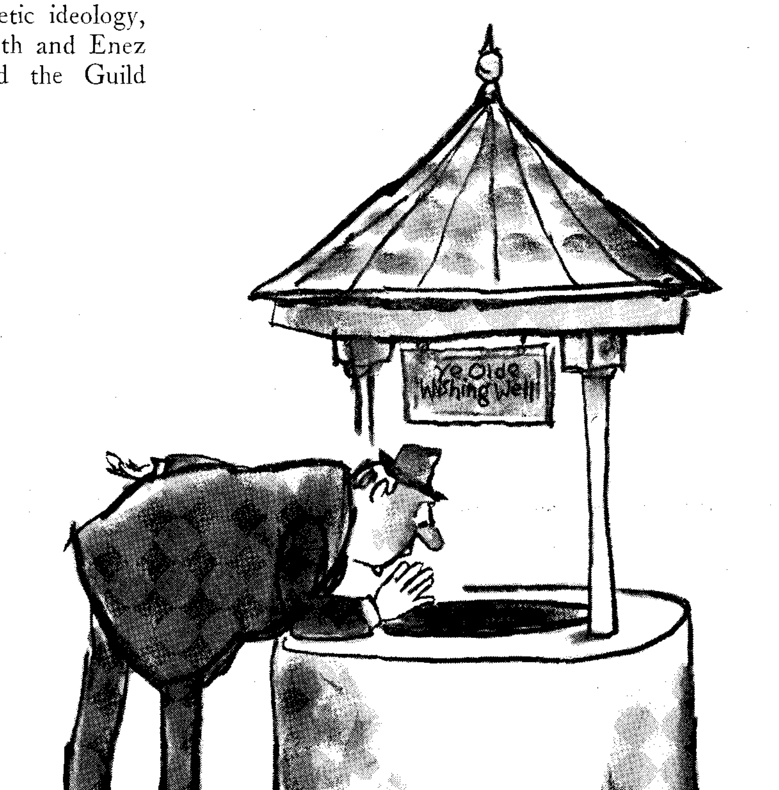
Place Patriotism and the New York Mainstream

Nota: man is the intelligence of his soil.—*Wallace Stevens.*

You have noticed how different the atmosphere of pictures painted in Brittany is from those painted in Normandy.
—*Picasso.*

THREE interesting exhibitions this spring were organized around the idea of locality; taken together, they span the breadth of the United States. In May, the Janis Gallery showed twelve young Los Angeles painters and sculptors; through June 25th, the Museum of Contemporary Art of Chicago hailed "Chicago Imagist Art" with a display (bearing that title) of a hundred pieces by some thirty artists; out on Long Island, the Guild Hall of East Hampton opened the summer season with paintings and sculptures by two dozen Hampton residents—most of whom are well known in New York—under the title of "A Sense of Place." Each of these exhibitions was accompanied by a catalogue containing reflections on the influence on art of the artists' surroundings. The most modest statement, and the one least involved with aesthetic ideology, was made by Eloise Spaeth and Enez Whipple, who assembled the Guild Hall show, to the effect that regardless of the mode in which he works "the artist cannot escape his ambiance," and that the purpose of their exhibition was to show how artists have been moved by the dunes, the sea, the gardens, and the potato fields of eastern Long Island. This theme was carried out in an assortment of handsome scenes in various "realistic" styles. Fairfield Porter's "The Ocean," Warren Brandt's "The Water Tower," and Paul Georges' "Sag Beach" present these veterans in their top form: Porter's seascape is a harmony of horizontal rhythms and impeccable hues, Brandt's secluded arbor is an advance in his management of School of Paris color, and Georges' beach scene retains this artist's customary vigor in a subtle grouping of figures at short and middle distances. Alexander Brook, Jane Wilson, Balcomb Greene, Robert Dash, and Jane Freilicher continue, as they have done for years, to defy modernist trends with views of fields, weather, and rocky shores. Such old inhabitants as Julian Levi, Robert Gwathmey, Abraham Rattner, Ray Prohaska, and the sculptor Costantino Nivola convey their intimacy with local beaches, plant life, and potato picking in personal adaptations of Cubism.

In the Guild Hall, "place" has been taken to be synonymous with "scenery." Artists given to "cosmic" themes, such as Adolph Gottlieb and Ibram Lassaw, have not been included, nor have abstractionists, such as James Brooks, Esteban Vicente, Lee Krasner, John Opper, Ilya Bolotowsky, Jimmy Ernst, Herman Cherry, and Perle Fine: her Abstract Expressionist paintings of ten years ago would surely have qualified for their feeling of the Springs woods. (No doubt, some of these familiar personages were omitted by their own choice.) In a book of American landscape paintings compiled by Alan Gussow under the title, conceived independently of the Guild Hall show, of "A Sense of Place" (Saturday Review Press), an introduction by Richard Wilbur deplores "my friend from New York, an excellent abstract artist, [who] walks through our Berkshire woods smoking Gauloises and talking of Berlin. It is too bad that he cannot be where he is." Regardless of what an artist smokes, he may have the capacity to be in two places at the same time, one of them being art. John Little's "White Gesture," also at the Guild Hall, is an assemblage of frayed rope and cracked white paint on a black ground that captures the presence of the sea in a swirl of Action-painting forms. In "Louse Point," Saul Steinberg parodies the silent, lonely prospects of nineteenth-century American landscape painting in a blending of luminous sky and water surfaces watched from the shore by tiny, isolated figures applied by rubber stamp. For Willem de Kooning, the sense of place has, during twenty-five years of wrestling with abstraction, resolved itself into an innovative synthesis: like his other landscapes since the late fifties, when he permanently transferred to East Hampton, "Clamdiggers" and "Montauk V" are figures as landscapes and landscapes as figures, locked in the action of the paint. Through figure, landscape, and pigment, de Kooning's canvases are materializations of the artist's self in a particular place and time. His figure-suggesting strokes, keyed to the countryside that encompasses him, crowd out space: everything is "in" everything else, and it is by their jammed fullness that "Montauk V" and "Clamdiggers" declare their continuity with de Kooning's Manhattan paintings of decades earlier, such as "Excavation" and "Gotham News." Montauk and the watery setting of the clammers are sensed not as external sites but as events—the

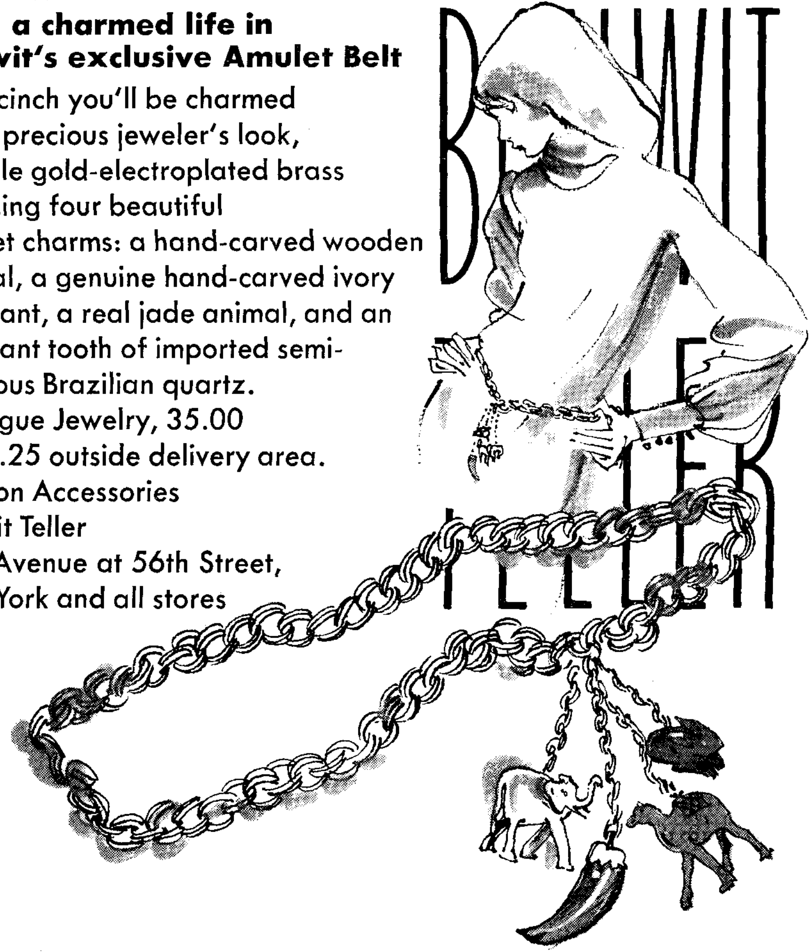


"Money I wish I had for throwing away on wishing wells."

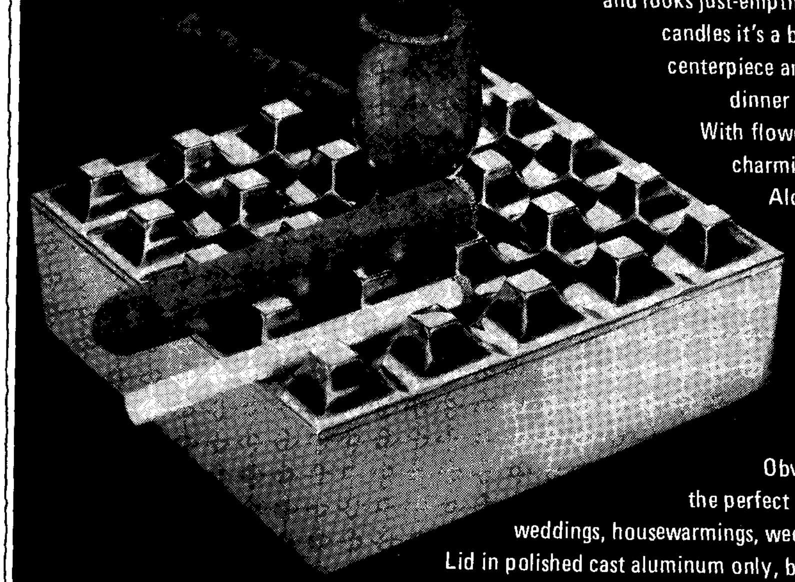
events of the artist's having passed through them and of recalling them to the canvas in the course of painting. De Kooning's aesthetics puts the landscape in its place.

OUTSIDE New York City (of which art in the Hamptons is an extension), locality is a matter less of scenery than of polemical contention, maintained with varied degrees of ferocity. The common theme of artists and their spokesmen in Montreal, Albuquerque, Mexico City, Rome, Tokyo is "We have managed (or can manage) to be different." In each instance, the antagonist is New York seen as the center of a global process of art-historical "development" that dooms all other places to belated imitation. An invitation to a New Yorker to discuss New York art and its influence amounts to a provocation; the visitor is expected to offend through bragging and Big Brother condescension. "A good subject would be 'New York, Art Capital of the World,' " an Israeli official suggested, sardonically, when I was invited to speak at the Jerusalem Museum. If New York is the site from which art history is launched, to be present there would seem indispensable to the creation of an art that matters. One who fails to respond to the New York note is considered to be an exile from both past and future. On the other hand, for the art of a place to differ from that of New York, and to dare to be satisfied with its difference, is to have achieved an identity of its own—a "school" that deserves attention. Regionalism today, in art as in politics, is the revolt of geography against history.

"Los Angeles '72," the twelve-man show at the Janis Gallery, owed less to characteristics of locality than to prevalent aesthetic notions. According to a catalogue foreword by the ubiquitous Maurice Tuchman, of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and his associate Jane Livingston, two tendencies are to be noted among young West Coast artists: art based on art, and an anti-formalist primitivism or ingenuousness. Neither of these preferences is, of course, confined to the West Coast. Art about art is worldwide, and, as we shall see, primitivism, ingenuousness, and anti-formalism are also distinguishing features attributed to Chicago "imagism." But if present attitudes in Los Angeles art do not derive from that city's pavements, they suffice, nevertheless, according to Tuchman-Livingston, to remove it from the New York orbit and thus to affirm the existence of a "Los Angeles School":



Lead a charmed life in
Bonwit's exclusive Amulet Belt
It's a cinch you'll be charmed
by its precious jeweler's look,
in triple gold-electroplated brass
dangling four beautiful
amulet charms: a hand-carved wooden
animal, a genuine hand-carved ivory
elephant, a real jade animal, and an
elephant tooth of imported semi-
precious Brazilian quartz.
By Vogue Jewelry, 35.00
Add 1.25 outside delivery area.
Fashion Accessories
Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores



the ashtray you've always needed –
Ashes and butts fall safely inside—out of sight,
out of smell, and undisturbed by wind, guffaws,
or sneezes. Ultima holds a party's or a day's butts
and looks just-emptied. With
candles it's a beautiful
centerpiece and after-
dinner ashtray.
With flowers it's a
charming vase.
Alone—it's
a work
of art.

Obviously,
the perfect gift for
weddings, housewarmings, weekends.
Lid in polished cast aluminum only, base the
same or red, orange, black, or white. 6" square. $20.00.
Designed by artists Bo Ljungberg and Holger Bäckström. World Patent.
ARTOB Limited—536 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) 683-7657.
Mail orders: Add $1.00 postage, New York residents add sales tax.
Twenty-four-hour telephone order recording service.

Handmade
Belgian Casuals
for more
comfort
than going
barefoot
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $35

Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

☐ Red/trim black ☐ Blue/trim green ☐ All White
☐ Blue/trim red ☐ Brown/trim black ☐ All Black
☐ Beige/trim white ☐ Yellow/trim white ☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

My regular shoe size is________
Send ______ pairs @ $35 each.
Add $1.00 per pair mailing charge.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name________
Address________
City________State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER CHARGE CARDS HONORED

TERRY SHIRT 'N SHORTS Here's the perfect playsuit—all in one piece. So easy to slip into with white pearl buttons up the front. Terry belt is banded in red and blue. In easy care **white terry.** Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). **$11.95**
Add 50¢ for shipping. *Send for free color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP **Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709**

"One immediately senses a very great difference in character between this show and comparable gatherings of young New York painters, which [who?] seem by and large more rigidly formalist in the sense of problem-solving and at the same time more delectable." Tuchman-Livingston continue to view New York art as the Minimalist abstraction of the sixties, and the departure from this style in Los Angeles is their evidence of regional independence. It is interesting, however, that when, a few years ago, art in Los Angeles even outdid New York art in being "rigidly formalist," the same strategy of asserting difference was employed to give Los Angeles art a local trademark; an exhibition, by ten Los Angeles artists, of colored plastic boxes and slabs, semi-geometric vacuo-form test tubes, twisted metal bands, and paintings of stripes and chevrons that fitted neatly into New York avant-gardist fashion was sent to Seattle in 1966, accompanied by a catalogue in which John Coplans, organizer of the show, insisted that "style in Los Angeles art, whether conceived of as a characteristic of a collective identity, a sense of place, a mode of procedure, or a shared imagery, is unlike that of New York." He went on to find that painting and sculpture in Los Angeles are an art "ruptured from historical context" and "without affiliation to the central line of development taking place in New York." In sum, to acquire an absolute identity outside the format of art history the art of a place, regardless of its characteristics, needs only to eradicate the fingerprints of New York.

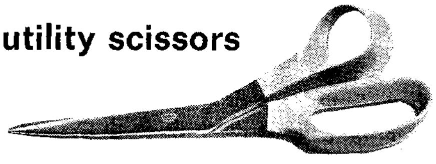
The works at the Janis Gallery contained not a single positive feature of locality, whether of mood, lie of the land, surface texture, or way of life; even the takeoffs of film-company insignia by Ed Ruscha and the aggressive shininess of glass and plastics by Larry Bell and Craig Kauffman, prominent in the Seattle exhibition, had been superseded by studio conceits. The "'72" creations are freer in imagination than their predecessors but no less dependent on world-circling modes. Form was inventively derived from materials in Jack Barth's torn and reconnected heavy paper battings, in Allan McCollum's canvas constructed of tiny painted rectangles, in Scott Grieger's composition of separately suspended painted planes, and in Richard Jackson's construction that exposes the backs of canvases on stretchers. If, as Peter Schjeldahl contended in the *Times*, the Los Angeles creations cannot "dispel

Take your wife and kids to a faraway tropical island.
About 8 minutes from Miami.

The Royal Biscayne. On Key Biscayne.
With a long white ocean beach.
And ten great new tennis courts.
And a velvety putting green. And some *of the most magnificent food ever* set before man.
There are only a few great family resorts left anymore.
You've just discovered one of them.

Royal Biscayne
A SHERATON RESORT HOTEL
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
555 OCEAN DRIVE, KEY BISCAYNE, FLA. 33149
361-5775 Toll free: 800-325-3535

FISKARS
utility scissors



Featherweight, precision stainless steel blades from Finland with anatomically shaped finger grips, right or left. $7.50 postpaid.

Finland Design, Inc.
816 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010
Discount available on lots of 5 pairs

Nightly
(Except Sunday)
Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!
◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL **Algonquin**
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30) Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-6 a.m.)

an air of instant familiarity," this makes them neither more nor less art of a place than the work of young artists in SoHo, whose works seem equally "familiar." After a hundred years of deepening and stretching each modernist style, there exists a modernist look, or set of looks, so extensive that to find a point of departure outside of it is virtually impossible; the complex of modes can be modified only by work from within them, and the young artist has not had enough time to accomplish this. For Schjeldahl, the resemblance between Los Angeles and New York art proves the futility of regional revolt. Like Coplans, he considers New York art the embodiment of art history, but he believes that history is bound to win over place. "It is, finally, perhaps a little foolish to speak of California art *versus* New York art. New York's gravitational field is so strong that any American working in a mainstream (New York) mode will, should he become influential, more or less automatically be 'a New York artist.' " Yet Schjeldahl himself names an exception—Ed Ruscha, whose silk-screen prints of flies and cockroaches on smooth surfaces express for Schjeldahl the "sense" of Los Angeles as a place that is "gaga and sinister."

Claes Oldenburg has said that Chicago gives him a "sepulchral feeling" and that it has "a strange metaphysical elegance of death about it"—which is not very far from being "gaga and sinister," like Los Angeles. Franz Schulze, a local art critic and godfather of Chicago Imagist art, who wrote the catalogue for the exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art in which Oldenburg is quoted, as well as a book about artists in the show ("Fantastic Images: Chicago Art Since 1945;" Follett Publishing Company), is convinced that art in his city reflects a mood distinct from that of any other spot on earth. He describes Chicago paintings with such adjectives as "perverse," "obsessive," "anti-rational," "private," "freakish," "vulgar," "delinquent," all of which become with him terms of praise. Happy the region that harbors a Franz Schulze! He is *for* Chicago art as Dostoevski was for the Russian peasant: the more repellent the qualities, the more precious. Chicago Imagist art is not regional in the old sense of picturing local settings, history, folkways. Schulze's Chicagoans turn inward, away from Chicago; his key word for them is "introverted." Their art rejects the visible Chicago represented by its lofty buildings in the tradition of Bauhaus rationality. If the paintings and sculptures at the Museum of Contemporary Art had anything in common, it was a turn of mind akin to Oldenburg's "metaphysical" element; as in the Los Angeles exhibition, not one work in it had any reference to the visual realities of its point of origin. This is place art by means of exclusion of place.

The best known of Schulze's artists is H. C. Westermann, maker of boxes and cabinets with touches of depravity. At least equally "sepulchral" are Seymour Rosofsky's decayed, epicene figure entitled "Homage" and his "The Unemployment Office," with its reiterated planes suggestive of a warehouse of coffins. Cosmo Campoli, a veteran modeller of ganglionic birds, pregnant eggs, skulls, and hex effigies, presents his Chicago credentials with the ominous, primitivistic "Birth of Death;" Leon Golub, a New York painter whom I find more wistful than death-dealing but who claims an ineradicable Chicago coloration, offers evidence of adherence to the Schulze underground with "Burnt Man IV" and his giant wrestlers, who look like figures in antique funeral games. There are charnel intimations, too, in George Cohen's flat, armless woman-shapes and constructions made of mirrors and dismembered dolls, in Irving Petlin's streaked male nudes marching in tense formations, and in the courting of campy gruesomeness in Don Baum's assemblages of dolls attacked by skeletal ravishers. Kerig Pope's "Two Infants Observing Nature" combines the organic and the mechanical in a manner reminiscent of Max Ernst's "Garden Airplane Trap;" Ellen Lanyon achieves similar effects but with fantasy added; Steven Urry has designed wandering visceral sculptures in metal that bring to mind Mickey Mouse. The rowdy element in "Chicago Imagist Art" was supplied by June Leaf, whose puppet theatre of rural types is a cross between Red Grooms' cutouts and Punch and Judy, and by the comic-strip-related grotesqueries *cum* occasional pornography ("brutish," in Schulze's idiom of flattery) and the color-TV hues of James Nutt, Gladys Nilsson, Ed Paschke, and Karl Wirsum.

"Chicago Imagist Art" was a lively, attractive show. Did the sum of these creations add up, as Schulze contends, to a collective genius of place? Are the nobility of Golub, the reflectiveness of Cohen compatible with the rattiness of the Hairy Who as aspects of a single

"One bathroom to go, please."

Introducing Versa-Bath, the latest innovation from Borg-Warner. Because the bathing area is such an important part of the total bathroom, Versa-Bath can transform an ordinary bathroom into a room that is a decorator's delight. What is Versa-Bath? It's a four-piece bath/shower cove made of fiberglass bonded together with sturdy, rigid, Miracril Acrylic®. It's leak proof, stain resistant, acid resistant, and comes in all Borg-Warner decorator colors to match all other Borg-Warner bathroom fixtures.

The complete four-piece cove is packaged in a single carton that's only 24" x 35" x 62" — which means you can take it home in a car as small as a Volkswagen and carry it through any standard doorway.

The unit's wall panels are rigid and self-supporting and require no extra subwalls. And because Versa-Bath assembles entirely from the front, it can be installed in a bathroom as narrow as 5'. You will find cleaning your Versa-Bath a pleasure. Just wipe it down with a mild detergent and water, and it will retain its original lustre.

This new unitized bath/shower cove system is just one of the many innovative products that make the Borg-Warner Bathroom — a concept that includes a colorful selection of coordinated bathroom fixtures for new homes or remodeling.

Remodelers will find Versa-Bath sold in carry-out form at leading building supply stores nationally. Why not stop and look at one today. We know you will like Versa-Bath and what it can do to beautify your bathroom. For more information write Borg-Warner Corporation, Plumbing Products Division, Mansfield, Ohio 44902, Department 2G.

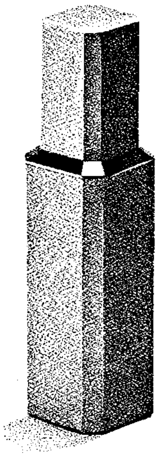
The Borg-Warner bathroom

BORG WARNER®

2-102

I have created a
perfume without
alcohol, so that it cannot evaporate swiftly
from the skin and
leave a woman with
only the memory of
its fragrance.
Andrée Biallôt

Sue Sue® FANFARON®
Réalisé en France. Andrée Biallôt Ltd., 65 East 55 St., N.Y.C.



distinctive
CHRISTMAS CARDS
The new catalogue of the famous Museum Christmas cards – an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, and graphics ranging across fifty centuries. ☆ Unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, porcelain, the new engagement calendar, *Beasts of Earth & Air*, and the new snowflake wrought in sterling. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents from $2.75 to $150. They are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below to reserve your copy of the 72-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N 8
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________ ZIP __________

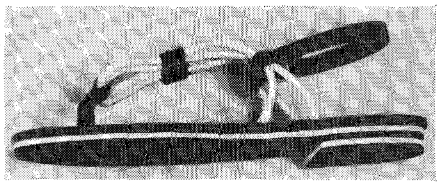
psychic formation? Among the best items are compositions by Miyoko Ito and Irene Siegel that had no temperamental relation to the theme of the exhibition. As might be expected after the example of Los Angeles, what passes for Chicago art owes less to positive local traits than to a shared resistance to New York and the "mainstream." "In Chicago," writes Schulze, "there is not only a proclivity toward literary and imagistic art but a tendency to be defiant of the implications of linear art history. New Yorkers, on the other hand, have a big stake in art history." Like Tuchman-Livingston, Schulze is fighting the formalism of the sixties with which New York is identified in his mind. Of course, anti-"mainstream" shows comparable to that in Chicago could be, and have been, put on in New York, too: the exhibitions of the Rhino Horn group, to mention only one example, constituted a revolt against the "uptown" commissars of formalist art history. Another kind of anti-formalist show would include all the artists in the East Hampton "A Sense of Place" exhibition, plus Abstract Expressionists and Pop artists, from Louise Nevelson to George Segal, who have been battered by the formalist mainstream.

In his eagerness to demonstrate the aesthetic and spiritual difference of Chicago art, Schulze distorts the past of American art since the war by converting artists such as Pollock and Rothko into equivalents of museum curators with a "reverence" for art history. In claiming the appearance of "a definable ideology in art" in Chicago, Schulze is duplicating in reverse the worst feature of his mistaken idea of New York uniformity by substituting a formula for analysis of the actual nature of art in the Second City. Chicago art, it seems, has only to practice a kind of aesthetic know-nothingism and its validity is assured. Yet, devoid both of a grasp of Chicago as a place and of an outlook on art today, the works at the Museum of Contemporary Art failed to convey authority. What was missing in "Chicago Imagist Art" was precisely an aesthetically persuasive image. Instead of asserting how things are either in Chicago or in art, the paintings are displays of personal whims. Lanyon's "Human Head in a Fish Bowl (Singing, Laughing, Talking)" is an instance. To Schulze, this fanciful arbitrariness "represents the tradition of eccentric individualism long associated with the Middle West." But while eccentricity may constitute a tradition in producing marvellous Model

There are executives who
have discovered that
Boston's publishing centers
are just a pleasant
stroll away from pleasant
accommodations.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Hotel
Boston



DENIM THONGS
A seaworthy sandal . . . by Sperry Top Sider . . . with their famous-for-safety, flexible anti-slip rubber boating sole. It's also a great sandal ashore. Navy cotton denim with comfortable white rope thongs. Women's sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; medium (B) width. $6.95
Add 50¢ each for shipping.
Send for our new free 96-page color catalog featuring fashions in terry for men and women.
THE TOG SHOP Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709

VERMONT
MOUNTAIN
HIDEAWAY
(Luxury . . . Privacy)
A wake-up view vast enough to stretch your imagination with every comfort and convenience, high in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Design genius and a profound respect for the environment have combined to create this all season home.
VACATION RENT or BUY!
Mgt. Rental Service.
For details 802-746-5171
Hawk, Rt. 100, Box 10-C
Pittsfield, Vt. 05762
HAWK
This ad shall not constitute an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy; nor shall there be any offers, solicitations or sales to or from residents of New York or of any other state, if such offers, solicitations or sales would be unlawful under the laws of such state.

T's in the basement, it is not a tradition in art; it is, in fact, the opposite of a tradition. Chicago whimsicality flourishes at the expense of the intellectual element in art, without which painting and sculpture reduce themselves to crafts carried on as a hobby. If the pressure of formalist art history impelled painting and sculpture in the sixties toward a zero of experience, an art of place (and of time) can retrieve richness only through sensibilities activated by creations of the past. "Primitivism" today is an inherited approach, and, for all their "introversion," the images of the Chicago painters rest upon recent styles that have become second nature in placing paint on canvas. Schulze's exhibition was far more "art historical" in its striving for modernist effects than the paintings of accepted visual beauties in East Hampton's "A Sense of Place."

THE reality behind the regional problem is the same everywhere: that all localities have their defectors, including the defectors from the downtown lofts of New York. Artists in any given place struggle with the need to convince themselves that, as Schulze succinctly puts it, "after all, art is possible here" and that artists who took off for the capital suffered a loss by doing so. What makes art in New York central is that the question "Is art possible here?" tends to be transposed into the question "Is art possible?"—a question that has the advantage of touching a deeper cultural disturbance.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

ESSENCE
OF
DECISION
EXPLAINING THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS
Graham T. Allison

"Maggie threatens to spread the word that Thad is a sissy cook, whereupon Thad, to keep her from telling, tries to get something on Maggie. . . . Boy-girl relationships and the elementary school scene are depicted with warmth and understanding in the lighthearted, funny first-person story.
LITTLE, BROWN —*Adv. in Society.*

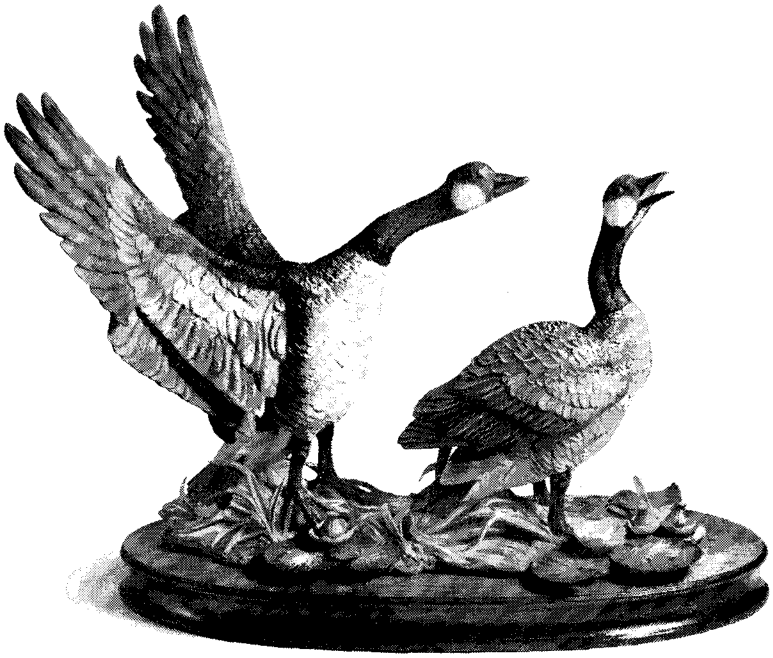
You can't beat Little, Brown when it comes to keeping the kids amused.

•

Senator Edmund S. Muskie, of Maine, who appeared in person before the committee, also advised the drafting of a "moderate" platform.

"It is the traditional position of our party," he said. "I believe it is a valid position for the 1070's."—*The Times.*

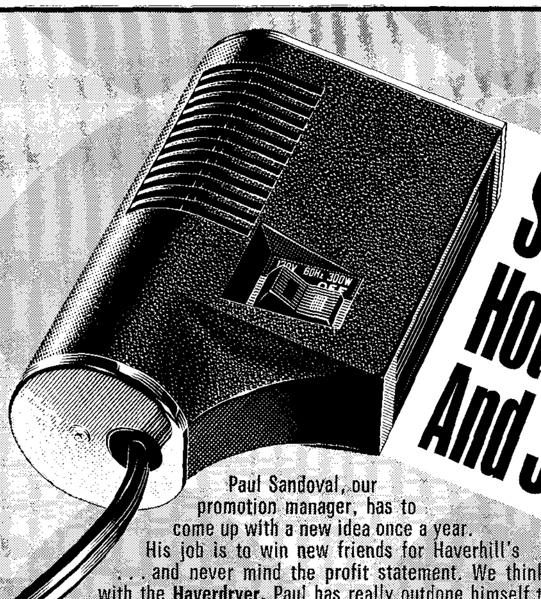
Better check it out with William the Conqueror, all the same.



Heading South.

Canada Geese. Sculptured by Gunther Granget in bisque porcelain.
Limited edition of 300. 16½" by 18". $3,750.
For more information on Hutschenreuther originals, write:

STERLING, CHINA, CRYSTAL
WALLACE
Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492



So Much Hot Air... And Just $9.95!

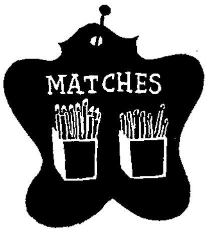
Paul Sandoval, our promotion manager, has to come up with a new idea once a year. His job is to win new friends for Haverhill's . . . and never mind the profit statement. We think that with the **Haverdryer**, Paul has really outdone himself this time. This outstanding Dryer/Styler of 300 watt capacity puts out a fabulous amount of hot air. And even if you're blessed with 12 pounds of hair, **Haverdryer** will get it done in no time. **Haverdryer** is black with chrome trim and if you like to style while you dry, you can snap on the brush or comb that Paul has thoughtfully provided. If you agree that your hair should be washed at least twice a week and then dried and styled (rather than fending for itself) you can't afford to pass up Paul's offer. If you take him up on it, you'll also receive our **Colorful 64-page Catalog** and, not being able to leave well enough alone, Paul will also send you a **$2 Gift Certificate** that you may use with your next purchase. So, if you need a good hair dryer and love a bargain write your name, address and zip on the margin of this ad (or on a separate piece of paper) and send us your check for $10.95 ($9.95 plus $1 post. and insur. California deliveries please add tax) and we'll send Paul's dryer right out to you. **Haverdryer** is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only charge for postage and handling). And you may return **Haverdryer** within two weeks of receipt for full refund if you're not absolutely glonkers about it.

haverhill's
587 Washington
San Francisco
California 94111

NY0715 299-1

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

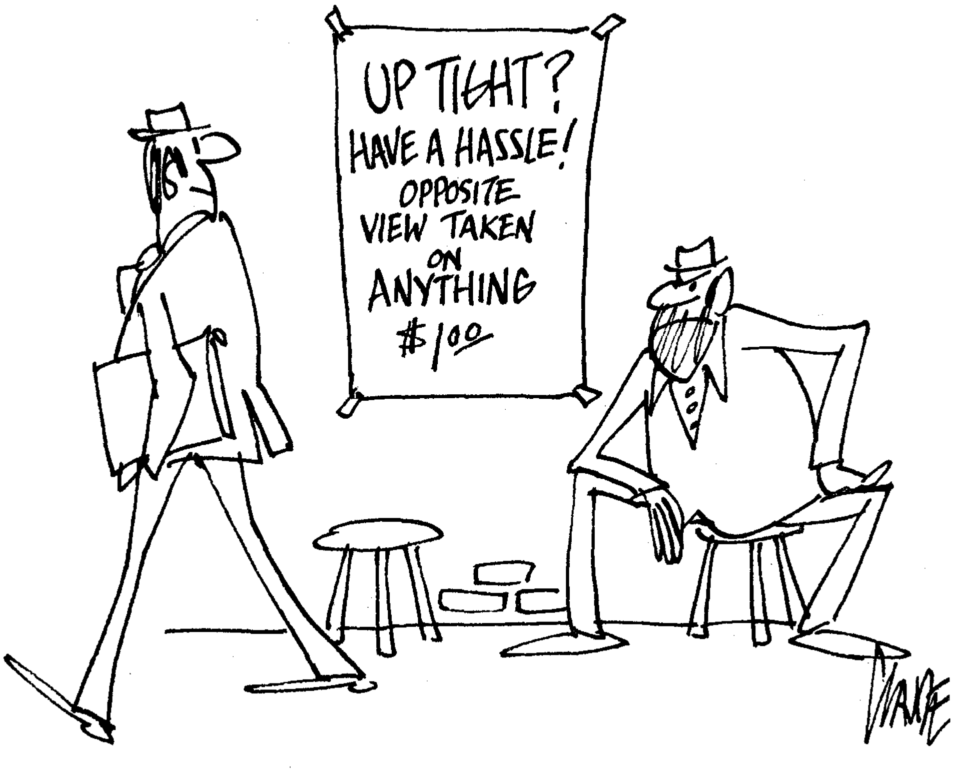
ABOUT THE HOUSE



"DESIGN is not art. Design is not terribly significant. Design is not always better than nothing." These fresh words, by the graphic designer Ivan Chermayeff, appear in an exhibition entitled "Design is . . ." at the new Renwick Gallery, in Washington, D.C., among a lot of stale ones by Frank Lloyd Wright, Philip Johnson, Raymond Loewy, Edgar Kaufman, Wernher Von Braun, Bess Myerson Grant, and other "authorities" on design. The exhibition itself is noteworthy chiefly for its handsome, unconventional display cases, which are tall, clear Plexiglas cylinders with adjustable shelves of the same material, and for a motorcyclist's black leather jacket belonging to one Jerry—a lovely piece of folk art decorated with studs, chains, sports-car medallions, fabric panels of maroon, gold, and yellow, and a pair of motel keys jauntily dangling from a zipper ring. For the rest, the exhibition is the old lesson in Good Design we all learned at our MOMA's knee, taught with the usual assortment of tasteful consumer products and elegant technical and industrial equipment, and in this case with wordy signs as well. But this show is only one of seven shows currently going on at the Renwick, and its old-fashioned character is not typical of the museum. For example, there is the Grand Salon, on the second floor—a restoration of a mid-nineteenth-century art gallery, replete with dimpled velvet banquettes, heavy damask draperies, massive carved cabinets, gilded chairs, potted palms, and large bad paintings hung three or four deep on the wall. Twenty, even ten, years ago, such a restoration would not have been contemplated by a museum styling itself, as the Renwick does, "the national showcase for the creative achievements of designers and craftsmen of the United States, past and future," nor would the building itself—a Victorian structure—have been selected. But today the ornate trappings of the Victorian Age are no longer the threat they were to the pre- and post-Bauhaus generations. It is the chill geometries of Functionalism that have become anathema to many members of the present generation, and the Victorian mess, in contrast, seems warm and benign. Mess itself (or "diversity," as it is sometimes called) is cherished for its affinity to sloppy human nature, while design is mistrusted and associated with the machine. (Yet a visit to an apartment in one of the picturesque New Law tenements in Harlem can cause one to feel considerably less critical of the "dehumanizing"—but rat-free—city housing projects.)

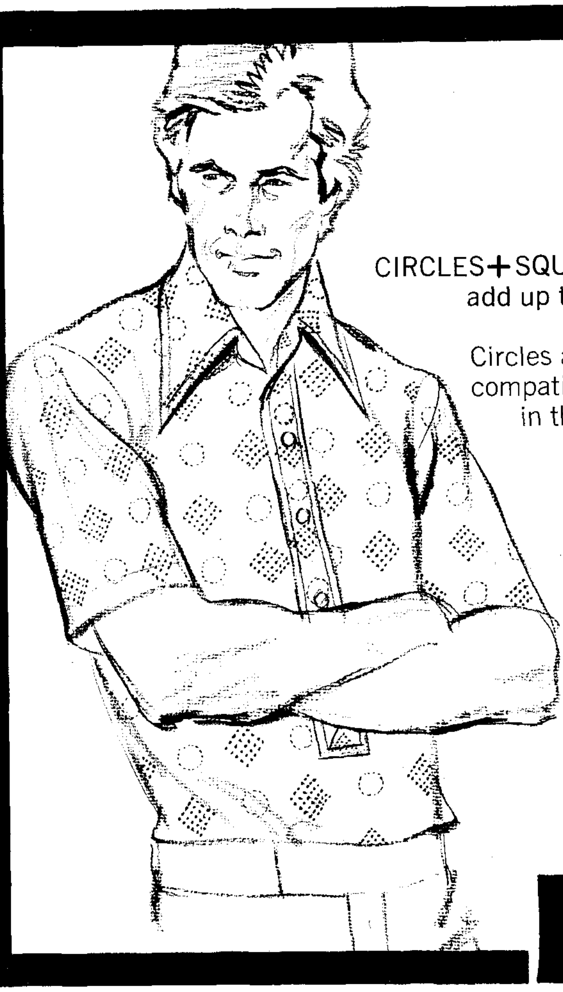
The Renwick Gallery delightfully takes the visitor away from the real world of housing projects and Kustard Kastles and Lincoln Centers, as, indeed, does the whole neighborhood: Blair House next door, the White House across the street, the newly restored Lafayette Square a block away, and God in His spacious zoning-law-protected Heaven above. The building is Victorian architecture at its most chaste. Columns and garlands and medallions and the inscription "DEDICATED TO ART" grace the red brick façade of the square, mansard-roofed "Second Empire" building, and evoke a marble bust of the young Victoria rather than the photographs of Albert's chubby widow that so many other Victorian structures resemble. The building was erected in 1859 as a gallery for William Wilson Corcoran's collection of art, and the architect was James Renwick, Jr., who designed St. Patrick's Cathedral and Grace Church. In 1899, Corcoran moved his collection to the larger building it now occupies, and sold the Renwick building for three hundred thousand dollars to the federal government, which used it as the Court of Claims for the next sixty-five years. In 1956, a bill was passed by Congress calling for the demolition of the building and the erection of a three-and-a-half-million-dollar new Court of Claims on its site; fortunately, the bill was still unsigned when, in 1963, President Kennedy's Lafayette Square preservation project came along and the old Corcoran was included in its provisions. In 1965, the government gave the building to the Smithsonian Institution, which handsomely refurbished it and fittingly named the new museum after its architect.

An exhibition entitled "Woodenworks," which closes next week, presents furniture by five contemporary craftsmen—George Nakashima, Sam Maloof, Arthur Espenet Carpenter, Wendell Castle, and the late Wharton Esherick—and further underlines the retrograde character of the museum. All the exhibitors are, as the catalogue points out, "designers and builders of custom furniture," and each, "unlike his early American counterpart, who worked by hand out of necessity, has chosen his craft deliberately as a means of pleasure and expression and in response to a personal sense of need." Work done for pleasure rather than out of necessity has a way of looking like what (strictly speaking) it is: the work of an amateur. Of the work in "Woodenworks," only Esherick's, in my view, is entirely free of the atmosphere of the hobbyist's basement workshop. This


UP TIGHT?
HAVE A HASSLE!
OPPOSITE VIEW TAKEN ON ANYTHING
$100

quality is a matter not of deficient technique—the craftsmanship here ranges from exquisite to perfect—but of weakness of design. There is nothing in this show that in its design approaches the strength of the mass-produced bentwood Prague Chair. Esherick's strange, thorny pieces bring Art Nouveau to mind in their use of thrusting, sinuous curves—though it is Art Nouveau with a (if you can imagine) rustic rather than a heliotrope-scented-drawing-room quality. In a corner desk of black walnut, ebony, padauk, and leather, designed in 1931, Esherick deviates from his usual curves and works with deep acute angles, which give the piece a look of mystery and menace. I thought of the street scenes in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" as I regarded this spooky complex of triangles, which unfolds in unexpected places to reveal lavish internal appointments. This piece may be the most interesting desk ever made, though I'm not sure I'd care to be alone in the house with it on a dark night. Mr. Castle is represented by a cabinet whose legs look like the roots of teeth, a settee whose base resembles walrus tusks, and a number of massive pieces that look like large, uncouth mammals. According to the catalogue, Castle's work is "impossible to categorize, combining as it does a blend of sculpture and furniture that cannot be comfortably defined as one or the other." I find Castle's work hard to like as sculpture and impossible to accept as furniture, but I may be unduly influenced by this thing I have about roots of teeth. Castle has a large, enthusiastic following. Nakashima, Maloof, and Espenet (which is what Carpenter calls himself, explaining, "The reason I don't have Carpenter on my sign is obvious. . . . If I had Carpenter out there, they are going to come in for all sorts of things") do normal-looking furniture of an unexceptionable—but somewhat flat—order of modern design. This flatness may be the inevitable consequence of working against the tide of industrialization—of creating for the few in an age of the too many.

Other things to see at the Renwick Gallery are an exhibition of Pueblo pottery, a retrospective of the art glass of Frederick Carder, a collection of contemporary Swedish textiles, watercolor renderings of toleware done by W.P.A. artists for the Index of American Design, and the restored Octagon Room, which was originally designed to exhibit Hiram Powers' "The Greek Slave," a neoclassical life-size female nude that was the most famous American statue of its day. "The Greek Slave" is now at



CIRCLES+SQUARES+DACRON®
add up to smart Izod shirts

Circles and squares can be compatible. And Izod did it in this bright easy care doubleknit shirt.

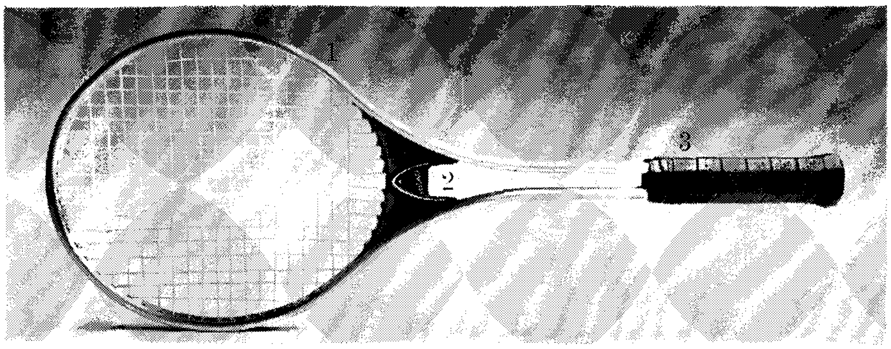
White with
frost blue/yellow,
navy/red or
Dartmouth/mint.
S,M,L,XL.
About $17.50

At fine stores
and pro shops.

Dupont Reg. T.M.

498 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

IZOD



We designed it after all the other makers had made their little mistakes.

In tennis rackets, as in other fields, you generally have to do it wrong before you can do it right. Unless you watch others do it wrong first.

So we watched others string their metal rackets with gimmicky rigs and grommets. Then we strung the Head Master the normal way, except that we added a recessed nylon protection strip (1) that prevents wear.

And we watched others use a rigidly fastened metal throat wedge. Then we designed our special flexible nylon throat wedge (2) to guide the strings to the outside of the frame, eliminating breakage due to rivets and welds.

We also watched others make twisty handles with long shafts. Then we made our shafts shorter and anchored them in a solid one-piece molded handle (3).

So, if you want top performance and durability in a metal racket, the Head Master is your obvious choice.

But if you have a soft spot for "firsts" or "originals," you may prefer the rackets we learned from.

AMF
Head Ski
HEAD SKI DIVISION AMF INCORPORATED
4801 North 63rd Street, Boulder, Colorado 80301

Bet you can't love just one.

They're St. Croix's foremost beachfront twosome. Stay at one. Get all guest privileges at the other. Your choice.

Gorgeous accommodations. Lively informal fun and action. And delightfully cool tradewinds for the most perfect weather in the Caribbean.

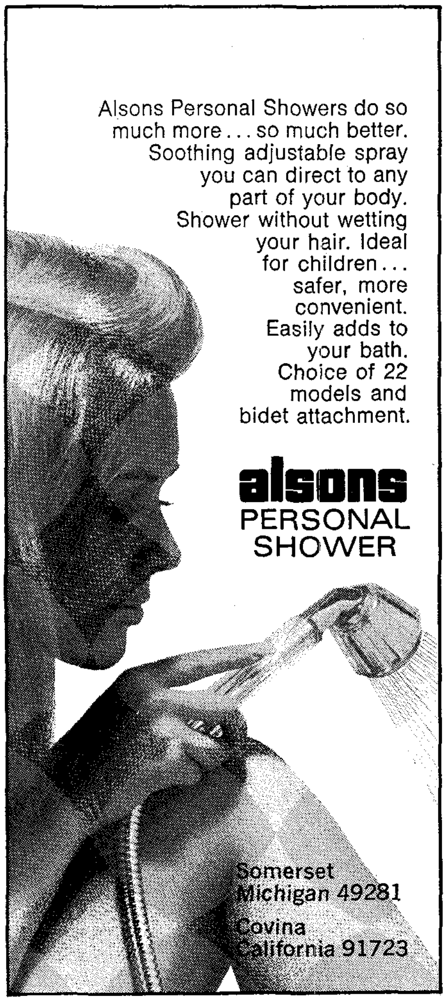
Bet you'll love both. Now, at a low, low price. From **$10** per person per day European Plan April 15-December 17

(Maximum rate: $21)

Grapetree Bay Hotel
•
BEACH HOTEL
OF GRAPETREE BAY

**ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES
OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY.**
P.O. Box "Z", Christiansted,
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00820

See your travel agent, write direct or call
HETLAND & STEVENS, INC.
New York: (212) 867-1450
Boston: (617) 266-1370 • Chicago: (312) 372-4383
Also in Dallas, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale and Toronto.



Alsons Personal Showers do so much more . . . so much better. Soothing adjustable spray you can direct to any part of your body. Shower without wetting your hair. Ideal for children . . . safer, more convenient. Easily adds to your bath. Choice of 22 models and bidet attachment.

alsons
PERSONAL SHOWER

Somerset
Michigan 49281
Covina
California 91723

the Corcoran Gallery, and in the Octagon Room its place, on a pedestal rising from the center of a blue velvet ottoman, is inadequately filled by a large vase.

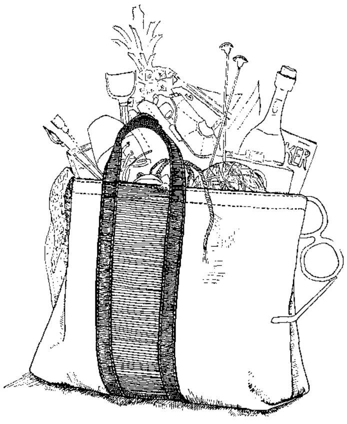
THE Brooklyn Museum takes only slightly longer to reach by subway from mid-Manhattan than the Renwick Gallery does by Whisperjet from LaGuardia, and there are sights in the Department of Decorative Arts, on the fourth floor of the museum, that almost justify the long, uncertainty-fraught journey between the boroughs. *Not* one of these is the recently installed Ethel and Raymond Worgelt study—an extremely expensive and unpleasant Art Deco room that was assembled between 1928 and 1930. It is panelled in palisander and olivewood and furnished with bulky club chairs upholstered in olive tweed fabric, etched-glass lighting fixtures, a built-in glass bar, and the inescapable bronze statuette of a Nordic nude walking a greyhound that is straining at the leash. I suppose the room has some sociological interest (though a reconstruction of the interior of a dust-bowl shack would tell us more about the thirties in this country), but its place in the history of design is questionable. When one thinks of all the rooms of the twenties and thirties that one would like to see—rooms by Loos, Corbusier, Gropius, Wright, Breuer—it seems ludicrous for the Brooklyn Museum to have acquired this untypical and unbeautiful example of twentieth-century interior design. Individual pieces by Functionalist designers on view at the museum, such as Rietveld's famous "red-and-blue chair" and Breuer's early steel-and-canvas chairs, only bring into relief the excruciating triviality of the Art Deco style.

Where the Brooklyn Museum's Department of Decorative Arts is most rewarding is in its Victorian offerings. (The eighteenth- and seventeenth-century period rooms are good, but not better than those in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum.) There is a fantastic sitting room from the John D. Rockefeller residence at 4 West 54th Street, which was designed around 1880 "in the Moorish manner" for Mrs. Belle D. Yarrington Worsham, who sold the house to Mr. Rockefeller. Exotic brass vases and candelabra, ebonized hardwood panelling, Near Eastern corbels, dark Mudejar-inspired cabinets and tables, and sofas and chairs upholstered in dark-blue velvet embroidered with muted multicolor flowers form this

To mulch.

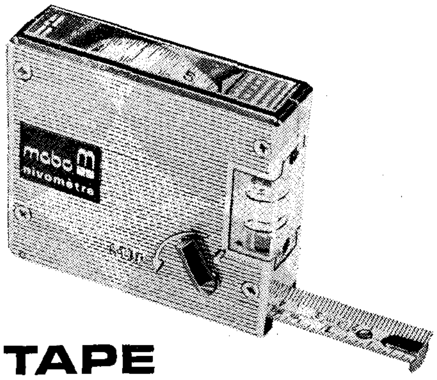
Mulch is fantastic. Not only does the organic matter (chopped up yard debris) decompose to provide valuable plant nutrients, but it keeps soil cool, holds moisture, and suppresses weeds for nice long periods of time. It does what nature does. Cares for its own. So you can get your tote, grab your Bangkok hat and go.

Or go*, and then get your tote. Whatever.



The Country Store of Concord

*Nantucket, *Edgartown, Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Mass. Guilford, Greenwich, Conn., Far Hills, N.J.



TAPE MEASURE
by Nivometre, France

An elegant, functional tape measure, absolutely the best we've seen. Made in France of tempered stainless steel, heavily chromed case. Spring loaded 10 ft. rule. Measures not only feet and inches but also meters and centimeters. Hairline reading window and clear, bold read-out. It's also a square and level with built in bubble gauge. Retractable point to scribe lines or draw circles. *Guaranteed the best tape you've ever owned or Your Money refunded.* Order by mail or visit the store. Prompt service.

$6.95 ea. 2 for $13.00 4 for $25.00
please add 50¢ post per order. 5% tax in Calif.

J. D. BROWNE 900 Northpoint
Ghirardelli Square • San Francisco, Ca. 94109

JAMAICA
HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Half Moon
Represented by
Hetland & Stevens, Inc. in New York,
(212) TN 7-1450
Dallas, (214) RI 2-4861; Miami, (305) 379-7691

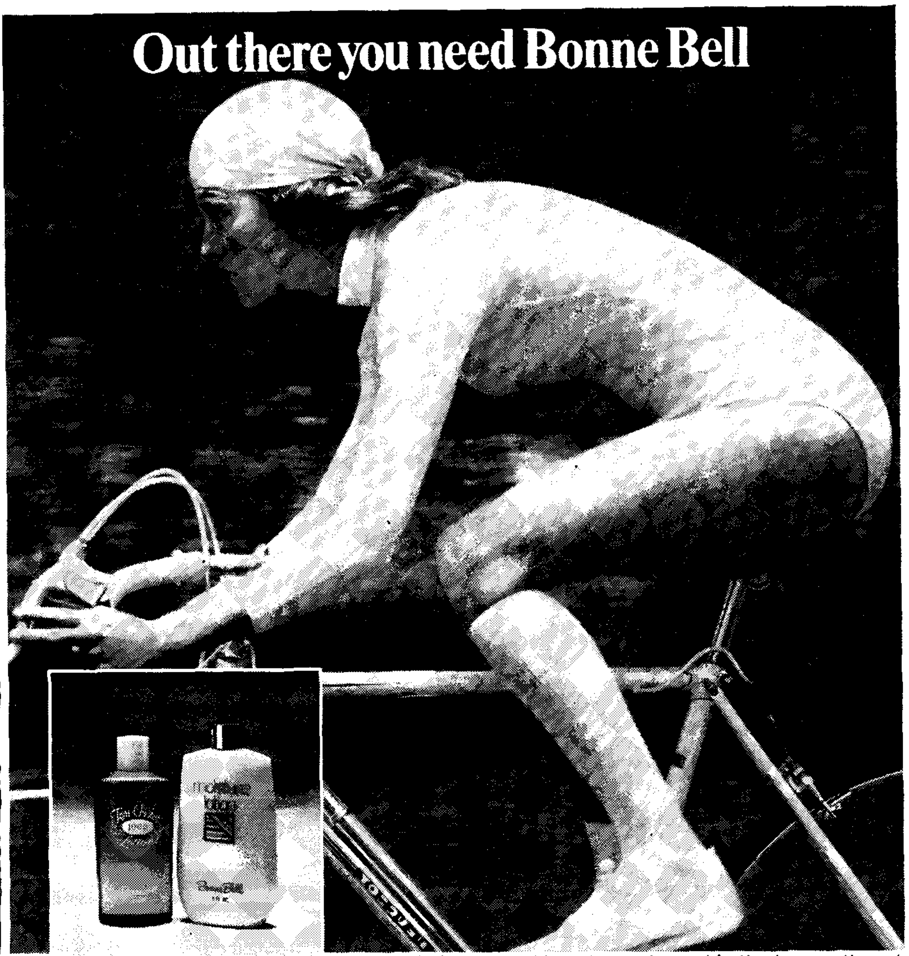
"artistic" and by no means utterly ridiculous interior. The room has an elegance that transcends its Victorian heaviness and naïveté, and it anticipates Art Nouveau in its static and stylized character. The Rockefeller room contrasts sharply with the typical Victorian sitting room on view farther down the hall. This artless parlor is furnished with blowsy yellow brocade chairs arranged around a little marble table on which faded flowers under glass repose, and, underfoot, there is a carpet on which enormous realistic flowers writhe—a carpet very much like the one Sir Nikolaus Pevsner used in "Pioneers of Modern Design" to illustrate the depths to which design had sunk at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851. ("The table Roberta's got is like this one," a fellow-gaper observed to her companion in an envious tone.) Another impressive sight is a bed by John Henry Belter of highly polished laminated rosewood covered with a lace-trimmed white bedspread and exhibited all by itself in an alcove whose walls are covered with a patterned wallpaper, its strident scrolls and flowers echoing the flamboyant curves of the rich carving on the headboard and footboard. But the best sight of all is a piano that is made in *all* the historical styles of the Victorian Age. It is embellished with bronze sphinx heads, Gothic carving and gadrooning, Pompeian inlays and gilded decorations, and classical motifs, which include a bronze relief panel showing Penelope unwinding her yarn, and it is surmounted by a pair of Egyptian-Renaissance candelabra. If the Victorian Age was the worst of times for design, it was surely the best of times for the designer, who had the use of the machine without the restrictions of the machine aesthetic. The man who designed that piano must have felt like a god when he surveyed the gorgeous embodiment of his unfettered fancy. Today's designer, hedged on all sides by economic and dogmatic limitations, can take no such satisfaction from his meagre "solution" to a "design problem." The crafts movement represents one of the alternatives to industrial design which are being explored by the disaffected, but, as the "Woodenworks" exhibit suggests, this may be more of a dead end than a way out.

—JANET MALCOLM

●

The traffic which was blocked was confined mostly to golfers and boasters.
—*Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal.*

Many of them interchangeable.


Out there you need Bonne Bell
Bonne Bell

Bonne Bell®

We've got all you need to help you have skin that's smooth and clean, fresh and healthy, and protected too. And that should satisfy anyone's needs. Bonne Bell, Lakewood, Ohio 44107

There's a stunning ship famous for its fine cuisine, silky attentions and French knowing-how-to-enjoy. It's the Renaissance. A good many accomplished people wouldn't dream of cruising the Caribbean or around South America any other way.

Shouldn't this be your Renaissance winter?

The Renaissance Cruises from Port Everglades, Florida. • Caribbean Cruises: Dec. 20-Jan. 3, 8 ports. / Jan. 17-27, 5 ports. / Maya Cruise to Central America, Mar. 15-29, 8 ports. / Mar. 29-April 9, 6 ports. / Sixth Music Festival at Sea, Jan. 4-17, 5 ports. Around South America Cruise, Jan. 28-Mar. 14, 16 ports. See your travel agent.

Please rush me folders for the Cruises checked. It's about time I had a Renaissance Winter.

☐ Sixth Music Festival at Sea
☐ Caribbean Cruises ☐ Around S. America

Name

Address, City, State, Zip

NY-715

THE RENAISSANCE IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

PAQUET CRUISES

119 W. 57 ST., NEW YORK 10019.
(212) 765-0670.
FRENCH LINE, INC. GEN. AGENTS
USA (EXCEPT METRO. N.Y.)

THE RACE TRACK

East and West

ONE of racing's many little mysteries is why some horses from hereabouts win pop-out-of-the-box when they go to California but California horses usually don't when they come here. For example, Frank McMahon's Triple Bend, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap, who set a world's record of 1:19⅘ for seven furlongs in his farewell to Hollywood Park in May, was sixth in the Brooklyn Handicap, which was won by Key to the Mint at Aqueduct last Saturday. Triple Bend, a big, good-looking dark-bay colt by Never Bend, had improved so much after an unsatisfactory gallop at Aqueduct ten days earlier in the Nassau County Handicap—his first start in the East—that he was favorite in the Brooklyn, at 3–1. Though he got away well, he showed none of the dazzling speed that marked his last race at Hollywood, where he ticked off the first quarter in 0:21⅗ and the half mile in 0:43⅗. It was easy to follow the black and gold hoops of his colors making no headway along the rails, and halfway from home it was plain he wouldn't do. Someone, I'm sure, will say that he just didn't like the track.

Key to the Mint ran the way he did in the Withers and the way I thought he would in the Belmont. Carrying 112 pounds (three-year-olds have a big advantage over older horses in the scale of weights at this time of year), he stormed out of the starting gate and took the lead as he went round the clubhouse turn. From there on, Baeza's handling of him reminded me of Arcaro's on front-runners as he turned back one challenge after another. He won by two lengths from Autobiography, with West Coast Scout three more behind. The old fixture was run at a new distance—a mile and three-sixteenths—and the time was 1:54⅘, which tied the track record for that distance.

A WEEK before, Riva Ridge, two days off the plane, won the Hollywood Derby. In my book, it was the most notable performance of the holiday weekend, and I wish I'd seen it. As in the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes, he dominated the scene from beginning to end, beating Bicker, to whom he gave seventeen pounds, by a neck. Finalista, to whom he gave nine pounds, was third, half a length away. Quack, that old disappointment, led the four other three-year-olds home. It takes a good colt to carry high weight—129 pounds—and step along for ten furlongs in 1:59⅗, as Riva Ridge did. One of this department's outriders reports that Turcotte, who rode him, also deserves full marks. Finalista, a son of Count of Honor, who ran the fastest Hollywood Derby, back in 1956, made a good try, forcing the pace, though he never got his head in front. When he tired, Bicker came up fast, but he couldn't make it, either. It was Riva Ridge's twelfth victory in sixteen starts, and the $59,900 in prize money brought his earnings to $862,150—just a hop, skip, and jump from a million. Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the Meadow Stable, and Lucien Laurin, its trainer, have not announced Riva Ridge's next engagement, but it could be the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, at $100,000, for three-year-olds at a mile and a furlong, on August 5th, a fortnight before the Travers at Saratoga. He's been invited.

Hollywood Park had another good show last Saturday—the Beverly Hills Handicap on the grass. Hill Circus rolled home by ten lengths, with Manta edging out Typecast for the place. Typecast will probably skip the Gold Cup this weekend, but there is still talk of sending her to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in October.

RIVA RIDGE'S opposite number abroad—Roberto, John Galbreath's Epsom Derby winner—wasn't among the first three in the Irish Sweeps Derby at The Curragh of Kildare, and I've made confetti of my sweepstakes tickets. In fact, he was never prominent in the mile and a half over the sodden, windswept course. Steel Pulse won in a head finish with Scottish Rifle; both of them were also-rans in the Epsom Derby. Once more history repeats itself; in 1968, Raymond Guest won the Epsom Derby with Sir Ivor, who finished second weeks later in the Sweeps Derby.

FOURTEEN is a long run of victories, especially in stakes races (I think Ribot had sixteen), but Brigadier Gerard, this department's favorite British race horse, made it by taking the Eclipse at London's Sandown Park last Saturday. Mrs. John Hislop's unbeaten four-year-old won by a length from Gold Rod. Home Guard, who is owned by Mrs. Charles Engelhard, was third. Though the Eclipse had a purse in six figures, only six horses ran for it, and it lost much of its interest because of the absence of Paul Mellon's American-bred Mill Reef, Europe's Horse of the Year last season, who hasn't been feeling well. The Brigadier, of course, was odds-on. His next start is expected to be the Benson and Hedges Gold Cup, at a mile and five-sixteenths, with another six-figure purse, at York next month.

PICKING up a few holiday loose ends: At Aqueduct, the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, for fillies and mares, over the turf course, was run off in two sections, and it was like old times to see the Brookmeade Stable colors carried down in front by Sydneys Nurse in the first and the Whitney silks by Inca Queen in the second. Only six two-year-olds came out for the Juvenile Stakes, and Linda's Chief, winner of the Youthful last month, took it by half a length from Dust the Plate. Sailor Go Home was third. After which, Baeza, who rode Linda's Chief, got into a helicopter, flew to Monmouth, and won the Salvator Mile on Red Reality. On the Fourth at the Big A, we had the Lexington Handicap, in which the Elmendorf Farm's Big Spruce brought off a 10–1 chance, winning by a couple of lengths from Ruritania, who was second in the Belmont Stakes. One of the also-rans—incidentally, the favorite—was Cloudy Dawn, who had been third in the Belmont.

It would be fair to suggest that Mr. Mellon has the leading three-year-old filly in Summer Guest. The winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont last month, she motored down to Monmouth and won another Oaks—the Monmouth—there on the Fourth, beating Mindy Malone by lengths. Wanda, who made most of the running, was third. As it now stands, Summer Guest, whose rider is Turcotte, is one up on Wanda. Two days later, Turcotte had a narrow escape from serious injury when a horse he was on suffered a heart attack and fell in the stretch. Happily, Turcotte will be riding again before you read this. Pincay, the leading jockey in California, was thrown from his mount in a race at Hollywood last Saturday and his collarbone was fractured. He'll probably be out a month.

—AUDAX MINOR

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN AGNES HIT TOWN SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A TOWN

But it did.

To towns like Richmond, Virginia. Pittsburgh, Pa. Wayne, N.J. Wheeling, West Virginia. Olean and Elmira, N.Y. And a host of others.

Hundreds were killed. Hundreds of thousands suffered. You saw the incredible destruction and hardship on tv, and in your newspaper. Now the waters have receded. And somebody has to pick up the pieces. To feed people. And clothe them. And care for them. And find them homes.

The American Red Cross is one of the somebodies. If you think it's important to help your neighbors in twelve states who are the victims of the worst flood disasters these states have ever known, please send us money. Today.

Please send us your part of the over Ten Million Dollars that we need right now.

The American National Red Cross • Flood Relief
Washington, D.C. 20006 • (or your Local Chapter)

I want to help.
Here is my contribution to aid flood victims,

*in the amount of*____________________

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________*ZIP*________

advertising contributed for the public good

ADVERTISING COUNCIL®

U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE ZAPPING OF THE INNER CIRCLE

SOME New York Irish who always assumed that G.A.A. stood for the Gaelic Athletic Association are now being told that it stands for the Gay Activists Alliance. Most of them have not made the adjustment. The editorial page of the *News*, which unofficially reflects the views of the New York Irish in the same way that *L'Osservatore Romano* unofficially reflects the views of the Vatican, seems to have been unaffected by all the talk in the last few years about the civil rights of homosexuals. A dozen years ago, when homosexuality was hardly ever discussed in print, other papers tried to hint at the homosexual relationship between two National Security Agency cryptographers who had defected to Russia by mentioning their shared lodgings or their constant companionship; the *News* settled the matter by referring to Nikita S. Khrushchev as "the Red fairy-snatcher." Just this spring, in an editorial expressing approval of the Supreme Court's refusal to consider the case of a man who was denied a job by a state government because of his homosexuality, the *News* broadened its views on the subject only to the extent of offering its readers a larger selection of sobriquets: "Fairies, nances, swishes, fags, lezzes—call 'em what you please." The editorial was headlined "Any Old Jobs for Homos?"

In the view of activist homosexuals, the hostility expressed in the *News* is typical of people tied to an ethnic culture that is strongly affected by religion. Some of the homosexuals who have been lobbying at City Hall for the passage of Intro. 475—a proposal to extend the city's anti-discrimination law to cover "sexual orientation"—say that one Jewish member of the City Council explained he could not vote for the bill because his rabbi had told him homosexuality was a sin. New Yorkers who consider themselves too sophisticated to hold views imposed by their ethnic or religious backgrounds read the *Times* instead of the *News* in the morning, but the Gay Activists Alliance claims that the *Times* engages in a form of "media oppression" that differs from the variety practiced by the *News* only in the matter of subtlety. Writing this March in *MORE*, a New York review of journalism, Merle Miller accused the *Times* of being unwilling (or perhaps unable) to recognize the significance of any events involving gay liberation—the significance, for instance, of the first fight that homosexuals put up against the police, during a raid in 1969 on a gay bar called the Stonewall. (Today, the battle at the Stonewall is accepted as the beginning of the gay-liberation movement in New York.) Homosexuals have accused the *Times* of ignoring or burying news about gay liberation, and of balancing what it does carry with pronouncements from the people whom homosexual activists consider much more dangerous enemies than the editorialists of the *News*—the psychiatrists who maintain that homosexuality is not an alternative way of life but a sickness. The Gay Activists Alliance has at times considered expressing its complaints against the *Times* by means of a demonstration—usually referred to among the members as a zap—and it did stage a demonstration at the *News* offices after the editorial on the right of homosexuals to job protection. This April, the G.A.A. decided to protest "media oppression" in general by zapping a formal press banquet—the annual Inner Circle show at the New York Hilton.

What now seems most surprising about the evening in the Hilton ballroom was that women's liberationists didn't get there first. The two official requirements for induction into the Inner Circle are having reported on City Hall politics for at least a year and being male. When the Inner Circle stages its annual show making fun of the city's politicians, the female roles are a burden borne by men who lack organizational seniority—giving the evening at the Hilton some resemblance to those scenes in Second World War movies in which the enlisted men in the German prison camp stage a burlesque for the entertainment of the officers. Until a couple of years ago, maleness was also a prerequisite for the guests who watched the show from banquet tables on the main floor of the ballroom; the main-floor tables are now open to female public officials who hold the rank of city commissioner or above. Non-office-holding female guests still have to eat in the balcony, and Mary Lindsay, the Mayor's wife, is apparently the first one of them to have thought of commenting on the seating

"Now, it wouldn't be any fun if Daddy *let you win, would it?"*

arrangements by flicking peanuts at the men below.

A group called Media Women had, in fact, privately considered picketing the Inner Circle dinner this year, but the possibility of a demonstration of any kind had evidently not occurred to the people sitting in the Hilton ballroom. When Gay Activists Alliance demonstrators burst into the ballroom during the intermission between the second and third acts, some guests thought they were part of the show. The demonstrators handed the guests leaflets that quoted the *News* editorial as an example of press prejudice. They briefly captured the public-address system backstage. Eventually, after a minor scuffle or two, they were put out of the ballroom. But at the escalator in the foyer outside there was more than a scuffle. When the demonstrators left the Hilton, at least two of them had been badly beaten.

In the Sunday papers the following day, the G.A.A. demonstration was hardly mentioned, but on Monday the *Post*, which has no Sunday edition, carried an angry and explicit column by Pete Hamill on the beatings. According to Hamill's sources, the most violent of the guests had been Michael Maye, the president of the firemen's union. That gave the evening a certain symmetry, since Mickey Maye is more or less the personification of the *News* editorial page—a former Golden Gloves national heavyweight champion, a decorated firefighter, an ex-Ranger with combat service in Korea, a model of the tough, two-fisted Irish he-man whose voice the *News* editorialists always seem to be trying to reproduce. Hamill wrote that Maye had broken through the crowd to beat and stomp on a demonstrator who was on the escalator. Pursuing the story, the *Post* reported that three or four city officials had been eyewitnesses to the beating. Finally, a grand jury considered the case, but the charge it brought against Maye was not assault but harassment—a charge comparable in seriousness to a traffic violation.

IN arguing that the press and the City Council should treat homosexuals like any other legitimate minority group, the Gay Activists Alliance is trying to persuade newspapermen and city councilmen who probably do not believe that homosexuals really *are* a legitimate minority group. A letter from the G.A.A. to the staff of the *Times* said that the paper's extensive use of quotations from psychiatrists about the illness of homosexuals was

If you admire the luxurious Spaciousness of London's Best Hotels, you already know a lot about the new STANFORD COURT

Space, at the new Stanford Court, has been used extravagantly. In the public rooms and galleries. In the great central courtyard. And of course, in the individual guest rooms and suites. Even so, The Stanford Court preserves a sense of intimacy, and service, which harkens back to the best hotels of another continent. And another era. In a manner that is uniquely San Franciscan. The Stanford Court, Nob Hill, San Francisco, California 94108. For reservations call (415) 989-3500; toll free (800) 238-5000. Represented by Leonard Hicks in Chicago, New York City, Washington, D.C.

Single rooms start at $25; doubles from $33.

IMPORTED FROM MEXICO
80 PROOF
QUART
AUTENTICAS
Tequila Sauza
TEQUILA
AGUARDIENTE DE AGAVE
ELABORADO POR TEQUILA SAUZA, S.A. TEQUILA JALISCO MEXICO
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
THE BOTTLED ROMANCE

Sauza is the largest-selling Tequila in Mexico-

and the world.

At last you can get the Tequila that Mexicans prefer. They choose Tequila Sauza more often than they do any other Tequila made.

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza distillery in Guadalajara.

Tequila Sauza 80 proof. Sole Dist. U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

voile kaftan from Pakistan

How to be an elegant hostess as well as cool and comfortable – step into this lightweight, easy-care white voile kaftan embroidered in bright colors. S, M, L. $22.75 ppd.

SEND 25¢ FOR NEW 64-PG. IMPORT CATALOG

shopping international
652 shopping international bldg.
norwich, vermont 05055

Stores: Wellesley, Mass., Simsbury, Conn., Norwich, Vt.

Photo by Louise Bucknell

Field trips to EAST AFRICA

with people who care deeply and are committed to its preservation.

Three-week tours into UGANDA, KENYA and TANZANIA

You "see" things, but what do they mean?

From headwaters of the Nile to the Indian Ocean, interpretive leaders will show you what to look at, how to "see" it, and what it means. A leisurely pace in uncrowded cars; animal and bird watching in the great national parks and game reserves; meetings with representatives in various fields.

Finest accommodations and services. Generously inclusive price (including tips) with round trip air from New York. **$1585**

Year round departures — June, July, August, add $50

National Parks and Conservation Assn.
Tour Office: 18 East 41 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017
(212) 532-7075

Please send your East Africa brochure to

Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______

"rather as if at the beginning of the black civil-rights movement the *Times* had chosen to 'balance' any story of black life or political activity with interviews with those few Bible Belt zoologists who continued to believe in 'black inferiority.' " But the analogy holds only if the *Times* considers homosexuals a minority group rather than a lot of people who happen to be sick in the same way. Intro. 475 was voted down by the City Council's General Welfare Committee in January despite the fact that it had almost no organized opposition. Most of the councilmen who voted against it were presumably voting their consciences—refusing to grant the respectability of the law to a way of life they considered immoral. Intro. 475 has become the paramount issue of the gay-liberation movement in New York—not so much because it would offer a certain amount of job or housing protection to homosexuals as because it would legitimize homosexuality by placing homosexuals right there in the law with the other minority groups.

In a speech at New York University this year, Eldon Clingan, one of the co-sponsors of Intro. 475, told homosexual activists that they could not realistically expect their demonstrations to cause confrontations of conscience. (The Gay Activists Alliance has, in fact, used demonstrations almost strictly for strategic harassment—zapping the apartment house of the chairman of the General Welfare Committee late at night last fall, for instance, in an effort to persuade him to gain some peace by scheduling a vote on Intro. 475.) Clingan pointed out that an important element in the movement that set the style for modern American demonstrations—the black movement in the South—was the tension between what Americans supposedly believed in and what they knew about the way black people were treated. When the movement forced Americans to decide, say, whether or not black people had the right to vote, the only public defense left to Southern whites was to say that more time was needed to set things right in an orderly way. But there is no contradiction between popularly accepted American ideals and a contempt for homosexuals. The only tension, in fact, is likely to be found in liberals who try to maintain a position of tolerance toward something they have been brought up to believe is either an unfortunate disability or a willful perversion. When gay-liberation demonstrators zapped a fund-raising benefit for Mayor Lindsay—whose administration supports Intro. 475, although

Why is $80 a vacation bargain?

It gives you the elegance of Del Monte Lodge

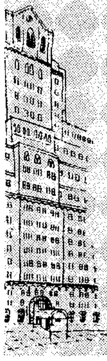
Plus three superb meals. Membership privileges in the Beach & Tennis Club. Free gate pass. For $80 per couple per night.

Golf at Pebble Beach (reserved first and foremost for our guests) is an extra $24 per couple (a 40% discount). Figure how much you would spend elsewhere for a comparable room, restaurant meals, golf and gate pass. It costs no more to enjoy the best.

Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, Ca. 93953
Telephone 408-624-3811 collect or write

Del Monte Lodge
At Pebble Beach

In New York...
The Elegant, quiet, secure place to stay The Lombardy HOTEL



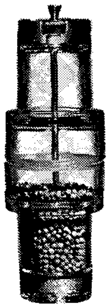
Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room. Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent. Each completely air-conditioned room and suite has serving pantries.

Single, $35 to $37; Double, $42 to $44; Two-Room Suite, $58 to $70. Also by the week, month or annually.

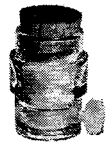
The LOMBARDY HOTEL
Kathleen Brick, RESERVATIONS
111 E. 56th St., New York 10022
(JUST OFF PARK AVENUE)
212 PLaza 3-8600

Peppercorns & Sea Salt

The perfect thank you for a summer weekend!



Glass pepper mill and glass salt mill for the table or the kitchen.



Both are Swedish glass, designed by Michael Lax.

8½" Pepper Mill..... $13.00
4" Salt Mill.......... $ 7.50

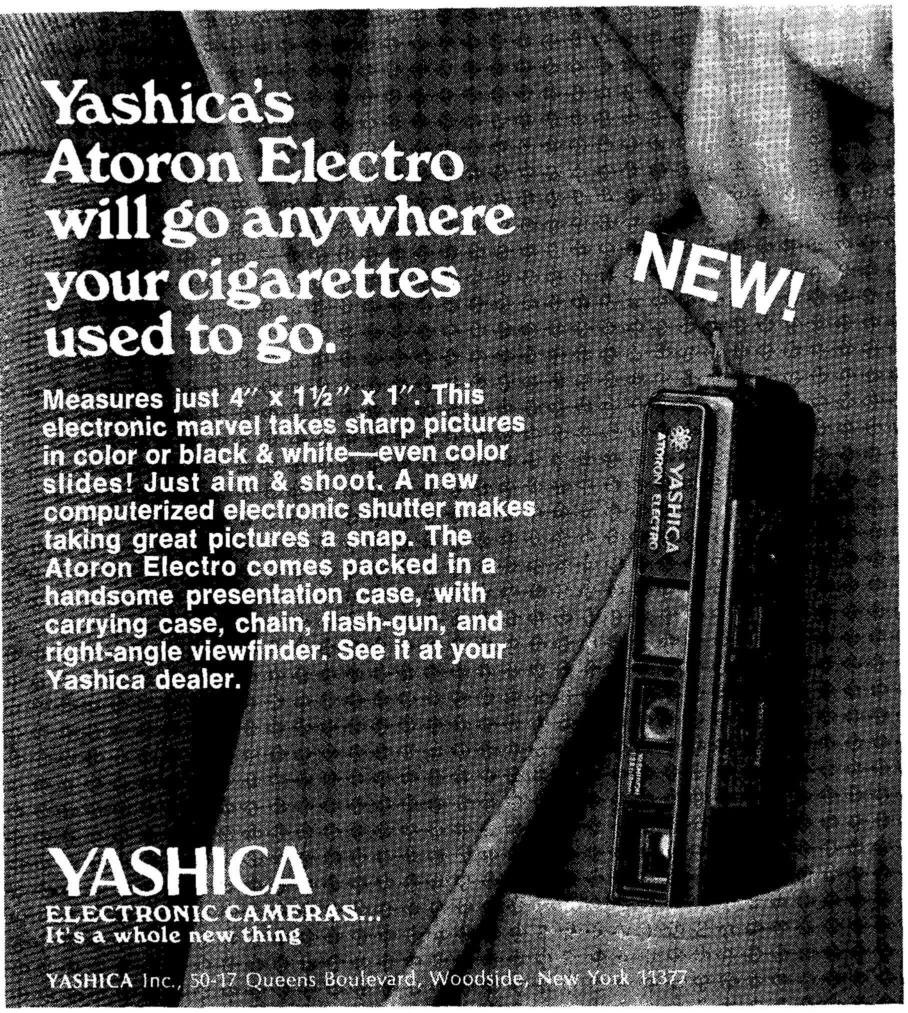
Add $1.25 ea. for postage & handling, Tax for Georgia Residents Only.

Significance
375 PHARR RD., N.E.
ATLANTA, GA. 30305

without unseemly fervor—none of them were beaten. But, according to Miller, the reaction of some of the well-off liberals to the disturbance was to shout "Faggot!" at the nearest demonstrator.

AROUND Room 9, the pressroom of City Hall, the dominant response to the demonstration has been irritation at the unfavorable publicity it brought the Inner Circle. Hamill and others have written that many of the members responsible for staging the annual show now earn their living as press agents rather than as reporters. *MORE* ran a piece by Terry Pristin saying that those Inner Circle regulars who *are* reporters spend most of their time in Room 9 "filing routine budget stories and gossiping to pass the time between City Council meetings." The hundred dollars a plate charged for the dinner goes to charity after expenses are deducted, but Pristin claimed there was little left for charity after the Inner Circle had paid for a lavish production and two or three months of boozy rehearsals. In a column in the *Post*, James Wechsler questioned the Inner Circle members' talent (although the demonstrators were obviously trespassing, he said, a reading of the show's lyrics indicated that "almost any diversionary performance should have been welcome"), and even their virility. "Avowed homosexuals are ancient targets for sadistic bullyism," Wechsler wrote. "In the age of Kinsey, however, it is reasonable to voice skepticism about those who must belligerently affirm their manhood by kicking around the vulnerable, or laughing on the sidelines."

According to the talk in Room 9, such criticism obscured the fact that it was the Inner Circle that was harassed and the G.A.A. that did the harassing. The Inner Circle, after all, was holding a private party, and no gay liberationists had been invited. Although the demonstrators say they had heard at the last minute that the show contained a scene ridiculing homosexuals, the demonstration had been organized to register complaints against the press in general rather than to protest any policies of the Inner Circle. No one has claimed that any Inner Circle members hit anyone. Joe Fanım, a radio reporter who is this year's Inner Circle president, says that even the rumor about the show's having a sketch mocking homosexuals was untrue. In the scene in question, the leading opponent of Intro. 475 asks where he can find the bill's sponsor, and another councilman, mincing across the stage,


Yashica's Atoron Electro will go anywhere your cigarettes used to go.
NEW!
YASHICA ATORON ELECTRO

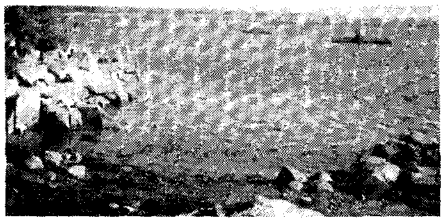
Measures just 4″ x 1½″ x 1″. This electronic marvel takes sharp pictures in color or black & white—even color slides! Just aim & shoot. A new computerized electronic shutter makes taking great pictures a snap. The Atoron Electro comes packed in a handsome presentation case, with carrying case, chain, flash-gun, and right-angle viewfinder. See it at your Yashica dealer.

YASHICA
ELECTRONIC CAMERAS...
It's a whole new thing

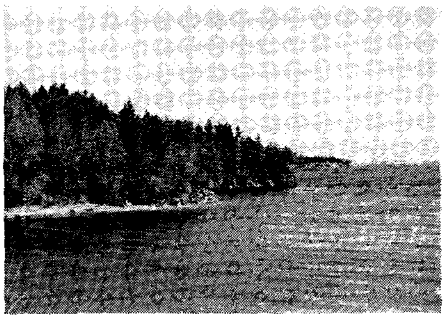
YASHICA Inc., 50-17 Queens Boulevard, Woodside, New York 11377

A *Whitecaps* Guide to beautiful oceanfront properties on the incomparable Coast of Maine

GOODS' POINT
Steuben, Maine



On Dyer Bay, occupying an entire small peninsula. Spruce, pine and hardwoods and an open ocean view. Several sandy beaches and a 2½ acre island offshore. There will be 9 shorefront parcels from 160 to 185 feet of shorefront and 1.1 to 1.3 acres each. The island will be owned in common by the 9 residents.
Prices from **$10,000** to **$17,000.**
Terms: 10% down. Balance at 8¾% for 10 years.



COFFIN'S NECK

Down East at Lubec, near Campobello International Park, lies this beautiful neck of forested land in Cobscook Bay. A private but civilized spot, where a number of residents are already enjoying their attractive summer homes.
Properties average over 3 acres and 200 to 300 feet of shorefront, and can be purchased for as little as **$6,300** total price, with only **$500** down.
It's a pretty attractive price, and you'll find the property even prettier.

We offer you that vanishing treasure —
a privately-owned homesite on the oceanfront in these select resort communities.
Deed covenants protect the environment and your investment.

Whitecaps on the Coast of Maine

Call 207-667-5366 or write Box 45LN Bar Harbor, Maine

Garden Ornaments

CONTEMPORARY AND TRADITIONAL

Erkins has many decorative fountains, figures and other ornaments of lead, bronze, stone and marble, in a wide price range. Send 50¢ for fully-illustrated Catalogue . . . or visit our galleries.

Planter Pool, 36" x 27", with lead bubbler and pump, $295.00. Also other sizes and shapes. Charming lead figure, $400.00. Prices f.o.b. New York.

Erkins STUDIOS

Dept. 302, 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

NEEDLEPOINT IS OUR RACQUET

Needlepoint kit, design and yarn $45. Mounting by us w/leather backing and zipper $45 additional. In designs shown or 2 letter monogram.

WOOLWORKS INCORPORATED

783 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

says, "Kiss me and I'll tell you." Describing the exchange recently, Famm said, "What the hell's so offensive about that?"

ANY newsdealer who saw the defense and the prosecution witnesses waiting to testify at the trial of Mickey Maye could have sized up the contest immediately—a bunch of *News* readers against a bunch of *Times* readers. For the defense, a group of firemen, all of them union officials, took the stand to offer testimony consistent with Maye's version of what had really happened on the escalator—that he had merely run down to set a fellow-firefighter on his feet, without hitting or stomping anyone. ("Look at the size of me! If I stomped on anybody, you think that fellow'd be walking around?") The firemen were Irish or Italian. They had short haircuts. A couple of them wore American-flag pins in their lapels. Of the dozens of people who must have seen some part of the violence at the Hilton, five city officials came forward to testify against Mickey Maye, and none of them had a short haircut or an American-flag pin. All of them were dressed in a way that would have made them inconspicuous in any gathering of the mod staff men of the Lindsay administration. Four of them were Jewish. The fifth was John Scanlon, who is in charge of public affairs for the Economic Development Administration. Scanlon is indisputably Irish—a former participant in the Gaelic Athletic Association, an organizer of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights League, a man who described his decision to come forward as the result of what the nuns had taught him in eighth-grade civics—but he was described by G.A.A. activists, with some wonder, as "a liberated Irishman." Scanlon wears a full beard and used to work in publishing and has appeared in a movie and associates with the kind of New York Irishmen who still put in a lot of saloon time but in literary saloons. (Hamill, in fact, first heard about the demonstration from Scanlon over drinks at Elaine's.) But Scanlon, however sophisticated, was the witness culturally out of place. A fireman might not be surprised at being turned in by a deculturated Jewish liberal wearing a double-knit blazer and a wide tie; when Maye muttered curses in the hall against his oppressors, it was Scanlon he muttered against.

On the stand, Maye assumed the kind of moral stance that might be ex-

THE MOST APPEALING HOTEL IN THE CARIBBEAN... ST. MAARTEN'S LITTLE BAY.

Nestled beneath an ancient fort on one of the world's loveliest, intimate beaches, Little Bay Beach Hotel affords you complete seclusion. Yet, it's convenient to many St. Maarten attractions. On the premises, seven freeport shops offer fabulous buys.

Every room is air-conditioned, and has a breathtaking sea view. And Little Bay's superb blend of island and Dutch cuisine, coupled with typical Dutch efficiency and hospitality cause many guests to return again and again.

Direct flights from New York and San Juan. Little Bay's easy to get to—so hard to leave.

See your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.,
International Representatives,
1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York
10020. (212) 757-2444. Offices
in Chicago, Miami, Toronto,
London, England.

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES
Little Bay BEACH HOTEL
"A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION"

Barrie Ltd.®

TASSEL SLIP-ON

Free Brochure Available

Made of one piece of Antiqued Alpine Calfskin over a medium shaped last • Full leather lined • Flexible leather soles and snug fitting heels • In hand-antiqued Brown Calf ☐ Polished Black Calf ☐.

$31.95 postpaid. *Order by mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—New Haven.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
1573 BOSTON POST RD., MILFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

RAMAYANA

Superb Indonesian Cuisine

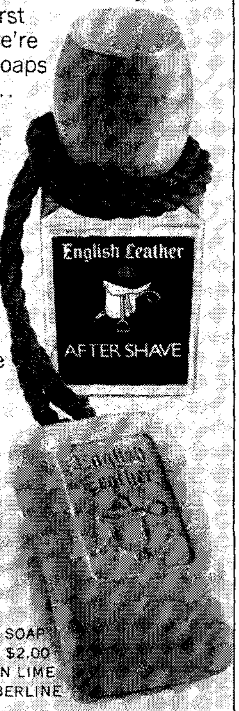
Entertainment Direct from Indonesia featuring the Balinese Dance—Dancing to Live Music

LUNCH • BUFFET
DINNER • COCKTAILS

NO COVER • NO MINIMUM
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
123 West 52nd St.
Tel. 581-1170

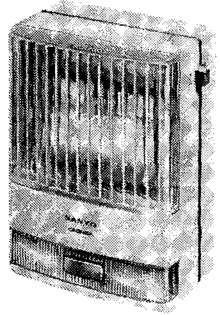
Our "soap on a rope" is tied to a great tradition.

Our soaps go back almost 100 years. (They were our first products.) And we're still making our soaps like we did then... the hard-milled method. Because hard-milled soap lasts longer. It holds that great English Leather® aroma until you've got nothing left but the rope. So you see, there's a lot more tied to our soap than just a rope.



SHOWER SOAP
$2.00
ALSO IN LIME
AND TIMBERLINE

PRODUCTS OF MEM CO., INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1972



POWER FAILURE LIGHT

It's priceless! Ever lost food in your freezer due to power failure or stumped your toe in the dark? No more—plugged in it's a recharging night light—if power fails it comes on brightly automatically to warn you and provide a hand light to correct the trouble. $15.00.

Mail orders 75¢ postage (Ga. res. add 4% sales tax)

Gifts for Men, Inc.

LOCATED IN THE REGENCY HYATT HOUSE
265 PEACHTREE STREET, N. E.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30303

Quiet, Unique Murray Hill Duplex Apartment

E 35th St. off Park Ave. Tree-lined St. 5-rm 3-bath air cond. dupl. apt. in charming townhouse. Garden at ent. LR/DR wdbrn. frpl, leaded-glass French window-wall overlooking own tree-shaded garden. Excell. kitchen, maid's rm, bath, closets. Lower Fl: lge. rm. wdbrn frpl, bath, wdrbs, sliding door to priv. patio/garden. 2nd rm bath, wdrbs, windows onto ent. garden. Near all trans., stores, services. Rental $700 per mo. Larger duplex avail. (212) 685-0854.

pected of anyone accused of tormenting people who are generally considered a threat to morality. He and his friends had decided to ask the demonstrators to leave, he said, only after they began to use profanity. In answer to the prosecutor's question, Maye said he did not indulge in profanity himself. The prosecutor implied that Maye might have been a barroom brawler in the past and might have once worked as a bouncer at a gay bar, but Maye said he did not go into bars. Every day, when Maye left the courtroom, G.A.A. members—most of them wearing dungarees decorated with G.A.A. patches or the Lambda sign of gay militancy—would gather around him as the television cameras approached. A brace of tiny defense lawyers who appeared to be hanging on Maye's huge arms would shout "No comment!" But Mickey Maye seemed to find a comment difficult to resist. When a man from WCBS-TV approached after the first day in court, Maye said, "I don't know what the hell I'm doing in a place like that—queers, homosexuals, and every degenerate in the country." Then he added that the complainants seemed to want to "kiss and make up." Then he smiled—like the *News*, unrepentant.

Maye was found not guilty. The judge, mentioning the conflicting testimony, said the prosecution had not proved the case beyond a reasonable doubt. The president of the Gay Activists Alliance reacted by repeating his accusation that the District Attorney's office had never made a serious effort to prove the case at all—the lesson being, he said, that "gay women and men have no rights." After Maye had expressed his disgust at the whole affair to television interviewers, he was asked what he now thought of Intro. 475, which is scheduled to come up for another vote in committee this month. "Anyone's entitled to advance himself in any field he's capable of doing," Maye said. "But I don't want to see them in the school system, because there's a moral question there. And I don't want them in the New York Fire Department, because my life depends on the *man* behind me."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

The buttons button higher to allow the chest to become in red poppy, plum, spinach, instant coffee and filtered pagoda-style, as a friendly gesture to China.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

And a concession to chaos.

NEW YORK'S
TRULY
CONTINENTAL HOTEL

St. Moritz
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(212) PL 5-5800

STILL SENSIBLY PRICED.

Singles $20-$28,
Doubles $26-$33,
Suites from $36.

HOME OF

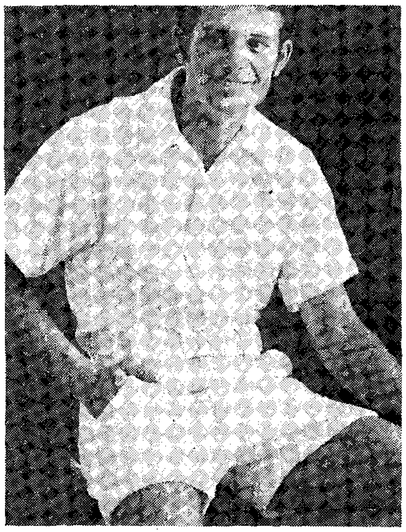
Café de la Paix

Harry's
NEW YORK BAR

Rumpelmayer's

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:
Chicago 372-4028 • **Washington, D.C.** 638-4556
Los Angeles 388-1151 • **San Francisco** 397-2717
Montreal 844-4421 • **Cleveland** 781-0820
Detroit 962-4415 • **Philadelphia** 922-4080
Pittsburgh 261-7191
Direct Line from Boston to St. Moritz: 426-4994

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946



Cotton Terry Jumpsuit 15.95

Handsome comfortable, cool, quick-drying, soft thirsty cotton terry jumpsuit by **Weldon.** Convenient two way full length zipper. Ideal for travel, poolside, after shower, golfing, boating, leisure. Colors: **White, Medium Blue, Antique Gold.** Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), Extra--Large (46-48).

Mail orders to: Terry Jumpsuit 15.95
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter St., S.F., Ca. 94108
Quan.______ Colors__________ Size______
M.O. or Check ☐ Cable Charge ☐ Sorry, No COD's
☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name...
Address...
....Zip..........
Add 1.75 Ship. & Hdlg.; 5½% Tax in Cal. NYM-7-1572

THE CURRENT CINEMA

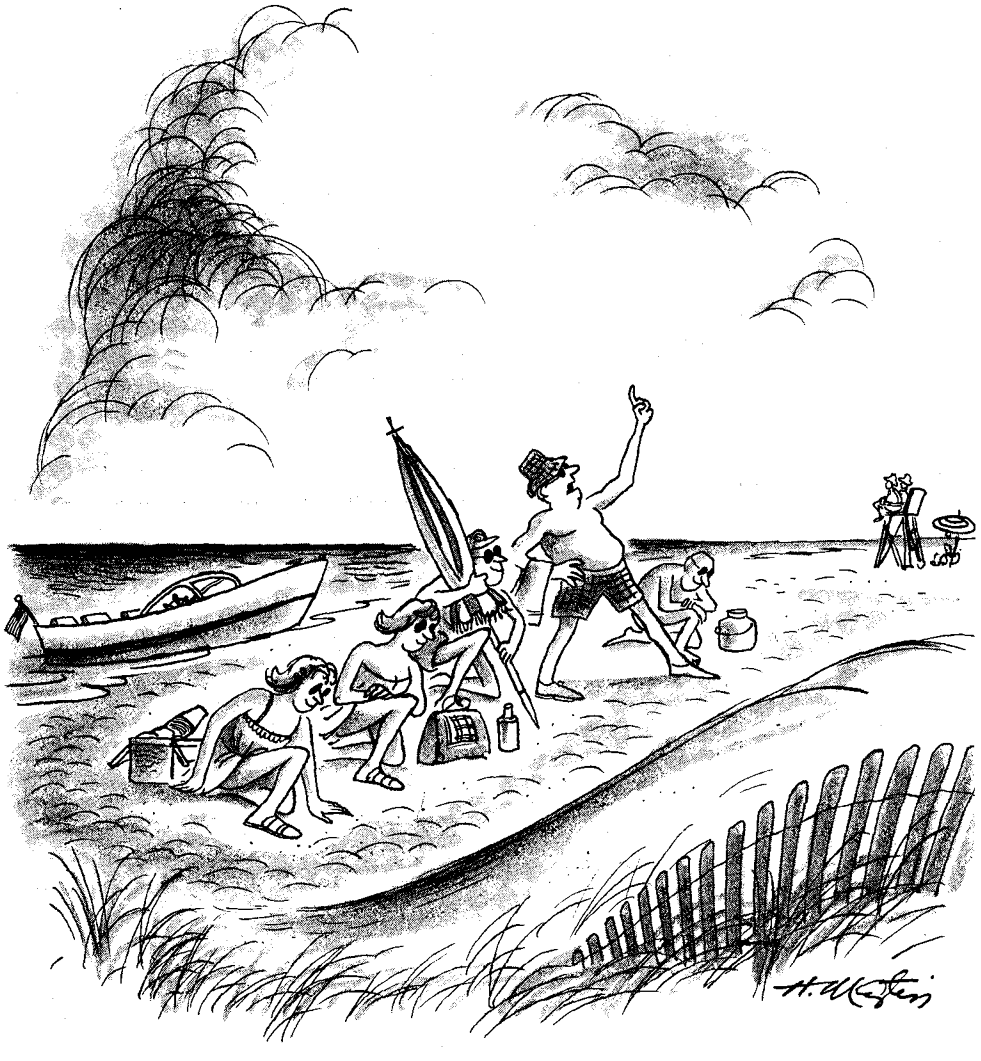
"Idiot!"

THE great Kenji Mizoguchi, Japanese director, dead in 1956, apparently used to write *"Jogen tasha"* ("Excuse me, I am repeating myself") incessantly in letters to his favorite scriptwriter, Yoshikata Yoda. A friend said to Mr. Yoda one day, "Surely you don't believe he is really excusing himself? *'Jogen tasha'* must be interpreted as 'Idiot! When on earth are you going to understand what I am telling you?' "

In thirty-four years of filmmaking, Mizoguchi directed more than eighty movies. When on earth are we going to understand what he was telling us? His gentle, insistent rudeness is rather like the way intimates speak to each other in Russian literature. Fool! Can't you see we're wasting our lives? And pass me my valerian drops. Mizoguchi in his wonderful films seems to be saying a few simple things again and again, half to himself. Everyone needs an opportunity. Everyone lives in a world of a certain shape, and a film must show that shape. The wish of a character can be attained if it is dear enough to him. People watching a film don't want their concentration to be interrupted by constant cuts; let us shoot each scene in a single take and risk boredom. Boredom is not the greatest of wrongs. There is also impatience, and loss of tranquillity. Idiot, excuse me for repeating myself, but our work is important. Study this point in such-and-such a scene. (Mizoguchi's notes to himself and his collaborators about his films were full of "Study this.") We must make films that show women in their true light, for example. Their hunger for love. Study this. Let us gather the mind to a point.

Mizoguchi seems to be muttering such clues to himself in his greatest films while they progress in their gentle way, often between empty frames of dark blue that separate scenes, as in "Princess Yang Kwei Fei," which he made in 1955, and which is now playing at the New Yorker. This piercingly sweet love story about an emperor and a concubine is set in China in the eighth century. The emperor's wife has lately died. The monarch of all he surveys, stiff as a wooden doll in his gold brocades and satins, finds himself bound by the laws and codes that he himself has made. He prefers music and walking in his garden to being rattled by busybody courtiers trying to get him to receive visiting ambassadors. He foresees no possible replacement for the dead empress, though someone ambitious to have a tool in court offers him a concubine who is very like her. But Machiko Kyo, playing the concubine, turns out to enrapture him because of her gaiety. She comes from an ordinary home—steam rising like marsh fog from huge caldrons on stoves—and she has the genius to give him back the sense of a more supple life. They go out together incognito on a feast night and eat cakes on little sticks. "I had a good time," he says, simply. But the concubine and her family eventually become deadly enemies of ambitious men at court, who present them to the populace as responsible for high taxes. The space left by an emperor more interested in love than in power proves to be a lethal vacuum. A successful emperor is a successful warlord, say his enterprising usurpers, brandishing swords. The heads of the concubine and her family fall.

Mizoguchi was originally a painter, and the film has great graphic beauty; there are exquisite carved animals, and shots through blowing veils of curtains encrusted with gold. The picture finishes stirringly, with a conversation between the now aged emperor and his long-dead concubine, photographed mostly with his presence invisible and the camera trained on a piece of empty palace floor where autumn leaves lift and rattle. Like "Hamlet," the film is full of the sense of what it is to be in a court crowded with eavesdroppers. You feel as if you were in halls of mirrors reflecting villainous plotters and upstarts. Mizoguchi would perhaps have agreed with Aristotle that a work of art should imitate the movements of the mind, and not an ordering of facts. "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" miraculously reproduces the comings and goings of the hero's thought, and it is in this



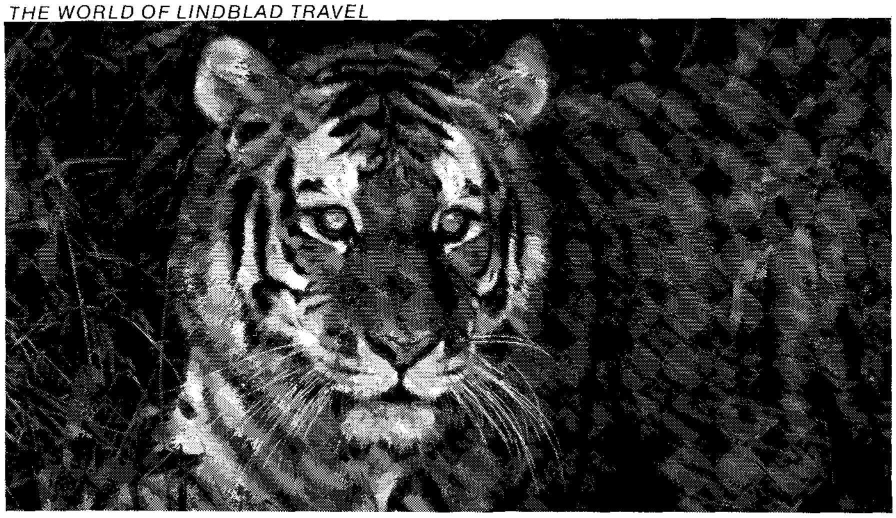
"I claim this area, this July 15th in the year of our Lord 1972, in the name of the Lionel Silvester family and weekend guests!"

sense that Mizoguchi's realism is most classical. The last sound in the film is a marvellous burst of reunited lovers' laughter.

JEAN-PIERRE MELVILLE, elder statesman of the New Wave, born in Paris in 1917, is the poet of the implacable. In France he is thought of as the most American of directors, the man who has taken the B picture and the *policier* to new heights; to us he is apt to seem one of the most French, able to make something artful and full of art out of little, like a chef concocting an idyllic hors d'oeuvre out of mayonnaise and a few raw vegetables. His amorality is also very Gallic, compounding intensity and a built-in shrug. So is his creation of a kind of disquiet that is absolutely untinctured by neuroticism.

His latest film to be shown here—though he made it in 1967—is called "Le Samouraï" in France and has been retitled "The Godson," presumably so as to cash in on "The Godfather." (Some of his earlier pictures are "Bob le Flambeur," "Léon Morin, Prêtre," "Le Doulos," and "Le Deuxième Souffle.") "The Godson" is a sort of meditation on solitude, embodied in a lonely, rigorous mercenary who assassinates to order. Called Jef Costello and played by Alain Delon, he lives alone in a gray room furnished mostly with bottles of mineral water and a steel cage holding a pet bird. The cage glitters forbiddingly. It looks in closeup like the skeleton of a futuristic fort. The bird cheeps cheerily within, and twice goes into a warning fit of manic fluttering when Jef's empty room has been bugged or taken over behind his back. The photography is by the greatly gifted Henri Decae, who worked with Delon on "Purple Noon." It is all very simple, very beautiful, and stripped down to the bone. Jef wears a black-banded gray hat, a black tie, and practically no expression. Delon plays him as a man whose skill at scenting treacherous intentions in others extends to himself and breeds a passionless self-loathing. The film is as much chiller as thriller: it is kept no secret from us that the hero is in a mood not only to kill but also to run onto the point of the blade himself. He assassinates without hating and leaves girls without feeling anguish. The talk is clipped and minimal. Melville wrote the scenario. I wonder if he detests the dubbing as much as his admirers here are bound to. It fuzzes things that should be as clean as razor cuts.

The film is mostly about mistrust. Jef walks with the careful lightness of



THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL

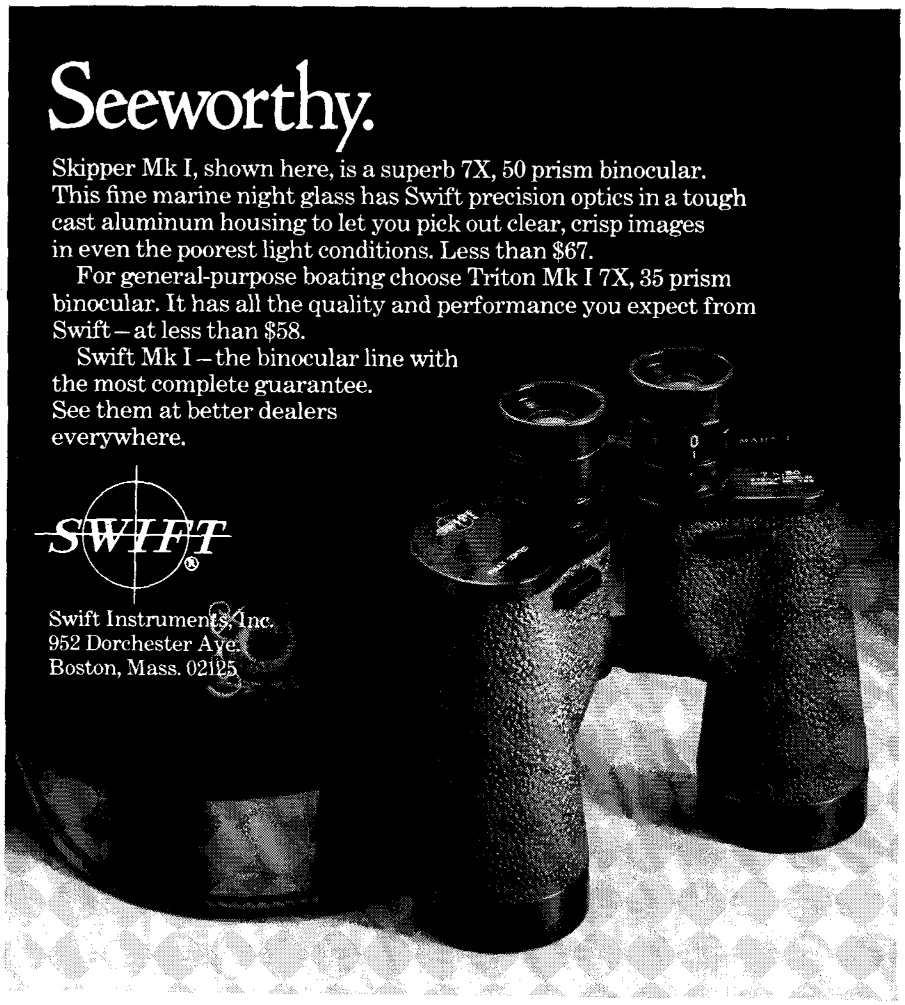
A Lars-Eric Lindblad Himalayan Wildlife Tour may be the most exciting vacation you will ever have.

Tigers, elephants, Indian rhinos and hundreds of species of birds form part of this photographic "shikkar" in India, Nepal and Sikkim. But the fantastic scenery of the Himalayas around Anapurna and Mount Everest, the fascinating religious rites of Buddhist lamas at Thyang Boche and Rhumtek monasteries are also included.

World famous leaders such as Mr. Guy Mountfort, Peter Jackson and Richard Waller introduce you to an area of the world which offers riches and wonders in an unparalleled profusion.

There are six departures in the fall of 1972. Write for our Himalayan Wildlife brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NY7 1 5 72
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022



Seeworthy.

Skipper Mk I, shown here, is a superb 7X, 50 prism binocular. This fine marine night glass has Swift precision optics in a tough cast aluminum housing to let you pick out clear, crisp images in even the poorest light conditions. Less than $67.

For general-purpose boating choose Triton Mk I 7X, 35 prism binocular. It has all the quality and performance you expect from Swift—at less than $58.

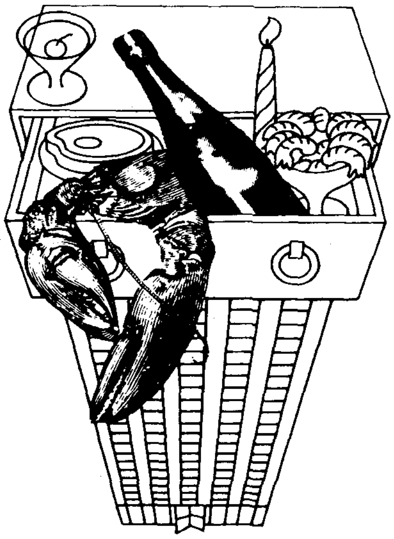
Swift Mk I—the binocular line with the most complete guarantee. See them at better dealers everywhere.

SWIFT®

Swift Instruments, Inc.
952 Dorchester Ave.
Boston, Mass. 02125

Top-Drawer Dining

Everything's sky-high but the prices.



The view is sky-high from 39 stories up. But the prices for complete dinners are quite unastronomical. Like Stuffed Whole New England Flounder for $6.95. Or Veal Cordon Bleu at $8.95. Or Duck a l'Orange for $7.95. You'll like our exciting new decor that makes us one of the city's snappiest dressers. Come up and see everything sometime from

Stouffer's Top of the Sixs

39th Floor/666 Fifth Avenue/765-1666

TRADITIONAL CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS

San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

"Fuller Cut"™ Classic Tattersall

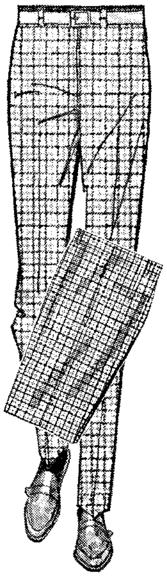
Slacks 13.95* Shorts 10.95*

White or Reversible Black-to-Brown Leather Belt 7.50

Colorful no-iron, Dacron and cotton, classic tattersall slacks and walk shorts. **Blue and Black or Blue and Red on White ground.** Ideal for travel, leisure, dress. Coordinates well with blazers. Classic belt loop model with precuffed straight bottoms in a "Fuller Cut"™ for the man who needs a more ample, comfortable & better fitting slack. ***Sizes 44-48, 15.95. Walk Shorts, 32-42, 10.95. *Sizes 44-48, 12.95.**

1½" White or Reversible Black-to-Brown soft cowhide leather belt. 30-42, 7.50.

Satisfaction guaranteed.



	Waist Size									*	*	*
Length	30	31	32	33	34	36	38	40	42	44	46	48
28	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
29	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
30	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
32	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
33			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
34			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x

Mail orders to: Fuller Cut Tattersall Slacks, Shorts, Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter St., S.F., Ca. 94108

Item	Qty.	Color	Size	M.O. or Ck ☐
Slacks				Cable Charge ☐
Shorts				Sorry, no COD's
Belt, White or Rev.				

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740

Name..

Address..

....Zip........

Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg.; 5½% Tax in Cal. NYM 7-1572

a man prowling over what may be quicksand, and suspicion is the territory he has consigned himself to. Quite soon, both the cops and the unknown organization that hires him are pitted against him. Melville shows us the slow crushing of a man of action who has created through crime a new planet, which now falls, rock by rock, onto his braced body. The destruction of his made world, uninhabited by anyone apart from him, seems all the more violent because the crashes are eerily soundless. This is often practically a silent movie, apart from some horrible droopy music. Footsteps and the barks of dogs are startling. The set piece in the film is a terrific chase through the Métro, with François Périer as a crack detective directing the operations of fifty people on the wanted man's tail, all equipped with tiny walkie-talkies. One of them is a fusspot bourgeoise who hides her bleeper in her handkerchief and decorously blows her nose while sending a signal. Another is a striding young girl in a miniskirt and boots. The net closes. Jef knows the Métro backward; by the end of the film, so does the audience.

There is nothing jocularly nice about the François Périer character, whom we see unscrupulously bullying and blackmailing a near-prostitute to try to break down the alibi she has loyally given Jef. The treatment of the part makes the Alec McCowen detective in Hitchcock's "Frenzy" look a whitewash job. "The Godson" is a fascinating and important picture. It is a study of someone who listens all the time and seems to be responding to harmonics beyond most people's range. Odd that it should be possible to give a killer so many of the attributes of the sanctified. Perhaps it takes a Frenchman of Melville's sort to do it. Like Melville, Delon was never as good as this before. "The Godson" is cold, masterly, without pathos, and not even particularly sympathetic; it has the noble structure of accuracy.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

◆

There are four common methods of communicating by means of visual signals. These include:

(1) flag signaling, with the use of International flags and pennants;
(2) flashing light signals;
(3) sound signals, and
(4) the use of semaphore signals.

—1967-68 edition of "Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling," by Charles F. Chapman.

Or you can whistle through your teeth.

Nylon knit swimsuit & matching long skirt with sash. Three tropical prints: butterfly purple or moonflower pink or seascape green. Sizes 8 thru 16. Swimsuit $17.50, skirt $25.50. Sold separately. Add $1.50 mailing charges per item. Specify 1st & 2nd choice.

Fashions, gifts and famous labels from 50 countries at freeport prices.

Cavanagh's INC.

St.Thomas, Virgin Islands, U.S.A. 00801

Send for our illustrated color brochure.

YOU'LL LIVE LIKE A KING IN OUR CASTLE IN IRELAND

– ancient home of Irish royalty.
DROMOLAND CASTLE,
near Shannon Airport, Ireland.
Telephone: Shannon 71144.

FREEPORT'S TWINS ARE 6TEEN*

Imagine, any room in the hotel (Bay Side) for *only $16 per room*—**AND THAT ACCOMMODATES UP TO 4 PERSONS.** Beautiful beaches, two pools, three championship golf courses, great food. Everything for the perfect holiday.

See any Travel Agent or our representatives
LEONARD HICKS ORG. • NEW YORK 765-5800

FREEPORT'S OCEANUS BEACH and BAY RESORT

Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island

ISLESBORO INN at DARK HARBOR

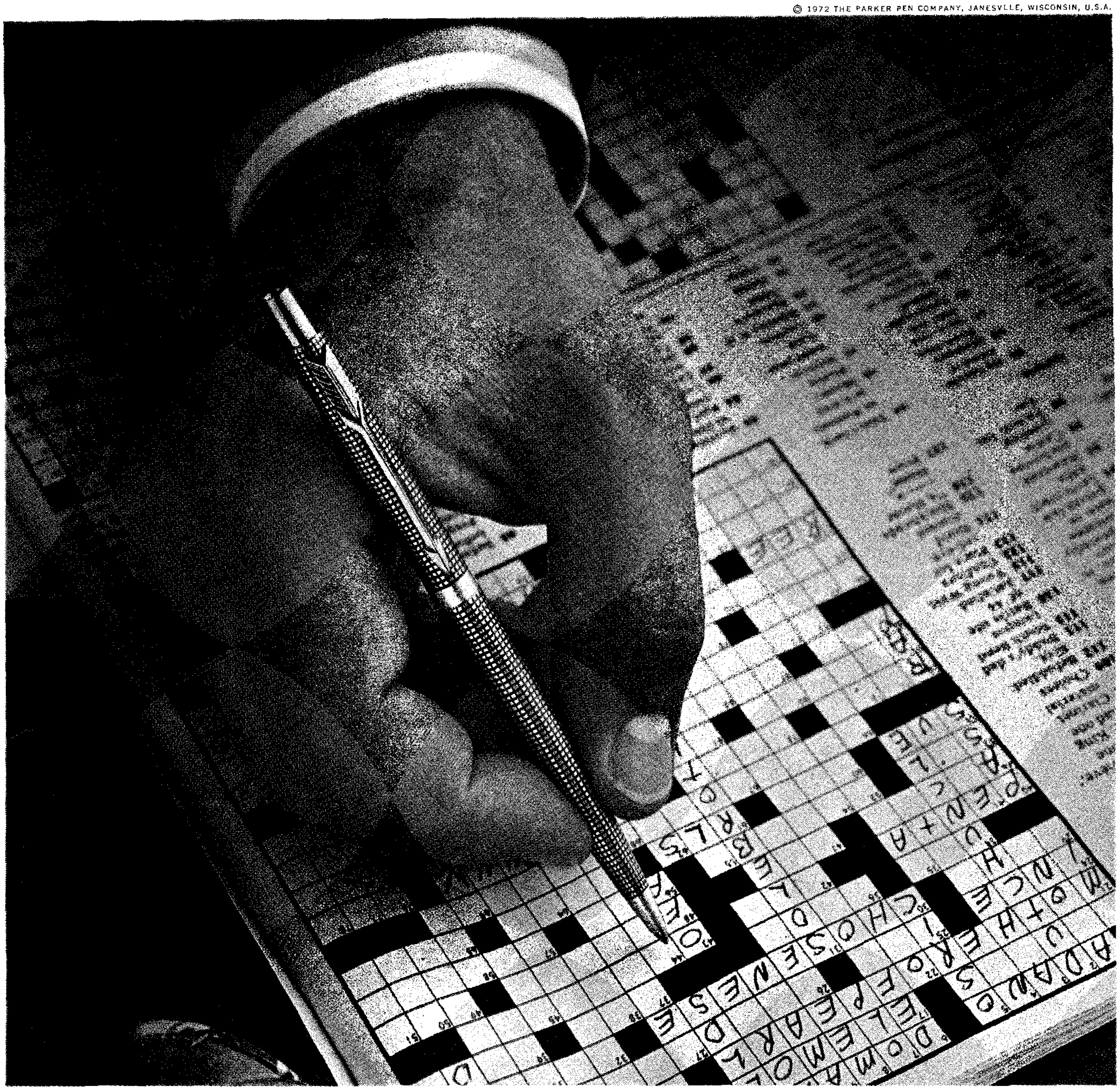
Picturesque island inn on Penobscot Bay with spacious terraced lawn and gardens. Golf, tennis, yacht facilities, swimming. Cocktails, dining room. Plan to stay with us.

DRIVE IN - FLY IN - SAIL IN

June 30 to September 10
ISLESBORO, MAINE

Brochure, Box N
Tel. 207-734-2221

© 1972 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.



A pen can't tell you everything about a man. But it can tell a lot.
The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

It can't tell you his line of work. His politics. His bank account. But this particular ball pen does tell a surprising number of things.

Its clean lines tell you he likes functional design. And, with him, you know the sterling silver case isn't a pretense. He knows it adds heft and balance, and he simply sees no reason why a durable thing has to be ugly.

This particular pen also tells you he respects precision. Assuredly he doesn't know that it takes three weeks just to make the ball for the point of this pen. Most probably he doesn't realize that the ball is tungsten carbide or that it has been microscopically textured to grip almost any surface.

But he does know that this pen is made so precisely it writes a clear, crisp track every time. That it writes without hesitation. And that it seems to write indefinitely. (Obviously this doesn't happen, but it does write better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.)

Does he appreciate the pen's guarantee? Probably not. The Sure Thing has never been part of his life-style. Nevertheless: If this pen fails to perform due to defects in materials or workmanship during its owner's lifetime, Parker will repair or replace it—free.

It's true this pen won't tell his name or his marital status. But it tells you he's a man with the self-assurance to go his own way, a man worth knowing. And the fact he does crossword puzzles *in ink* tells you he has courage far beyond most men.

But then, he's using a pen far beyond most pens: the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

For the man who expects perfection, it makes a near-perfect gift.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

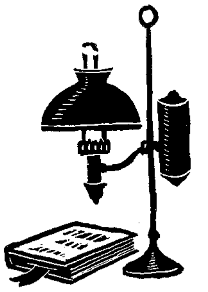
The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen in solid sterling silver is $12. Also available in vermeil, $25; 22K gold electroplate, $8.50; brushed stainless steel, $5. Matching pencils. You'll find the famous arrow clip on every Parker, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

IMPORTED BY
SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
86.8 PROOF
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
YEARS 12 OLD
JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.

JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

BOOKS

Central European



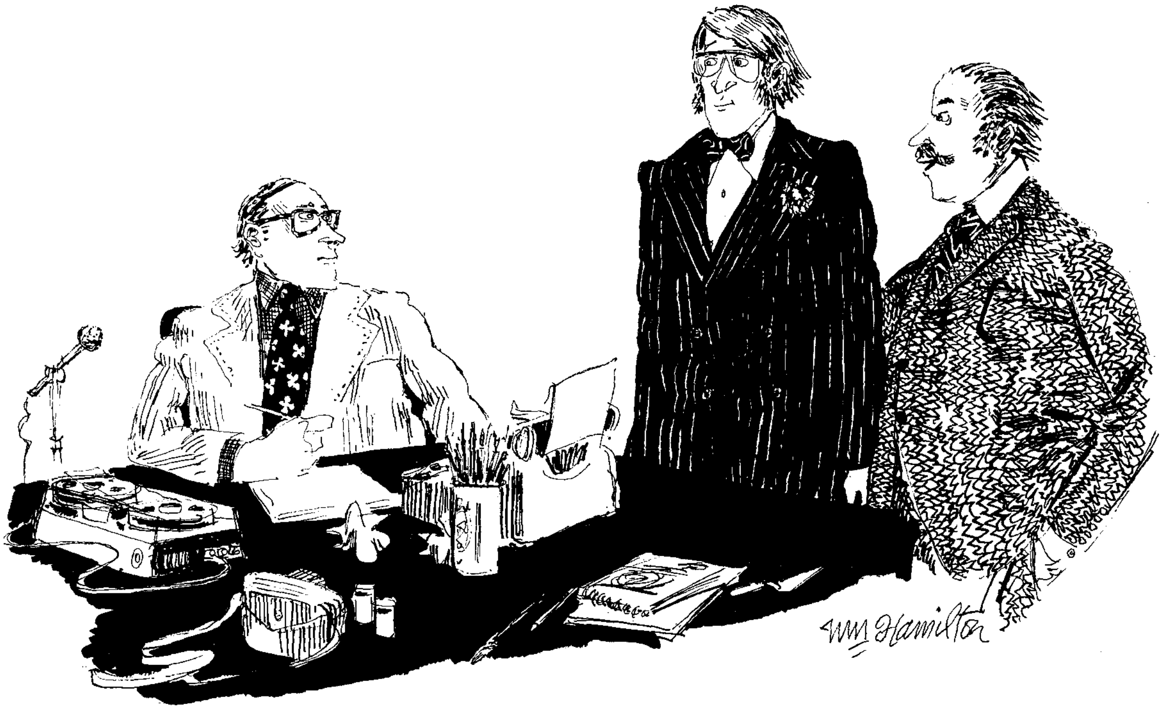
IT is not a very useful exercise to write about Kafka. What is there to say except "read him, then read him again"? Read scrupulously, with a certain lightness and dryness of focussed attention, his work produces an effect that only the very greatest of literature can produce: it becomes an echo inside. But a creative echo. The text comes back from within us like an absolutely familiar, necessary part of our own selves. But it also queries and contradicts. It edges us away from self-consciousness when that has stiffened to cliché, when our mind is banal or inert. Trying to regain balance under the pressure of Kafka, as in those common dreams of tilted, slippery spaces and receding margins, we have to grip deeper and move inward. The process is intensely private. Talk too often about it, write about it in the ordinary vein of literary criticism, and the best of the experience goes lost.

Kafka took just this view of Kafka. Only a few fragments and half a dozen stories appeared during his lifetime. When he died, in 1924, his three novels and several of his tales and his parables were still unpublished. He left to his friend and executor Max Brod the decision whether or not to destroy the whole lot. Kafka phrased his wishes in a characteristically elusive way. Had Brod burned "The Trial," "The Castle," and "Amerika" instead of publishing them in 1925, 1926, and 1927, nothing in Kafka's known intentions would have condemned him. On the contrary. Kafka's letters, diaries, and recorded conversations, notably with Gustav Janouch, are full of ironic, deprecatory statements about the business of literature. The "impossibility of writing," says Kafka, is almost always as strong in his sensibility as the "impossibility of not writing." He underwent the act of writing as a choking need. "I write," he tells us, "like a man gasping for air to breathe." But even this simple image has its bitter private edge: the vital effort gutted his lungs.

To confound this need for moral, personal survival—a need fundamentally hostile to normal life—with the shallow tumult of a literary career, with the world of publication and book reviews, seemed to Kafka absurd and indecent. He saw the true writer as a pathetic being, marked with a devouring cancer. Why advertise infirmity? At his death, Kafka was known only to a handful of intimates. His last two stories, "The Burrow" and "Josephine the Singer, or the Mouse Folk," are exact diagrams of self-burial. "I have completed the construction of my burrow and it seems to be successful. All that can be seen from outside is a big hole; that, however, really leads nowhere; if you take a few steps you strike against natural firm rock." Oblivion is the only compensation, the only true ransom to be paid for the exhibitionism of art. This is the meagre promise of grace extended to Josephine the supreme singer. If she is lucky, she "will rise to the heights of redemption and be forgotten like all her brothers."

If this is what Kafka really wanted and believed, he is assuredly damned. "Had one to name the artist who comes nearest to bearing the same kind of relation to our age that Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe bore to theirs, Kafka is the first one would think of." (With what sad delight Kafka would note that W. H. Auden's well-known judgment is made gibberish on the dust jacket of "The Complete Stories," which has been published by Schocken Books.) In 1924, when the sum of Kafka's available work would not have amounted to an average-sized volume, Auden's point could only have seemed a wild surmise. Today, it is probably a commonplace. The Kafka industry shows no sign of recession. A recent bibliography of academic and critical studies runs to over four hundred pages. He has been translated into more than a hundred languages. "Kafkaesque," often in lower case, not only is a current adjective or adverb in every Western tongue but, I understand, has been turning up in Japanese to designate the crowded, bureaucratic maze of modern life. The Kafka tone, his view of the lunacies of our political and technological practices appear to embody the core of twentieth-century feeling. He is, as Auden says, at the absolute center.

Would Kafka really have minded so bitterly, would he have regarded his fantastic influence and posthumous



"I'm really terribly sorry, Gates. All of us at the agency think you're enormously creative. It's just that we think Mooney here is even more creative."

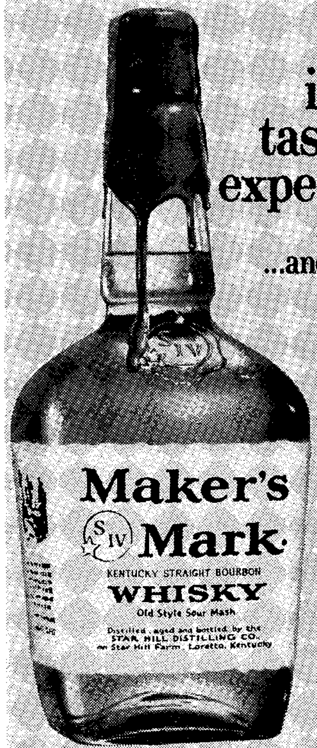
JOHN BALDWIN

Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

JOURNEY OR JAUNT

. . . travel Route One. Trans-seasonal lightweight poly knit. Red, yellow, orange, or raspberry plaid over micro checks. Convertible collar, turtle or V. Zip front. 8 to 18, **$26.00.**

MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701



it tastes expensive ...and is.

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

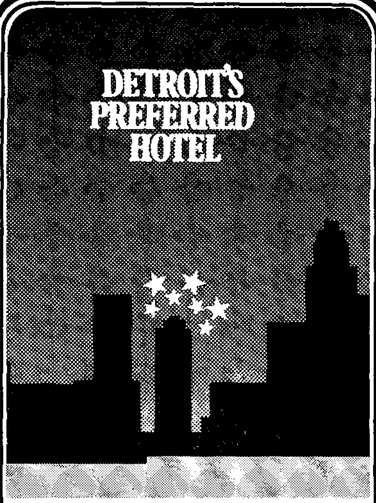
Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof • Star Hill Distilling Co., Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Ky.

world fame as mere indecency? Again, as in the case of the instructions to Brod, Kafka's posture, as far as we can make it out at all, is elusive and many-sided. In a diary entry for 1914, he informs us that he finds "the letter K offensive, almost nauseating, and yet I write it down, it must be characteristic of me." I think that he meant more than that. He seems to have known, as if by some manner of ironic perception, that he had in fact done something no other writer in the history of language and of literature had accomplished: he had appropriated, made indelibly his own, a letter of the alphabet. K is now Kafka's. Put it down with a full stop after it, and there can be no mistake. Joseph K. is palpably there. And there is the quiet yet enormous remark ("enormous" in the dual sense of largeness and terror) at the outset of "Josephine the Singer": "She has a love for music and knows too how to transmit it; she is the only one; when she dies, music—who knows for how long—will vanish from our lives." Here, too, Kafka is writing of himself. At some level of awareness (I would not pretend to know which), Kafka did anticipate and feel the ambiguous magnetism of his future renown, as he anticipated and "pre-dreamed" so much else.

Kafka's clairvoyance impressed and disturbed those who came near him. His shyness, his angular sparsity of motion and fastidiousness about physical contact were notorious. Yet the men and women who have left us their memories of Kafka are unanimous in testifying to the queer visionary powers that at times emanated from him. One of his Prague intimates said that Franz Kafka had second and third sight, a way of seeing through and beyond things toward a future that he quite clearly would rather not have seen but that forced itself on him. His antennae for truth were uncanny. They made him a stranger to others and, largely, to himself. No man, it may be, has ever been a more nervous guest in his own skin.

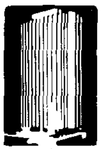
A good deal of nonsense has been proclaimed, particularly since the Romantics, about the artist as prophet or seer. In Kafka's case, however, the phenomenon of exact foresight is insistent and verifiable. To be sure, there was an element of alert satire in his clairvoyance. As Marxist critics never tire of repeating, basic aspects of Kafka's hallucinatory diagnosis of our age were based simply on his observations of the feudal bureaucracy and absurdities of the dying Austro-Hungarian empire. In part, "The Trial" and "The Castle" are inspired reporting. But



Hotel Pontchartrain, at the center of Detroit's Civic Center, right on the river. Preferred for sumptuous rooms, each with river view... award winning restaurants... convenient in-hotel parking... Continental luxury. And everywhere, the Pontchartrain flair.

Write or phone
Robert Cahill,
Two Washington Blvd.
Detroit, Mich. 48226
Call toll-free
(800) 238-5000

the Pontchartrain
DETROIT'S PREFERRED HOTEL



UMBROLLER™

Safety stroller that folds and carries like an umbrella.
Weighs just 5 lbs. yet strong enough to support 100 lbs.
$25.00

CROSS RIVER PRODUCTS inc.
36 Oneida Avenue Dept. NY7
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520

The unspoiled resort on an unspoiled island

Bakoua Beach Hotel

FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, F.W.I.

Incredible, beautiful beaches, lofty mountains and the sea green sea. Awarded 4-Star, Top Rating by French Tourism Commission

Write direct, see your Travel Agent or call
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc.
-NEW YORK 980-3810

there is more to it than that, and one has to come to terms as best one can with the evidence. "The Metamorphosis" is, down to points of detail such as the use of the term "vermin," a prevision of the fortunes of millions of human beings in the holocaust. "In the Penal Colony" is not only the deepest analysis we have had of the relations between victim and executioner in the world of totalitarian politics but a foreshadowing—whose accuracy we are only beginning to gauge—of the suicidal tensions between technology and human design. McLuhan on the constraints and political power relations of print is a footnote to Kafka's parable of the instrument of torture that is also a printing press. The knock at the door of the victim in "The Trial" and the anonymous execution at the end are probably as near as anything we have had to being the central image of the age. In 1914, when Kafka began the book, the bureaucracy of terror as he precisely describes it still lay ahead, in the alcoholic reveries of Balkan police chiefs. Joseph K. saw it all. At vital stages in recent Western experience, politics, social crisis, and personal stress seem to evolve according to a scenario Kafka had laid out.

In rather complicated ways, this prescience may relate to Kafka's famous sense of guilt, to his obsessive conviction that he was a man especially fallen from grace. There are more ways of glossing Kafka's *summa*, the short parable "Before the Law," than there are useful insights with which to do so. But one conceivable reading would go like this: The man least likely to be admitted through the gate—although the gate is meant for him alone—is he who in some manner already knows, has long known, what lies beyond. Kafka dreaded his own foreknowledge. His love letters to Milena Jesenska (which are among the few great love letters in modern literature), the interminable letters and protocols that marked his long involvement with Felice Bauer are filled with agonized and agonizing predictions of failure. Kafka embarked on tuberculosis (the first crises date back to the summer of 1917) as if illness—and this particular illness, with its notorious impress on the creative imagination—had been planned by and for him, as if he were travelling a willful road to meet it.

But how may one distinguish pure prophecy from the sort of prediction that is in some degree self-fulfilling? At the level of common sense, it is silly even to suggest that "The Metamorphosis," "The Trial," "The Castle"

"This beautifully written novel is a special and true book for this year and beyond"*

This is the story of a "triangle"—or is it a "quadrangle"? Lusty, funny fantastic, it takes place in Coney Island and New York in our time.

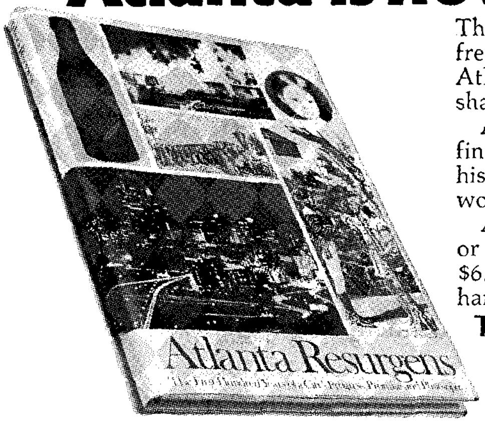
The atmosphere and setting are new for a novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, but the style is unmistakably his.
*Publishers Weekly

Enemies, A Love Story

Isaac Bashevis Singer

$6.95, now at your bookstore FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

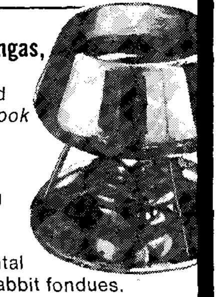
Atlanta is now a book.



This absorbing new book takes a fresh look at a fabulous city—Atlanta—and the people who have shaped and shared her destiny.
ATLANTA RESURGENS is a finely bound, beautifully illustrated history containing many original works in full color.
Available at bookstores in Atlanta or by mail. Send your check for $6.95 plus $1.00 for postage and handling to
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ATLANTA
Dept. 527, 2 Peachtree St., N.W.,
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

Virgil Tibbs returns!
FIVE PIECES OF JADE
by John Ball
author of *In the Heat of the Night*
$5.95 Little, Brown

THE COMPLETE FONDUE MENU AND PARTY BOOK
by Beatrice A. Ojakangas,
author of *Gourmet Cooking for Two* and *The Finnish Cook Book*



Every chapter is a menu for an entire fondue meal. Among the unusual and exotic recipes are pizza-flavored, oriental firepot, and Welsh rabbit fondues.
$4.95, now at your bookstore,
or CROWN PUBLISHERS
419 Park Ave. S, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

The Innocent Island

Somewhere in the Atlantic, not very far from Nassau and Freeport, there's an island where wild horses still run free. ✖ An island with absolutely great people on it. And one of Dick Wilson's great golf courses, with hardly any people on it. ✖ An island where the beach is so long it disappears out of sight. Into a forest so cool and quiet and haunting you can't shake it out of your mind. ✖ An island with maybe the most delightful hotel in the Bahamas. And maybe the most delightful guests in the world. ✖ You really should read our brochure.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas
Abaco, Bahamas
See your travel agent, or mail the coupon.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel & Villas L
P.O. Box 3941, Main Office,
Miami, Florida 33101

Gentlemen: Please send your brochure.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel is represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

MONEY GROWS FASTER IN MEXICO

Contact us for information on Mexican investment opportunities. Supervised accounts offer unusual possibilities for capital growth or secure monthly income at rates in excess of what may now be available to you. At no obligation, write: E. C. Latham, President, Mexletter Investment Counsel, Hamburgo 159, Mexico 6, D. F., Mexico.

MEXLETTER

helped bring on the crazed, inhuman state of affairs they picture. Yet Kafka's influence on the spirit of our times and the rigor of his self-condemnation are such that the thought sticks with one, at least as a possible image. Here was a man so truthful that he could dream reality into being. It is a congruence hard to live with that Kafka's three sisters and Milena died in concentration camps under circumstances like those devised in "The Penal Colony," and that Grete Bloch, by whom Kafka probably had a son he never knew, should have been murdered by a Nazi soldier as K. is murdered by faceless brutes, and as Gregor Samsa is swept away as garbage. The pressure of prophecy and guilt, of prophecy somehow made responsible for what it foretells, is one of the things that make it difficult to read Kafka in a normal way, to see in him "only" the writer of genius. When we read him at all well, it is we who are being read.

But a supreme master of his trade is precisely what Kafka was. We have the evidence in the work. Otherwise, the visionary gift of his presence would today be an esoteric legend, like that of the magi and cabalists whose traces he sought in the old corners of Prague. From the outset, Kafka has been lucky in his English translators. Willa and Edwin Muir, for example, translated him nakedly, their own idiom made transparent by the shock of discovery. But only the original shows the perfection of his métier. Kafka used German in the manner of an outsider. He tells us that Czech, Yiddish, or Hebrew would have been more immediate to his spirit, that he never felt at home in German. "Yesterday it occurred to me," he notes in his diary for October 24, 1911, "that I did not always love my mother as she deserved and as I could, only because the German language prevented it. The Jewish mother is no '*Mutter*,' to call her '*Mutter*' makes her a little comic. . . . *Mutter* is specifically German, it unconsciously connotes together with Christian splendor Christian coldness also, the Jewish woman who is called *Mutter* therefore becomes not only comic but strange." In German, of course, *Muttersprache* means "native tongue," and in Kafka's desolate comment both the moral and the linguistic senses of strangeness are implicit.

Yet although he felt alien to his medium, or, more likely, because he felt alien to it, he produced a German style that is the cleanest, most incisive in the literature. German syntax clots almost naturally; it pulls its winding, subtle filaments into thick ravels. Its native motion is additive, clause seeping from clause. Kafka writes short, pellucid sentences. His pace is so spare, so lightly sharp, that we are borne forward without noticing it. No long word is used where a monosyllable will do, no inversion or passive where direct statement serves. Trying to say anything even marginally adequate about Kafka's formal virtuosity, one resorts to naïve pictures: the prose of "The Trial" or of "A Hunger Artist" is like the charged transparency you get in morning air near mountains when the light is at once pure and active.

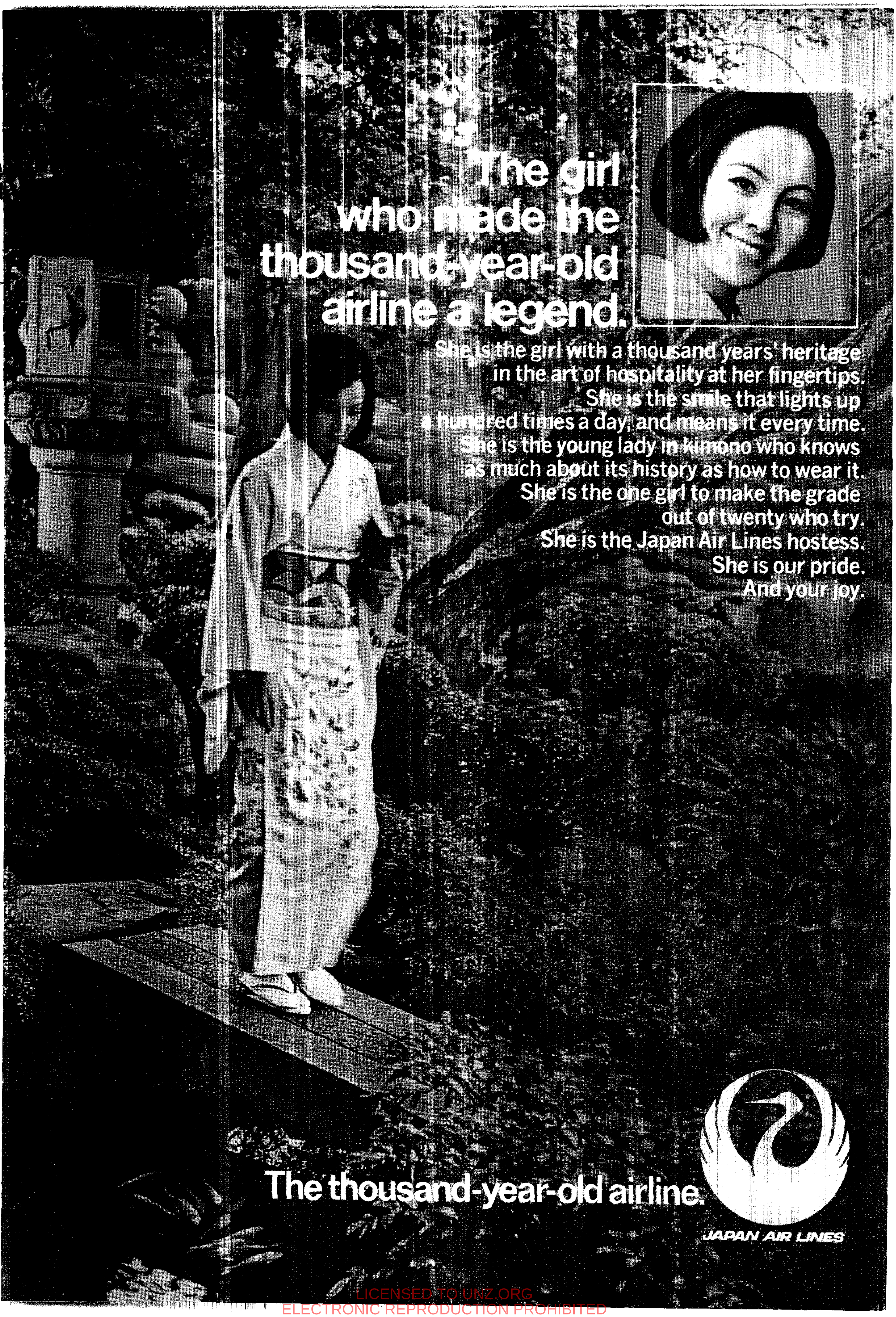
Kafka's brevity—some of the major parables are only a paragraph or a page long—is a reaction against the monumentality of German systematic philosophy and fiction. Using the Talmudic and Hassidic technique of the brief tale or conundrum followed by tentative or multiple exegesis, Kafka concentrated his meaning to the utmost. Like all who wait in vain, he was in a great hurry. There was so much to leave unspoken, or to say so simply, so urgently. His shorthand was also modelled on the silent movie and contemporary slapstick:

> A vulture was hacking at my feet. It had already torn my boots and stockings to shreds, now it was hacking at the feet themselves. Again and again it struck at them, then circled several times restlessly around me, then returned to continue its work. A gentleman passed by, looked on for a while, then asked me why I suffered the vulture.

"Looked on for a while" is pure Buster Keaton, and the whole effect of mildly lunatic slow motion is related to early films. The kind gentleman volunteers to go home and fetch a gun, inquiring, "Could you wait another half hour?" But the vulture has been listening:

> Now I realized that it had understood everything; it took wing, leaned far back to gain impetus, and then, like a javelin thrower, thrust its beak through my mouth, deep into me. Falling back, I was relieved to feel him drowning irretrievably in my blood which was filling every depth, flooding every shore.

Written at the end of 1920, this parable is dated: it connects with Surrealism and the static violence of a Magritte painting. But it is also timeless. The translation (by Tania and James Stern) misses a lot. Kafka's closing sentence is a fragile masterpiece of German grammar. The verb "to

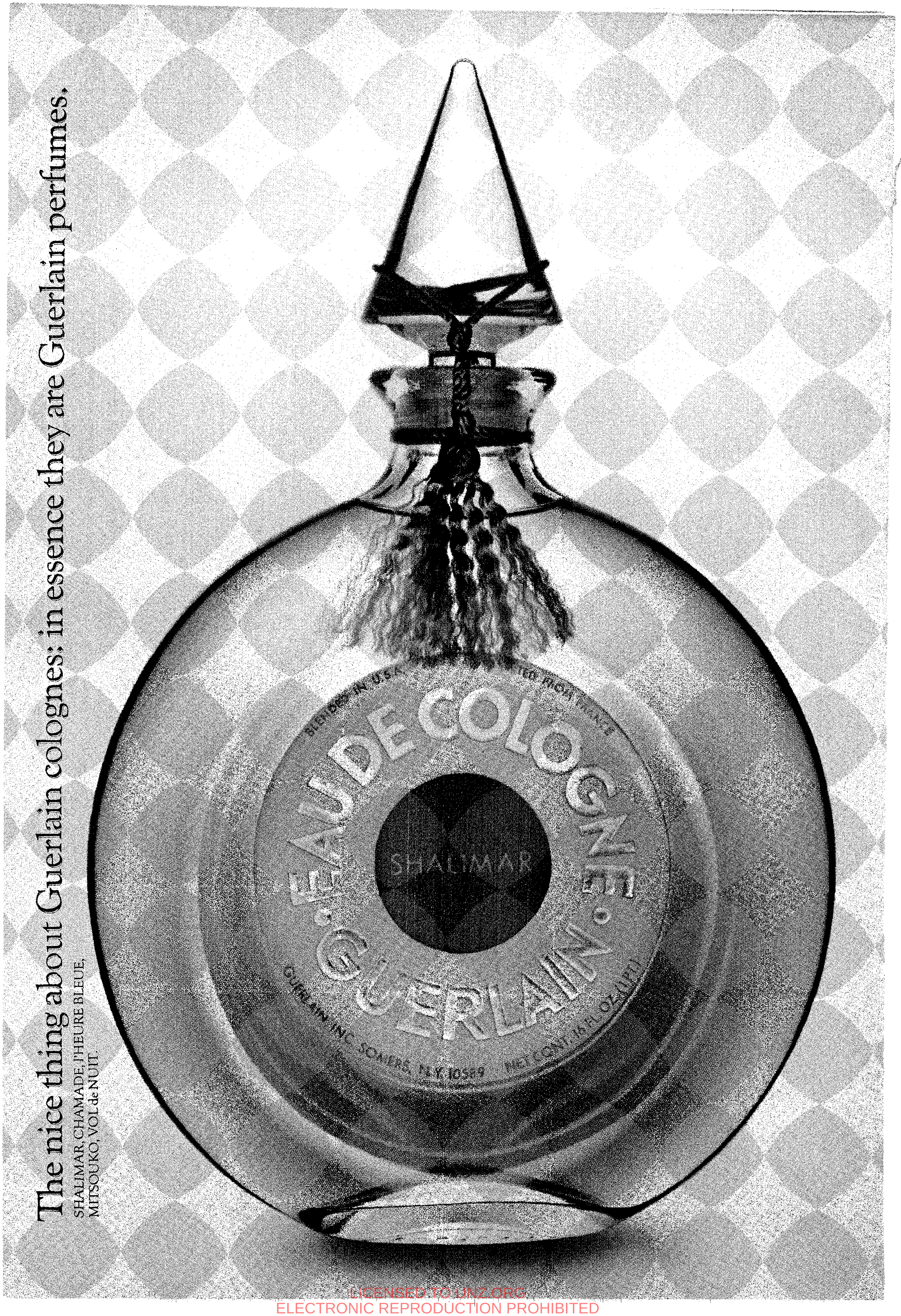


The girl who made the thousand-year-old airline a legend.

She is the girl with a thousand years' heritage
in the art of hospitality at her fingertips.
She is the smile that lights up
a hundred times a day, and means it every time.
She is the young lady in kimono who knows
as much about its history as how to wear it.
She is the one girl to make the grade
out of twenty who try.
She is the Japan Air Lines hostess.
She is our pride.
And your joy.

The thousand-year-old airline.

JAPAN AIR LINES


BLENDED IN U.S.A.
EAU DE COLOGNE
SHALIMAR
GUERLAIN
GUERLAIN INC. SOMERS, N.Y. 10589 NET CONT. 16 FL. OZ. (1PT)

The nice thing about Guerlain colognes: in essence they are Guerlain perfumes.

SHALIMAR, CHAMADE, L'HEURE BLEUE,
MITSOUKO, VOL de NUIT

drown"—not "irretrievably" but "beyond rescue or salvation"—comes last, after the engulfing tide of blood. The narrator is not "relieved" but "liberated" (*befreit*). He is submerged in and by the vital energy of his own death. Quite clearly, "The Vulture" refers us back to the Prometheus parable written in January of 1918. On the one hand, we are dealing with the necessary wound of the creator, with the suicidal impact of heightened self-consciousness. On the other hand, the vulture, the beak thrust in the mouth, the rush of blood are obsessively sexual. A drastic Freudian reading lies to hand. But each of these forms of paraphrase is diminutive. The explanation leaves us and the text poorer. Kafka puts the point concisely at the end of "Prometheus": "There remained the inexplicable mass of rock. The legend tried to explain the inexplicable. As it came out of a substratum of truth it had in turn to end in the inexplicable." An art such as Kafka's does not "explain away" the truth (only bad theology and metaphysics do that): it leaves it more impenetrably in our grasp.

This edition of "The Complete Stories," though the first all-inclusive collection in English, is not at every point satisfactory. The postscript and biographical chronology, by Nahum Glatzer, the editor of this volume, are too summary to be of use to anyone not already at home in Kafka's life. The bibliography of secondary material is quite arbitrary in omitting what are, it happens, the two most interesting commentaries on Kafka published after 1960. Yet it is a good thing to have the entirety of Kafka's narrative prose well printed in one volume. Ideally, the reader will put the book next to the original German text issued by S. Fischer Verlag in 1961. He can then struggle with all the German he has. But in whatever way one reads and rereads, the material is, quite simply, inexhaustible.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CAR THIEF, by Theodore Weesner (Random House). This long, absorbing novel is set in Michigan in the late nineteen-fifties. The hero is a shy sixteen-year-old named Alex Housman, who, perhaps because of wounds left by his parents' divorce, has acquired a habit of taking other people's cars for fast drives. At the start, Alex is driving his fourteenth stolen car—his fourteenth evasion of the normal school life from which he feels excluded. He is arrested and sent to a detention home, whose miseries bring out a toughness in him that he had not known, and where he forms a tentative friendship with the bachelor warden. Released on probation, he returns to school with new confidence but, through painful incidents with his classmates, is driven back into isolation and longing; a strange infatuation with a girl never goes beyond a few phone calls. Finally, Alex recognizes some truths about his family, and makes a new start by joining the Army. Mr. Weesner, by relating each episode with a meticulous, step-by-step objectivity, has made us so identify with Alex that we finish this book feeling that we ourselves have grown. Two portions appeared as short stories in this magazine.

DO YOU REMEMBER ENGLAND?, by Derek Marlowe (Viking). The strange and marvellous story of handsome, enigmatic Dowson, who arrives uninvited and quite unknown at a very swanky English country weekend, stays the weekend, and steals the heart of fantastically beautiful Emily Hallam. The fact that Emily has a husband and four young children is as nothing to Dowson, and after a rather morbidly evasive and delayed courtship—and, of course, a divorce—they are married and settle down to live in a fairy-tale house in the country. But Emily's twenty-ninth birthday strikes fear into the heart of Dowson and, through him, into Emily's heart: it seems he fears aging even more than he fears death. In the end, Emily does what she thinks he expects her to do. Mr. Marlowe is a witty and knowledgeable man who is a little too much given to a kind of writing that can only be described as mood music.

COCKFIGHTER, by Charles Willeford (Crown). Dame Margot Fonteyn said in a recent interview, "What I do is dance. That's what my inner and outer life is all about." Frank Mansfield, Mr. Willeford's hero, pits fighting cocks. Cockfighting is what his life is all about, and it is thus the whole of this esoteric novel. We meet Frank (a wellborn Georgia boy) down on his luck—his last cock killed, his dream of winning the coveted Cockfighter of the Year Award of the Southern Conference Tournament shattered once again—and we follow him up

"Ezra reminds you of summer rates and offers a special gift.

I'm Ezra, your wine steward.

"It is not easy to believe that this Bay Roc offers you such luxury at these low off-season prices. But think of it this way: our 1700-foot white sand beach does not get one whit smaller between April and December. The weather is just as glorious and, if anything, the Caribbean at our doorstep is even bluer and greener. Our chef, a man of all seasons, will continue to water your mouth with everything from Parisian Duck Bigarade to native Saltfish-and-Ackee. (And I, of course, will continue to suggest the appropriate wine.)

And when you come down and whisper to me 'I saw you Ezra in the adverts,' I will still be happy to serve you a bottle of fine wine, compliments of my boss mon.

Just as I do at the height of the costly season."

Bay Roc
Montego Bay, Jamaica

See your travel agent. Or Utell, International in your city. Or write directly for brochure to Mr. Harold deLisser

Before you go.
While you're there.
After you get back.

AMSTERDAM
The Life of a City
by
Geoffrey Cotterell

A witty, eloquent, informative guide to the heart of the city of Rembrandt.

$10.00 LITTLE, BROWN

TERRY JUMPSUIT A pair of big pockets plus a smaller one up top. Zip front. Chrome rings on self belt. Your choice of sea-blue, navy-blue or mocha-brown terry. Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), Extra-Large (46-48). $15.95
Add 50¢ each for shipping. *Send for free color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

Wilderness Expeditions

in association with FRIENDS OF THE EARTH, is arranging 1972 trips accompanied by well known conservationists and scientists to these and 14 other wild places.

☐ **Nepal & Sikkim**
November 4-December 10, $1,950

☐ **Ethiopian Highlands**
December 30-January 19, $1,415

☐ **Sawtooth Mountains, Idaho**
August 20-29, $375

☐ **Tanzania's Mafia Island and Ruaha Park**
September 18-October 8th, $1,520

☐ **Kashmir**
October 5-November 2, $1,625

☐ **Nepal's Karnali**
October 1-November 4, $1,875

MAIL TO:

Wilderness Expeditions, Inc.
Dept. N.Y. 772
230 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send your 1972 brochure to:

Name________________

Address________________

City________ State________ Zip________

the dogged comeback trail, but that familiar story is not one that Mr. Willeford is overly concerned with. His interest, too, is cockfighting; he is enthralled by it, and he holds our attention with his fascinated talk of breeding, conditioning, and training, of sophisticated fighting techniques, and of the lore of that ancient and (though illegal almost everywhere) apparently thriving sport.

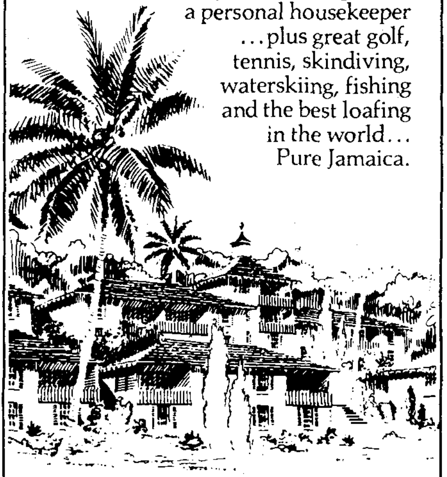
GENERAL

ENCOUNTERS WITH STRAVINSKY, by Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). In 1921, when the author was a schoolboy in New Mexico, one of his teachers told him about "The Rite of Spring," and young Paul asked if the ballet was like an Indian corn dance he had seen. The teacher, who had seen neither the ballet nor the corn dance, was unable to say, but he could recognize and encourage a student who was sensitive to, and ready to learn about, new work in the arts. So begins this beguilingly happy chronicle in which an idol becomes a friend. As Horgan grew up, studied music, and wrote books, Stravinsky's music, Stravinsky's writings, and Stravinsky's example both taught and heartened him. And then the men met, in 1957, when the Santa Fe Opera, of which Horgan was a supporter, planned to present "The Rake's Progress." Almost immediately, Horgan's lifelong, distant admiration was replaced by a delightful intimacy, which lasted until the composer's death. Horgan's testimony shows what a remarkable human being Stravinsky was, and, despite the author's modesty, Horgan's own attractiveness is visible, too.

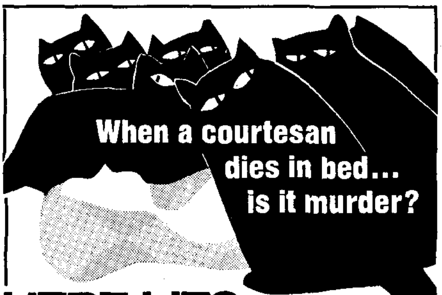
THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT, by Walter Lord (Norton). The author has chosen the summer of 1814 and the territory around Washington, D.C., as the time and place for this piece of historical reporting. We had been at war with England, in a halfhearted way, for two years, but now, with Napoleon on Elba, the British could get on with the business. Mr. Lord sets his scene and gets into the drama with the neatness and dispatch of an old hand. This kind of writing, like certain kinds of music and pictorial art, depends for its appeal on the little *frissons* that come when the expected turns out just as expected, and so we have Washington burning, Dolley Madison clattering down Pennsylvania Avenue in a carriage with the White House sil-

Dragon Bay ...where the action isn't!

No casinos, no nightclubs.
No tourists.
Just peace and quiet and beautiful surroundings.
A private cottage with a personal housekeeper
...plus great golf, tennis, skindiving, waterskiing, fishing and the best loafing in the world...
Pure Jamaica.



Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica
For more information, write Dragon Bay, 964 Third Avenue, New York, call (212) 838-2902 or ask your travel agent.


When a courtesan
dies in bed...
is it murder?

HERE LIES NANCY FRAIL
BY JONATHAN ROSS
Author of The Deadest Thing You Ever Saw
$5.95, now at your bookstore
Saturday Review Press
230 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10017

THE STUFFED SHIRT **Try it on for dinner.**
Traditional fare featuring superb stuffed specialty dishes.
The Stuffed Shirt, Fenway Maine Motor Hotel, Rt. 95, Waterville, Maine.

ORIGINAL U.S. PATENT MODEL INVENTIONS 1790-1890
Treat yourself to a unique experience! Acquire an authentic, one-of-a-kind piece of 19th century Americana.
2 miles North of the Bear Mountain Bridge on Route 9D, Garrison, N.Y. 914-424-3823
Open: Fri. - Sun. 10 am - 5 pm

ver in her reticule, Francis Scott Key straining his eyes all night in the direction of Fort McHenry. It makes for a pleasant enough experience. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

RENAISSANCE EXPLORATION, by J. R. Hale (Norton). This short book is the quintessence of much study and reflection by a leading British historian. It attempts to answer certain crucial questions about the extraordinary company of men who, in little more than a generation—from 1488, when the Cape of Good Hope was rounded, to 1513, when Balboa's discovery of the Pacific identified the Americas as a separate continent—largely revealed the size and nature of the world. Why was this the accomplishment of Europeans? "What distinguished Europeans as a whole from other races at this time was an activist individualism. . . . The individual's liberty was less circumscribed than in caste-divided India or family-centered China or under the priest-kings of Central and Southern America." Why at that particular time? "It was during the late middle ages, and in European waters, that ships were developed that could go anywhere and get back." What was the motivation? " 'I [Ludovico Varthema] determined, personally, and with my own eyes, to endeavour to ascertain the situations of places, the qualities of peoples, the diversities of animals, the varieties of the fruit-bearing and odoriferous trees of Egypt, Syria, Arabia Deserta and Felix, Persia, India, and Ethiopia.' " A stimulating and worthwhile book. Illustrated with maps and contemporary drawings.

THE MUGGING, by Morton Hunt (Atheneum). In October, 1964, an old man was mugged in his apartment in the Melrose section of the Bronx by some young men who ransacked the place and left him dead of stab wounds on his kitchen floor. That was one of seven hundred muggings that occurred that year in the Bronx; last year there were seven thousand. This book—nearly five hundred pages of it—is an account of that crime and its aftermath, judicial and penal, for the four Puerto Rican youths who were charged with the murder. Mr. Hunt has done an admirable piece of work here: despite an awkward method of telling a story, he is able to keep us interested in the drama of the youths and at the same time to present the whole vexed subject of violent crime in America and the ter-

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 29 2

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

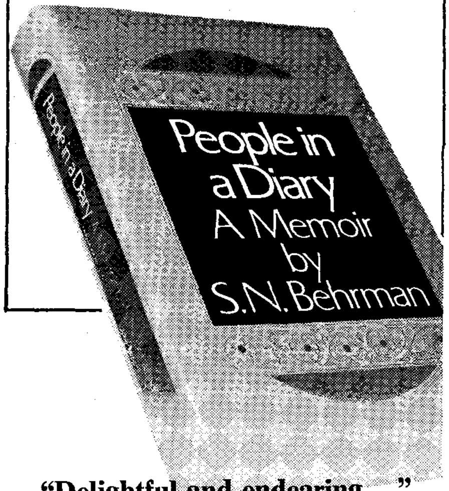
Address

City State Zip Code

4 29 2

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

“Vintage Behrman, a pure distillation, clear and light, delicious to savor and just as flavorsome taken in long draughts. I read the book at one sitting because each chapter enticed me to read one more before shutting up shop. I was surprised when I found myself at the last chapter.”
–Thomas Lask, *New York Times.*

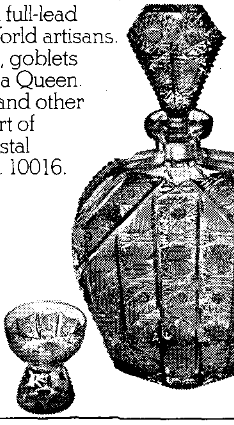


“Delightful and endearing...”
—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

Illustrated with photographs.
$10.00 **Little, Brown**
Most of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Crystal Lace

Lacy patterns hand-cut and hand-polished in full-lead crystal by Old World artisans. Vases, decanters, goblets and bowls fit for a Queen. At Bonwit Teller and other fine stores. Import of Queen Lace Crystal
3 E. 27 St. N.Y.C. 10016.



MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** – directly on our private beach. Nightly candlelight dining, dancing, entertainment, water sports, fishing, tennis and golf nearby. No conventions. Adults only. A staff of 350 provides gracious service. Privately owned by
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul.
Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization. **NEW YORK 765-5800.**

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

rible threat posed by some of its suggested remedies.

NOTE: Viking has published “Paris Was Yesterday, 1925-1939,” a collection of Janet Flanner’s writings on La Ville Lumière in those days. Most of the material first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LEVANTER, by Eric Ambler (Atheneum). Michael Howell, the director of Agence Commerciale et Maritime Howell, a lucrative trading firm founded in Syria by his English grandfather, is elaborately coerced, along with his Italian mistress, into hyperactive membership in an outlawed Arab guerrilla organization called the Palestinian Action Force. The means of their involvement are highly complicated, and it takes Mr. Ambler some little time to set the stage for the entertainment to come—Howell’s extrication of himself and his girl. This requires of us both patience and attention, but we are more than repaid for our trouble. “The Levanter” (“a native or inhabitant of the Levant” and/or “one who absconds”) is certainly one of the best—if not *the* best—of Mr. Ambler’s postwar thrillers.

MURDER’S A WAITING GAME, by Anthony Gilbert (Random House). The great one, Arthur Crook, is back, chugging imperturbably through this London tale of domesticity aroused. The heroine, Margaret Cooper Harding Fielding, is a little-wifey lady in her mid-thirties, and we learn right off that she was acquitted several years ago of the murder of her first husband, and that she is now being blackmailed. Margaret makes a somewhat colorless *raconteuse* (it is a first-person story), but in a mechanical way she is very good, registering appropriate amounts of shock, fear, timidity, disbelief, and so on, as burden after burden from the past and the present is heaped on her self-conscious little shoulders. Arthur Crook, of course, takes the center of the stage the minute he appears, standing at the bar of the Teapot and Dormouse, a very satisfactory pub near Euston Station.

•

Clear and not as cool tonight with a low of 45 to 50. Sunny and mild tomorrow, with a high in the mid to upper 70s. Monday, fair and war.—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

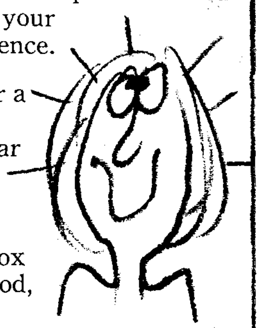
Yeah. We know.

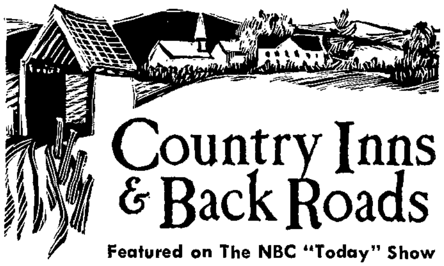
Wash your face without dirtying the planet.

When Neutrogena soap goes down the drain, it leaves your face clean—and the environment clean, too. For Neutrogena is more than just a good soap for sensitive skin. It’s biodegradable. Pure. Hypo-allergenic. Natural. For instance, it has never been made with hexachlorophene. Nor detergents, additives, free alkalis, fillers. No artificial anythings to irritate your skin or the ecology. Try this gentle, amber see-through soap on your face. It’s good for your complexion. And very good for your cosmic conscience.

Send 25¢ for a trial-size bar. Specify Regular or Unscented. Write
Neutrogena,
Dept. N-82, Box 6008, Inglewood, Calif. 90301.

Neutrogena®
the mildest soap for you and Mother Earth





Country Inns & Back Roads

Featured on The NBC “Today” Show

3.50 ppd. Morning birdsongs, bubbling streams, woodland rambles, hooked rugs, patchwork quilts, candlelight dinners, genial conversation, snug beds, history, nature—each inn a new experience. 103 from New England to California. All-new larger 1972 edition. Includes maps. Sounds wonderful, doesn’t it? At bookstores or order directly.

Tarry In Our Book Stall

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS’tts 01262
Box 647

STRAPARAMA®

has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts

OLD·DROVERS· INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.
Luxury Country Dining
•
Overnight Accommodations
•
Reservations: (914) 832-3811 • Closed Tues & Wed

"We make every batch of gin the same centuries-olde way...

...so you can make a martini over 55 different ways."

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, N.J. • PLAINFIELD, ILL. • UNION CITY, CAL.
FOR GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD
LONDON ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Ever since Alexander Gordon discovered the perfect combination of ingredients for a distinctively dry gin, we've been making gin that way.

So if you want a gin with an impressive name, but you also want a smooth, crisp, super-dry martini, you should be drinking Gordon's.

And if you want to be a martini expert, you should be sending in this coupon for our free recipe-book, "More than 55 Ways to Make Mah-velous Martinis—Plus a Few Surprises!"

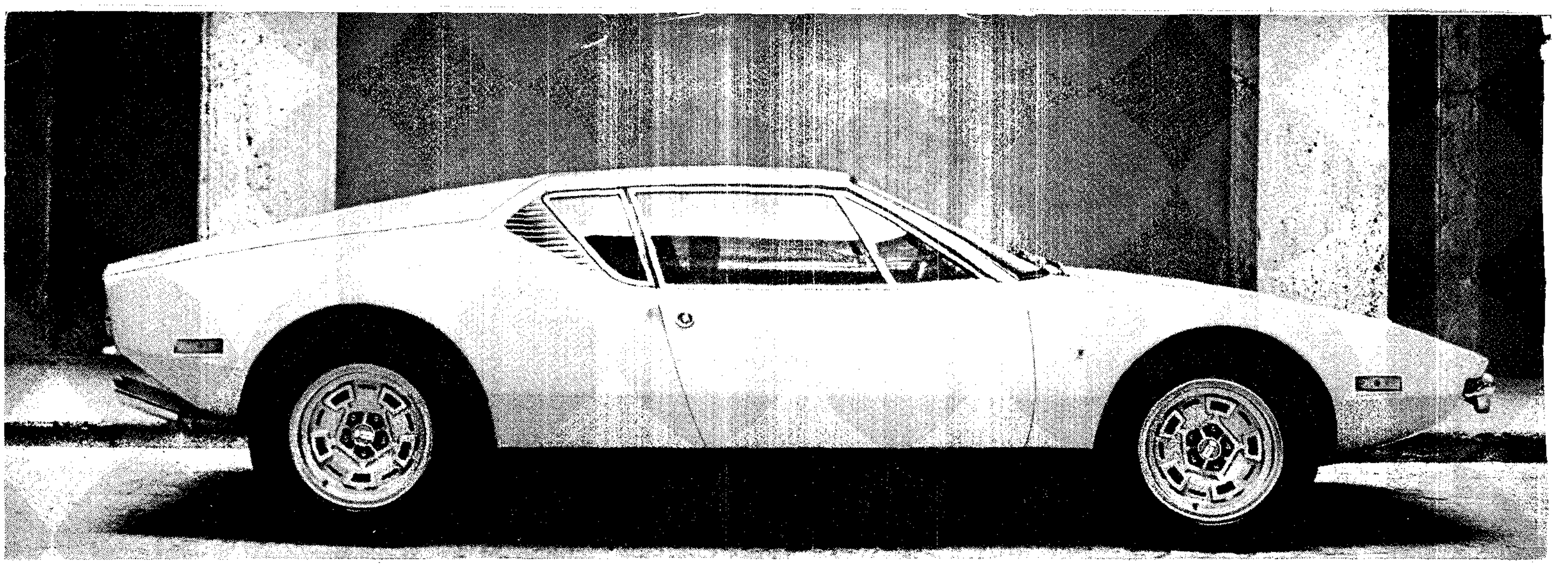
GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD. —DEPT. NY
P.O. BOX 193 — NEW YORK, N.Y. 10046

Please rush me a copy of your "Mah-velous Martini" booklet (gratis, of course).

NAME______________________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS______________________________
CITY______________ STATE______________ ZIP________

Biggest seller in England... America...the world. Super-dry is why!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.



The de Tomaso Pantera. Around $10,000.*

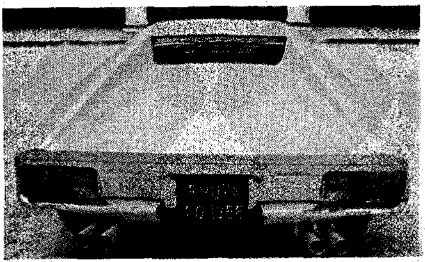
In Italy, men build cars with passion. One of them is Alejandro de Tomaso. And this is his car. Pantera. Conceived without compromise. A car so carefully built (it is virtually handmade) there will only be 2,500 made the first year. Mid-engined like a racing car. An ultra-high-performance sports coupe that stands a little higher than the average man's belt buckle, it seats two (and only two) and it's priced in the neighborhood of $10,000.

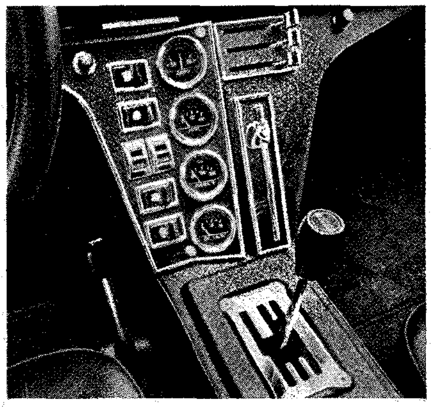
Obviously, Pantera is for the few who demand something extraordinary.

The body designed by the world-famous Ghia Studios—is Italian craftsmanship at its highest level. Monocoque construction fuses the steel skin and frame into an incredibly strong and rigid structure.

The engine is a 351 CID, 4-barrel V-8 placed just ahead of the rear axle, which gives Pantera some huge advantages over conventional sports cars. Better vision forward. Less power-loss. Better weight distribution. And the tightest, most satisfying handling characteristics you've ever experienced.

All this is standard: air-conditioning, five forward speeds fully synchronized, independent suspension of all four wheels, die-cast magnesium wheels, rack and pinion steering, power-boosted disc brakes —even an ingenious system to prevent you from inadvertently selecting the wrong gear while shifting. The de Tomaso Pantera has to be one of the most impressive vehicles ever offered here at *any* price.





---

*Based on Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Excludes state and local taxes and destination charges.

Pantéra by deTomaso
Imported for
Lincoln-Mercury

To locate your
nearest Pantera dealer,
call free, any hour, any day
800-631-1971.
In New Jersey,
800-962-2803.

LINCOLN • MERCURY

Ford